December 3, 1932

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Up and Down with Sam Insull - By

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DEC. 3, 1932

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MYSTERIOUS AS A COMET..

THE MAGIC DIAL

Where Does It Come From? Where Does It Go?

THE LAST WORD IN PERFECTED WORLD-WIDE RECEPTION

This Christmas enjoy new, startling reception of your favorite programs—PLUS the fascinating realm of short wave broadcasts all over the World

Here is new, dramatic, fascinating command of all that Radio offers today—all on one set. Your favorite programs are brought in with new tonal clarity—and in addition, the alluring, glamorous NEW World of Entertainment—broadcast from all over the World on the short waves—the field of Radio's latest development.

Here you can thrill to orders from police headquarters directing squad cars in their swift forays on crime—get the colorful broadcasts from ships at sea—listen in on airplane pilots talking to their airports—listen to amateurs—and, when radio conditions are favorable, even bring in *direct* broadcasts from Foreign Stations located all over the World. Here is excitement—drama—and enthralling radio entertainment—not available on *ordinary* radios because it is below their receiving range.

Thus World-Wide Reception, pioneered and proved by Stewart-Warner in the first simplified set to combine both standard- and short-wave reception, reaches still greater heights through the "Magic Dial."

Automatic Volume Control—perfected Tone Control—every feature that the highest grade radio must have—plus the "Magic Dial"—makes these sets the outstanding radios of all time.

Go to your dealer and see the Christmas display of new Stewart-Warner Radios—at sensationally low prices made possible by Stewart-Warner's tremendous manufacturing resources. Work the "Magic Dial." Then you will realize that Stewart-Warner—Trail Blazer of the Air—has again written a new page in radio history. Descriptive booklet for the asking. Stewart-Warner Corp., Chicago, U.S.A.—Belleville, Ont., Canada.

Superb Consoles—Portable and Table Cabinets—in-case these history-making radios — amazing values. Think of Round-the-World Radios as low as $64.95. Other attractive models as low as

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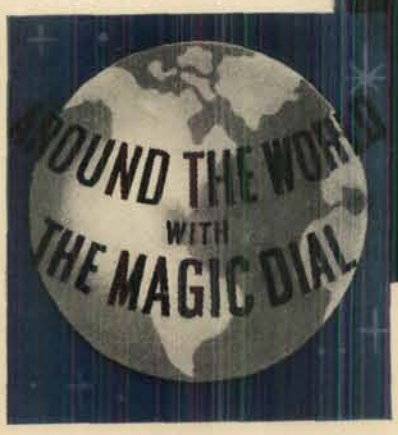
All prices slightly higher in the West and in Canada



THE CHRISTMAS GIFT SUPREME FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.... A STEWART-WARNER "MAGIC DIAL" RADIO

STEWART-WARNER *Radio*

ANOTHER IDEAL GIFT FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY—A STEWART-WARNER MOVIE CAMERA

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How Business is Affording Employees the Comfort of Security

"Your company has decided to adopt a plan by which, if it meets with approval, all the men and women in your departments will receive fixed incomes for life at retirement age. I will explain the plan."

Metropolitan Life's contracts afford a means to

- —*create estates and incomes for families*
- —*pay off mortgages*
- —*educate children*
- —*provide income in the event of retirement*
- —*establish business credits*
- —*stabilize business organizations by indemnifying them against the loss of key-men*
- —*provide group protection for employees covering accident, sickness, old age and death*
- —*provide income on account of disability resulting from personal accident or sickness.*

Metropolitan policies on individual lives, in various departments, range from $1,000 up to $500,000 or more, and from $1,000 down to $100 or less—premiums payable at convenient periods.

The Metropolitan is a mutual organization. Its assets are held for the benefit of its policyholders, and any divisible surplus is returned to its policyholders in the form of dividends.

FEW men or women accumulate property enough so that income may go on when earnings fail because of old age.

Security as to the future, the security that gives confidence and wipes out worry about old age, may be had today without the help of relatives, personal friends or government.

Security not born of hope or good intentions but based on stipulated payments actuarially determined and applied in strict accordance with Insurance principles.

Such security provides a fixed income beginning at a predetermined age and continuing for life.

Employees, ranging from president to office boy, are joining their employers in building up for themselves retirement incomes through Retirement Plans administered and safeguarded by Life Insurance Companies.

Employers are finding out that scientific Retirement Plans make for good will, open the paths of promotion and increase efficiency in their business.

The Metropolitan has been administering Retirement Plans for industry for ten years. Its experience is freely open to business executives.

A Metropolitan Field-Man will be glad to discuss examples of Retirement Plans now in successful operation.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT • • • ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IT IS by no means usual to see guys crying in Mindy's restaurant. So when Mr. Damon Runyon sees a young guy, wearing a suit the color of French mustard and with a brown hat sitting jack-deuce on his noggin, weeping into his Hungarian goulash, he naturally takes another gander at him.

He is a very little guy, weighing maybe as much as a dime's worth of liver, and he is weeping because his doll, Miss Deborah Weems, tosses him around more than somewhat. He has come to New York figuring he may meet up with some desperate characters of the underworld and so win the esteem of Miss Deborah Weems.

Before he goes back to Erasmus, which is where he lives, this little guy meets some very tough characters indeed, and if you ever read about "Tobias the Terrible," that is nobody but this little guy.

"MADAM, little Agnes died last night. You wonder, doubtless, who little Agnes was. . . ." You've heard that speech, perhaps, or something like it at your own front door. It is the opening of a theme-spiel composed by a talented young man known to his colleagues as *Joe the* Shove. The racket to which Joe belongs is prodigiously profitable; it nets, in normal time, from ten to twenty million dollars a year. Just now it's doing rather better than that. Under a lachrymose appeal to your sympathies, it hides a very sordid business. In "Bitter-Sweet Charity" Walter Davenport shows you just how it works.

WHEN George Perkins sent Spike O'Donnell to his fiancée's house to keep an eye on the wedding presents he gave the detective an additional order: "Keep any red-headed, freckle-faced, impudent men off the place."

That was a perfect description of Dick, and so Mr. O'Donnell locked him up. But you couldn't dispose of a fellow like Dick so easily: he ended by stealing the show, as Lucian Cary tells you in his rollicking love story, "Just to Be Stubborn."

THE variety of next week's fare baffles our power of compression. But in fairness to you there are a few more items we have to mention: William MacHarg tells you what O'Malley found behind "The Locked Door." John T. Flynn continues the amazing story of Samuel Insull. Katharine Roberts proves to you from the case of Alla Nazimova that "Artists Don't Need Ruffles." Frederick C. Painton contributes the moving love story of a girl from Poland. Don Marquis, Arthur Somers Roche and Zane Grey add to the hilarity. So you can see—

This Week

●

December 3, 1932

LAURIE YORK ERSKINE
The Undercover Man. **A love story—with considerable violence, including an airplane crash.** **Page 7**

JOHN T. FLYNN
Up and Down with Sam Insull. **The beginning of Insull's fantastic and frenzied career.** **Page 10**

PAUL JONES
The Right Crowd. **And a boy in love who saw through them.** **Page 12**

ROGER BURLINGAME
The Eternal Youth. **A belated and happy casualty.** **Page 14**

STEPHEN MOREHOUSE AVERY
Too Much for a Girl. **Don't you believe it.** **Page 16**

MAUREEN ORCUTT and JOHN B. KENNEDY
Always Count Ten. **Whatever you may think about golf, it's good for the temper.** **Page 18**

DON MARQUIS
The Way of the Unrighteous. **It's hard, of course, but you have a clear conscience.** **Page 19**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
The Great Abduction, Part IX. **At last a clue!** **Page 20**

W. B. COURTNEY
The Eagle's Nest. **San Antonio, where the army takes the air.** **Page 22**

WILLIAM EDWARD HAYES
Job for a Yes-Man. **The saga of a dad-burned good railroad man.** **Page 24**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Tip-Off, **by Richard Connell.** **Page 26**

ZANE GREY
Thunder Mountain, Part VII. **Leavitt or not?** **Page 27**

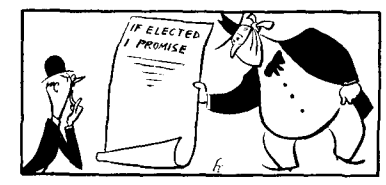
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **It keeps you young, prevents falling hair and gives you more distance off the tee.** **Page 49**

EDITORIAL
Machines to Make You Think. **Page 50**

●

Any Week

MRS. F. L. POMERANTZ of Buffalo, New York, urges that we collectively memorialize Congress to adopt a non-repealable law limiting all national political campaigns to two weeks. "A more confused electorate never cast a ballot," says she. "I suggest that all candidates make one profession of faith and be compelled by law to make just one statement of what they stand for. This should occur two weeks before the election. After that let the voters do the talking and compel the candidates to retire into a silence awaiting the popular verdict."



WHEREAT Mr. Thomas W. Kelly of Miles City, Montana, steps forward with the result of a hearty meditation on the everlasting social enigma. "Let's see," says Mr. Kelly. "All this nation needs is that two million young folks be compelled to get married each year, buy new homes, new furniture, some bacon and beans and a baby carriage, depending on the climate, and then the old law of supply and demand will not be fooled and we'll all be happy." Mr. Kelly contends that he gets this way from listening to orators and editors.

FROM Tangier, Morocco, Miss Eulia McDevitt of Chicago notifies us that there is the ideal spot for those who love their personal liberty. "It is almost impossible to get in bad with the authorities," she writes, "because there are no laws that even an American would take the trouble to break. About the only thing you aren't allowed to do is shoot the mayor."

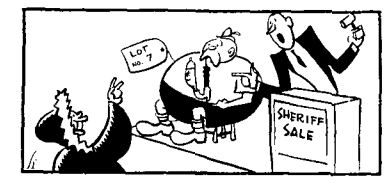
LOOKING up from Artie McGovern's article, "Women Are Never Satisfied," Mrs. Lamar Warrick of Chicago, Illinois, says: "Women never dare be satisfied. Being satisfied is an acknowledgment of middle age."

AND Mr. Max Darius of Wallace, Idaho, swings from the floor and lands flush on the chin of all economists who, says he, "are about as useless to our national and business system as our efficiency experts and prohibition agents."

RIGHT behind him comes Mr. Francis Marion Wheeler of Woodland, Washington, with a plan of plans for liquor administration. "Appoint seven Christian dry citizens," says he, "to have charge of alcoholic drinks." Details: Retail sales only at hotels, restaurants, clubs and lodges. All portions be served in half-pint bottles under government seal, three drinks the limit, each drinker required to furnish three bonds in the amount of $10,000 each to pay for any damage he is responsible for and administrators of the law be limited to salaries of fifty dollars a week with their private and public accounts frequently audited.

MRS. LINA H. CAMSACK of Tahlequah, Oklahoma, has abandoned the Kellogg pact and embraced the Japanese cause. Why not, asks she, join Japan and furnish China with all the jimcracks of modern civilization, "including a bathtub in every house whether they want them or not and then sit back and collect for fifty years or so?"

WE ARE informed by Miss Anne Nordhauer of Madison, Wisconsin, that the entire government of that vehement state recently ceased functioning to embark upon an expedition of discovery. Something was wrong. Life in the east wing of the capitol had become intolerable and patriots were reeling forth in a semi-conscious condition wholly different from that which characterizes the officeholder in ordinary circumstances. But all is well now. It was found that a few weeks ago a game warden had confiscated an illegal catch of sturgeon and had tucked it away in his clothes locker against the day when the culprit should be brought to trial and the evidence needed.



SOMEHOW we feel that there is something wrong (although we can't quite define it) with a suggestion from Mr. Paul J. John of Columbus, Ohio, who urges that if those European debtors of ours don't come through, "Uncle Sam ought to foreclose on them either by a sheriff's sale or public auction like we do with the delinquent taxpayer."

AND Mr. Jonas McMurtrie of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, wants to know whether our government refuses to let our farmers sell their wheat and corn to Russia to punish the Russians or to punish the farmers.

"SWEET land of Jitter-eeeee," sings Mrs. Mary E. Engels of Seattle, Washington.

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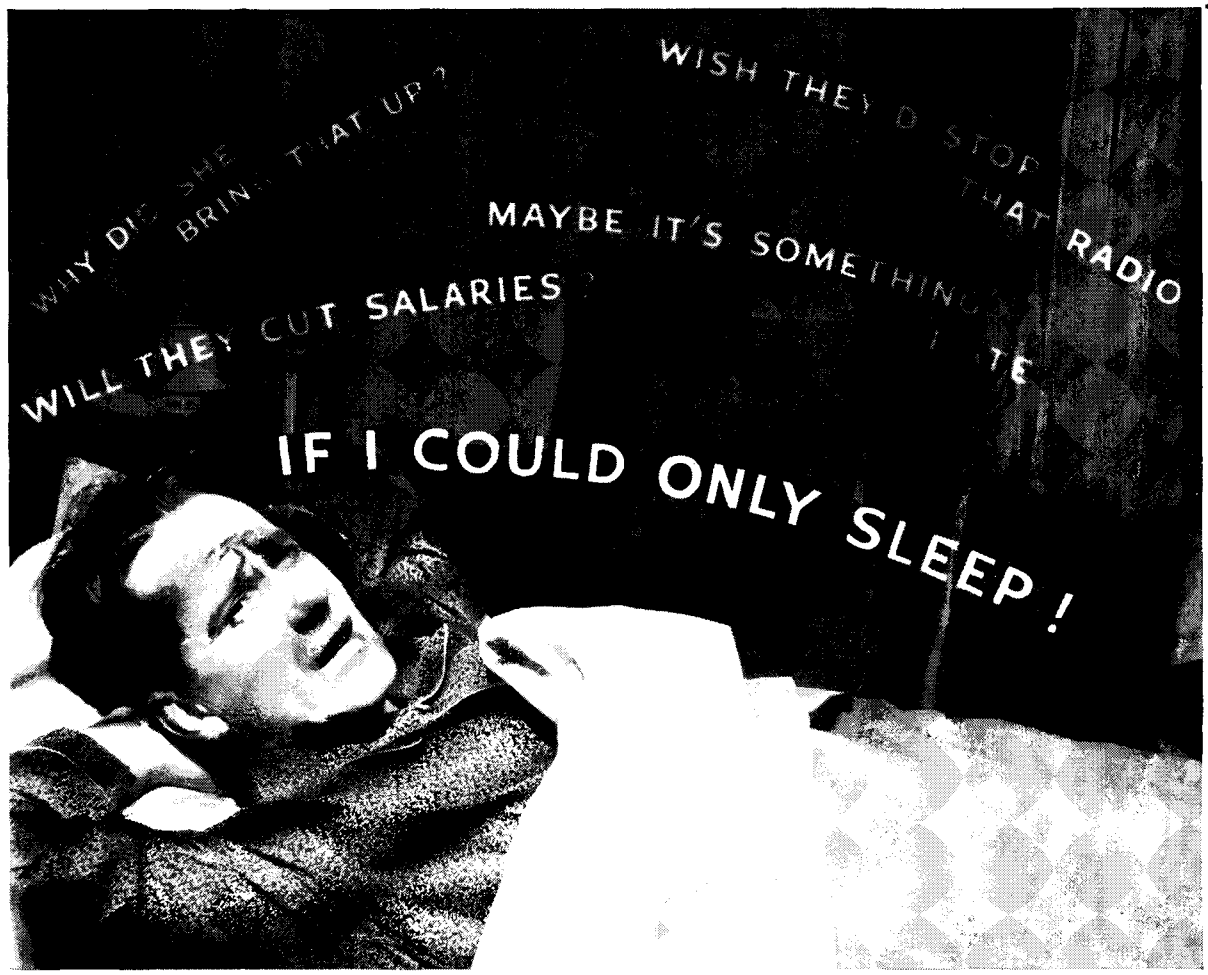
SLEEP
COMES QUICKLY
This Natural, Drugless Way .... No Bedtime Tossing

See how much more *rested* you feel mornings...How much new vitality and pep you get this way



YOU CAN QUICKLY END THESE SLEEPLESS NIGHTS OF "NERVES" AND WORRY

HOW long did it take you to fall asleep last night? Think back—and try to remember. Because if you have trouble getting to sleep at night, here's something that's important to know.

Failure to fall asleep quickly and naturally is a much more serious indication than most of us realize. And involves even more serious consequences than the intense discomfort caused by tossing and lying awake.

For even when sleep finally *does* come, after an hour or two of restless tossing, scientists tell us that it is usually sleep of distinctly *inferior quality*.

In other words, it is not the sound, refreshing sleep your tired mind and body demand. But a deceptive, fitful slumber that fails to really *rest* you. With the result that daytime finds you feeling logy and listless—decidedly under-par.

Thousands who suffer this way, never suspect the insidious cause. And, fail to realize that insufficiency of truly *restful* sleep is responsible for loss of vitality and energy.

Sleep That Really RESTS

That's why you find over 20,000 physicians today recommending Ovaltine—the Swiss food-drink that brings sound sleep, quickly without drugs. And why thousands take it *night after night*, largely on doctors' advice.

They do this, not only because Ovaltine induces sound sleep quickly, but because—due to its unique properties—*it greatly improves the quality of sleep*. And, when taken regularly, acts to restore the natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night.

Mornings you awaken refreshed, clear-eyed. Filled with new found vitality and energy. For this remarkable food-drink replenishes nerve and body tissues as you sleep. And greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

How It Acts

Ovaltine acts three ways to overcome the main causes of restless, sleepless nights. These causes are (1) blood-congested brain cells (2) digestive unrest (3) nervous irritability.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the head. And combats mental over-activity which often keeps you from getting to sleep. Thus, mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine contains in high proportion a unique food property called *diastase*—a property recognized for its ability to digest the starch content of other foods regularly taken into the stomach. Thus possessing the power to lighten digestive burdens and help the stomach "rest."

Third: Also notable among the constituents of Ovaltine is calcium. And it is increasingly realized that a proper calcium metabolism is necessary to avoid nerve irritation.

Phosphorus, too, is an essential part of brain and nerve cells. Ovaltine supplies this in abundance and in its easily assimilated food form (lecithin)—together with a high proportion of the anti-neuritic Vitamin B.

Thus, a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime not only promotes relaxation and combats digestive unrest but also acts remarkably to overcome sleeplessness due to irritated nerves.

Start Tonight

So say "good-bye" to sleepless nights and heavy-headed mornings. Get acquainted with Ovaltine and see how soundly you sleep—how much better you look and feel.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, note the permanent benefits it brings. Observe how quickly you fall asleep *every* night. See how resistance to fatigue is built up—how "staying power" multiplies.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine today. Try it and see for yourself.

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in the U. S. A. according to the original Swiss formula. 930

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Once again "The Rhapsody in Blue" ... and PHILCO brings Paul Whiteman right into your home

A FEW bars of "The Rhapsody in Blue"—and once more the widespread N.B.C. network introduces Paul Whiteman, "Dean of Modern American Music" in one of the many programs he contributes to brighten the air waves.

It may be his Sunday evening rhythmic concert, a solid hour of his own interpretations of every type of music. It may be one of his late dance programs from the Hotel Biltmore — or it may be one of the broadcasts for Buick over which he wields his baton — for Paul Whiteman is a busy man these days.

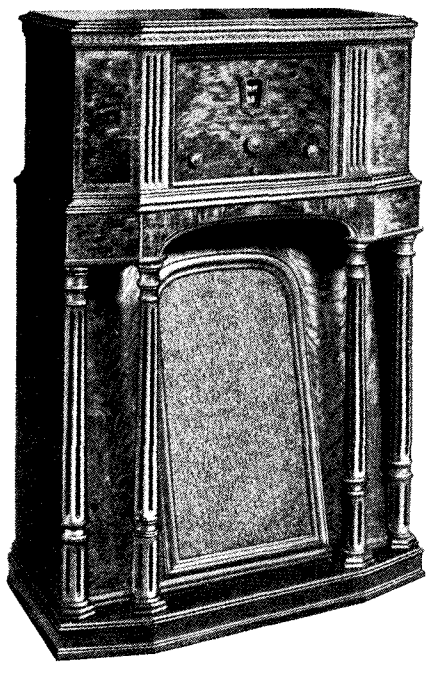
When you hear a Paul Whiteman program on a PHILCO, you hear every note just as it is put on the air. His original arrangements of popular and semi-classical music come to you as clearly, as pleasingly, as free from distortion as though Paul Whiteman and his orchestra had arrived in person to play for you.

So it is with every program on the air! The playing of great symphony orchestras — the soft voice of a single singer — the speech of a famous diplomat — or the evening's episode in a thrilling radio serial — all come to you at their best through PHILCO.

A nearby dealer will be glad to demonstrate PHILCO—the only radio scientifically designed as a musical instrument.

See it. Hear it. Buy it. Enjoy it.

PHILCO · PHILADELPHIA · TORONTO · LONDON



PHILCO MODEL 15X, shown at left, $150 Federal Tax Paid—PATENTED — Contains every worthwhile radio improvement — many exclusively PHILCO. Musicians, especially, appreciate the following scientific points of superiority: — 1. The PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board throws all sound up into field of listener, making all high notes heard for the first time. 2. Large area of sounding board insures full reproduction of low notes. 3. Echo Absorbing Screen at the back prevents echo and blur, the first radio to deliver sound only from front of speaker. 4. Open sounding board instead of sound chamber affords clear unboxed tone.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

Philco-Transitone Radio (superheterodyne) for motor cars and boats, average price complete, installed and tax paid on cars equipped with aerial, $69.50. ALL ELECTRIC (no dry batteries) $79.50.

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$18.75 to $295
FEDERAL TAX PAID

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A musical instrument of quality

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The Undercover Man

By Laurie York Erskine

"Stand by!" said the radio announcer. "A plane has crashed near Berryvale, Pennsylvania." How little did the millions who were listening dream what those words meant! This is the strange, romantic story

MY NAME is Edward Brownlow. I am forty-three years of age and for fifteen years have been employed as a special agent for the Alliance Surety Company of Massachusetts. They call it undercover work, but the only case I can remember handling that was actually kept under cover was the case that concerned the death of Victor Neil, the flyer.

In this case the newspaper reports which you read didn't tell the whole truth simply because the newspaper boys didn't know it. I am now writing out the actual facts of the "accident" in which Victor Neil was killed, in order to silence certain gossiping tongues which unjustly accuse the late Bruce Eagan of culpable neglect of his duties in that flight. You hear on all hands and I have even seen it hinted in articles that have been printed that, at the time Neil was killed, Eagan, who was to have safeguarded the flight, was for some unknown reason joy-riding in the northeastern states.

The facts of the matter are as follows:

Merrit Gage called me into his office one morning.

"Browny," he said, "I've got a very special job for you to handle."

"My specialty," I said to him, "is specials."

"It's about this shipment that's going across to the Coast on the Black Pearl," he said.

"Oh, no," I put in, "that's not my job at all. What you want is a stunt man who's twenty years younger than I am."

That made him laugh.

"Don't be scared," he said. "This is all on the ground."

"Who's scared?" I asked him. "What is it you want?"

He glanced through a file that he had on his desk.

"The Farraday Airways," he said, "is, as you know, an air transport concern run by Captain Mark Farraday."

OF COURSE I knew it. At that time Farraday had just put across his solo hop over the Atlantic. He was the front-page figure of the aviation industry. Deterer, the big jeweler, who financed the transatlantic flight, had taken Farraday under his wing and was backing the Farraday Airways. Everybody knew that, so I just grunted a reply.

"Well, you're wrong," said the chief. "Farraday's the president and general manager of the Airways, but the man who runs the show is old Bryan Deterer."

"I didn't know that," I said, expressing surprise.

"Neither did Farraday until this demonstration flight came along. Then the old man insisted on running things his own way, and I understand there's pretty nearly been a break between them."

"How do we know that?" I questioned tactfully.

Farraday was out of the machine and tearing off like a hound on some unknown, unseen scent

Henry Luhrs

"It's our business. There's a half-million dollars' worth of jewelry involved, and we're underwriting the whole business."

"You mean that Farraday isn't plugging for this non-stop flight?"

"Only because he has to. His idea was to make it a demonstration flight across the continent to show what the Airways could do. Safety and reliability, see? A series of hops in relays of planes on schedule time. But Deterer insisted on this stunt of making a non-stop solo flight and having the plane carry the necklace to Marta Del Rita. Publicity, see, for the house of Deterer: 'Marta Del Rita, queen of the Talking Screen, receives necklace of famed Deterer Black Pearls from hero of record flight.' All that kind of stuff. Farraday was all against it, but he had to swallow it. So they built this plane, christened it the Black Pearl, and hired Buck Eagan to make the record flight. Eagan's been conditioning it for the better part of a month, now."

BUT I couldn't see what all this had to do with me. Eagan was one of the best pilots in America, and non-stop cross-country flights had ceased to be anything particularly risky, anyway. All the Alliance was betting on was that the pearl necklace would arrive safely, and Eagan seemed like the man who could do it. So I said as much to Merrit.

"You're right," he said. "Only now, at the last minute, Deterer's gumming the works. He wants to change pilots."

"Throw out Eagan?"

"Yes. And put in a flyer named Neil."

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"Victor Neil!" I exclaimed. "That's the guy who tried to cross the pond before Farraday did, and landed in the sea."

"That's the boy," said Merrit.

"Well, what's the matter with him?"

"That's what I want you to find out. The pilot who carries that necklace has got to be a reliable man. We know Eagan, but we don't know anything about Neil. Farraday objects to him, but Deterer is determined to have him. I want you to find out why Farraday objects. I want to find out if we can afford to let Neil make the flight."

"If he's the wrong man we insist on Eagan or cancel the policy, I suppose?"

"No. There's too much in it for us. But if Neil's the wrong man we've got to use pressure to see he doesn't get the job. You've got to work fast and get the dope before Deterer forces a decision."

THAT sounded simple enough. I took the file on this man Victor Neil and put our agents on the track of everything we had. There was a woman in Buffalo and a few financial angles that didn't promise anything exciting; but we've got more ways of catching fish than whistling for them and I soon had trailers over almost every track that Neil had ever crossed. Then I went down to see Farraday.

In those days, if you wanted to see Farraday outside office hours, there was only one place to go—the big house of Bryan Deterer near Meredith Field. Time, of course, meant a lot on that assignment, so I found myself on the way to Meredith the same afternoon I missed Farraday at his office. And I was too late.

The lad who answered the door at Deterer's house took me into a little reception-room that looked like the side entrance to a Spanish castle and told me that Captain Farraday was in the big drawing- room and would see me in a few minutes. I sat and listened to a piano playing in the next room, and since that next room was lower than the one I was sitting in and a sort of Spanish grille looked down into it, I moved over to the grille and looked down.

At the piano was a girl whom I recognized right away as Florence Deterer, the jeweler's daughter. She looked wonderfully pretty sitting there at the piano with her light blue dress draped softly about her body and her wavy blond hair piled up around her ears. Farraday stood just behind her. He was certainly a good-looking man. Tall and dark. He was pretty young then, but the set of his mouth and his alert brown eyes gave him a sort of commanding appearance. Just as I was taking in this picture of the two of them, the girl stopped playing and swung around on the piano bench as if she were out to settle something they'd been talking about.

"MARK," she said—and I'll have to put down their words the way I remember them—"Mark, you're just refusing to give Victor a chance."

For a moment he stared down at her as if she'd bitten him.

"Neil's chances haven't got anything to do with it," he said at last. "He isn't the man for the job, that's all."

"Why isn't he?" You could see she was getting angry. "That's all you seem able to say against him. But why isn't he? Why?"

Farraday frowned as if he were in a tight corner.

"His attempt to cross the Atlantic failed. This flight has got to succeed," he said.

And then she let loose.

"That's what I thought!" she cried. "And I didn't want to believe it. You're the last man, Mark, to criticize that flight. All the experts commented on his ill luck. The whole world sympathizes with him except you. And you had the luck. You succeeded. Where he failed." She was terribly excited about it.

Of course you'll say that I ought to have crawled out at this point, but my job was to get information, and this looked like some of the stuff I wanted. I stayed and watched and listened. I saw Farraday follow the girl to where she stood beside the big piano and talk to her with a lot of feeling.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you're determined not to understand me."

"That's the trouble!" she cried. "I'm afraid I am! Victor Neil is a ruined man. His attempt to cross the Atlantic plunged him into debt. You succeeded where he failed, and you could help him. That's all. It isn't sporting."

A queer light flickered up in Farraday's eyes.

"Floy," he demanded suddenly, "how much does this man Neil mean to you?"

She flashed back a look that was defiant and sort of bewildered, too.

"What made you ask that?" she said in a low voice. "It's my—my own concern." All in a sort of murmur.

"And mine!" he came back. "That's why I'm asking. What does he mean to you? How far has he had the nerve to go—"

"Be careful!" she cried.

"I'll not be careful!" he answered. "I love you, Floy. I've said that before, and you didn't warn me then. I love you, and I'm staking everything on that. I'll never let you go!" Just a stream of words, all hot and passionate.

AT THIS point I would have turned away because it didn't seem as if what he said was contributing anything to the information I wanted, but as he put his arms around the girl she cried out in a voice so full of fear that I was practically held where I stood.

"Don't!" she cried. "Not now!"

"Not now?" He stood back from her as if he'd heard bad news. Then he frowned as if he were hurt. "I guess I can understand," he said. "It was only for a moment. A romantic girl in a moment of hero worship. That's all it meant. Am I right?"

"If a hero's a sportsman, and generous to the man he beats, yes," she answered him. "That was the man I thought you were, Mark."

He thought that over a minute and then tried again.

"Floy," he pleaded, "why can't you trust me? There's nothing in the world I wouldn't do—"

"Then why won't you do this?"

"I can't. There's more—"

She cut him off.

"No. Mark, you're afraid! Afraid that your glory—"

"You must be crazy!" he cried. And then, as if he suddenly remembered another angle, "That scoundrel—"

With a sudden movement he grabbed her by the shoulders as if she were a kid and he was about to shake the nonsense out of her.

"You can't understand," he rumbled, sort of choking. "You can't or you won't. There's nothing I can say or do to convince you!"

"Yes, there is," she said. And I couldn't help but admire the way she stuck to the point. "You can do one thing."

It seemed as if they stood there for minutes, she staring up at him defiantly and he glaring down at her with that dark flush over his face. Suddenly he dropped his hands and turned away toward a door that led into a room beyond. He didn't say a word as he did it. He just turned away and left her. She stood and watched him go with the scaredest, sickest look of triumph on her face I've ever seen. Then I heard his voice, on the phone in the other room. He was talking to the New York office of the Farraday Airways.

"It seems to me," he said, "that you're determined

"A statement for the press," he was saying. "For immediate publication: 'Bruce Eagan, who was to pilot the Black Pearl in a non-stop solo flight from New York to Los Angeles, is retiring in favor of Victor Neil, the pilot whose ill luck prevented his completing an attempted crossing of the Atlantic. Eagan is making this sacrifice in a gallant desire to give Neil a chance to make good.' That's the item. Fix it up for the press and release it immediately. . . . Yes, that's all."

Which applied to me, too. I'd learned all I wanted to know, which was that the Alliance Surety Company wasn't going to have any voice in the choice of pilots. All we could do now was to check up on Neil, and watch. In our business we don't like to see a half-million dollars' worth of merchandise put in charge of the kind of man Mark Farraday would describe as a scoundrel.

When the reports from Buffalo came in I knew why Farraday had used that word. Neil was a smooth article. To finance the transatlantic attempt he had used the cheap trick of working on the affections of a woman with money.

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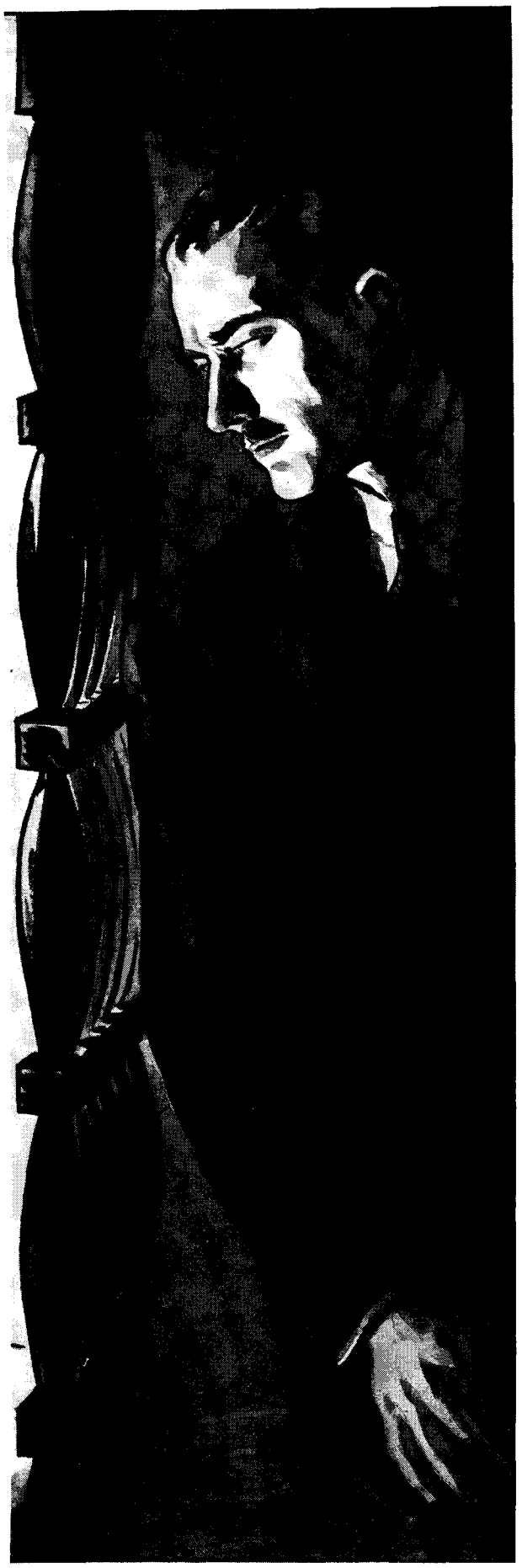

not to understand me"

Only in this case the money had belonged to the husband, and Irving Flashman, of the Flashman Tube Company, was out for blood. With divorce proceedings in one hand and a threat of criminal prosecution in the other, he was demanding his money back; and the tearful pleas of Dorothy Flashman, who had fallen for the oldest game in the world, was all that stood between Neil and the penitentiary unless he could pay up to the tune of sixty thousand dollars. Also, Dorothy, it seemed, was wavering. There were rumors of another woman, and Dorothy's fears for Neil were getting the gate in favor of the far-famed fury of a woman scorned.

With all this information at hand I could see the tough spot poor Farraday had been in during the little interview I butted into. Neil was a fine kind of guy to have making up to your girl when the girl was the kind of idealist who expects you to treat your rivals like a sportsman. Poor Farraday hadn't been able to spill a hint of the real reason why he couldn't accept Neil for the job of pilot—not in the light of what he knew of the way Neil had with women.

And then came the code message from Atlanta, and the other woman's name. Mrs. Victor Neil, it was. She was the deserted wife of Neil and, in addition to that, she was the sister of Bruce Eagan. So I looked up Eagan.

Eagan was a regular fellow. He was a famous pilot, but he was as modest as a high-school boy. He was a quiet, blunt young man with a short, husky body and ginger-colored hair. I didn't have any trouble dealing with him.

"We've got to look after that shipment of sparklers," I told him, "and we want to know about this fellow, Neil."

"Well, watch him," he said. "He's the scum of the earth, that guy is. If I say the word to a lady I know of in Buffalo, he's sunk. He crawled into that family the same way as he's crawled into the Deterer home. He always aims at women, and if Dorothy Flashman ever knows the truth, he's sunk."

"There's a wife he's got down in Atlanta," I murmured.

"You know about that?" he cried, red as a beet.

"We know about all there is to know," I said.

"I'm watching that bird," growled Eagan. "He'd best run straight."

"Will you fly with him?" I asked gently.

"How?" He was exceedingly surprised.

"Get a plane," I explained, "and stick to his tail all the way over. You can take fast pursuit planes and use them in relays."

His eyes gleamed.

"I'd like to," he said. "But I've promised old Mark to fly on ahead and fix weather signals and flares for the Black Pearl."

"DO BOTH," I suggested. "You can. There's five thousand dollars in it for you."

He shook his head. "I don't take pay for my pleasures," he grunted.

That was as far as I got with Buck Eagan.

Eagan disappeared before the Black Pearl took off, to keep his agreement with Farraday, and on the day of the flight I went down to the field to see the merchandise delivered to the plane and to see the plane safely into the air. Then I went with Farraday and Deterer to the big Spanish house where they had a wire installed and an arrangement to get direct reports by radio and phone.

We had breakfast together, and all through the meal we listened to the reports as they were phoned or wired in from towns over which the Black Pearl flew. In about the middle of the morning the messages stopped.

There followed two of the hours in my life that I wouldn't want to live over again. Farraday, Deterer and the girl gathered about that loud-speaker and listened to messages that told how they didn't have anything to say, until I thought I'd go nuts. Then the radio started up with a "Please stand by," and, believe me, we were all standing.

"Columbus, Ohio, reports the airplane Black Pearl, which should have checked at Columbus Airport, has not yet been sighted. This news shows that . . . Just a minute, please . . ."

THE phone across the room started ringing.

"Shut up!" growled Deterer.

"Stand by—" rasped the radio. "A plane has crashed near Berryvale, Pennsylvania. it is thought to be the Black Pearl. . . ."

"Victor!" cried Florence Deterer. "Mark, is it Victor?"

At the sound of her cry Farraday turned to her and I saw his eyes flame up at the feeling she betrayed in her voice. Then, as if he realized that her feeling was for Neil, the light died out of his eyes. They were like glowing coals you had thrown water on. Without a word he turned to the phone and we all stood in deadly silence while he spoke in a voice as dead as his eyes.

"This is Captain Farraday talking," he said. "Yes."

There was a pause, and when he spoke again Farraday's voice was suddenly alive, vibrating like the bass notes of a parlor grand. "You're sure?" he cried. "That's bad! . . . And the pilot? . . . Ah, that's bad . . . Have my ship out and fill her up . . . I'm speeding right down."

He snapped the receiver onto its hook and turned to the girl. She had been watching him.

"It *is* the Black Pearl!" she cried.

"Yes," said Farraday.

"And Victor? He's dead?"

Farraday shrugged.

"I don't know. Down in flames." He stepped close to her and spoke surprisingly like a father soothing a frightened child. "You'll have to bear up, Floy," he said. "I'll keep you posted. I'm flying to the accident."

"Then wait. I'm going with you."

She hurried from the room.

Farraday turned to me grimly.

"I suppose you'll want to come, too, Brownlow?" he asked.

"I guess I've got to," I mumbled.

"All right," he snapped. "Get your hat!"

As if I were in a dream I found myself sitting in that roadster with them, traveling more miles an hour than I like to think of to take an airplane to a place where another had come down in flames.

I could write a book about that ride in the plane, and it seemed long enough for me to have done it while we flew. As a matter of fact I believe we made it in record time. We landed in a big field which spread out on one side of a little town that lay in a wide hollow. At one end of the field lay a heap of wreckage that had once been an airplane, and all over the field there were people. Farraday jumped out without a word and fairly pounced at the ghastly heap which I had seen sail into the air so beautifully just a few hours before; and the girl followed him. A man who'd been standing with a number of others near the wreckage stepped forward. He was a big, burly fellow and he glanced at the girl in a sort of scared, furtive way.

"CAPTAIN FARRADAY?" he asked. "I'm Sheriff Connors."

"Glad to know you," said Farraday. "Have they got—"

He stopped short. Three men who had been busy at the wreckage stepped forward carrying something. Their faces were sick and gray and they dumped their burden at Farraday's feet as if they couldn't possibly carry it farther.

"Cover it! Quick!" cried Farraday. But the girl had seen it, too. She uttered a gasp, as if a knife had stabbed her, and she turned white as talc. Farraday jumped to reach her as she swayed, but she motioned him away.

"Go on," she whispered. "I'm all right."

"Take the lady over to my car," said Connors. He pointed out a sedan which stood near the wreck.

"No. I'll sit in Captain Farraday's plane," she said.

We helped her to a seat in the cabin.

"Now, then," said Farraday grimly, "let me see that body."

He knelt beside the charred form without a quiver, but he found it hard to touch it.

"Poor devil!" he murmured as he examined it. "Poor devil!" Then, to Connors, "Did anyone see the crash?"

"Pretty near the whole township, I guess," said Connors. "It come in sight from over the mountain, there, and it was burning. It was sort of groping round. I guess the poor feller was trying to land it. Then it sort of exploded and shot down right where you see it."

"Nobody saw it before it came over the mountains?"

"No, sir. We're pretty well closed in here and it's just brush country back over the hills."

"YES, of course." Farraday was gazing down on the charred body. "God!" he whispered. "What a way to die!"

I turned away for a minute and, more for something to say than anything else, I inquired about the pearl necklace.

"I'm from the surety company," I explained.

"Why, yes," said Connors. "Your company telephoned right after we got out news of the crash, and we sifted through all the remnants of wreckage. We couldn't find any pearls."

"Put on some extra guards," I said. "Nobody's to come near that wreck until we've made a scientific search. The stuff's in there somewhere."

By this time I'd forgotten about everything except my responsibility with regard to the pearls, and I turned toward the wreckage. I hadn't taken five steps before Farraday let out a cry like a man suddenly hit so it hurts. We wheeled and stared at him. He was standing over the blackened body like a wild animal that senses danger and, while he stared straight at us, I knew he was blind to our presence.

"What's up?" cried Connors.

"There's something wrong here!" said Farraday. "Who saw this ship come down?"

"The whole township!" snapped Connors. "Like I told you!"

For a moment Farraday hesitated. Then he turned to his machine. "It's

(Continued on page 30)

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Up and Down with Sam Insull

By John T. Flynn

He grew to be a colossus, and when he fell it cost stockholders in this country a billion dollars. That was the end of the story: this is the beginning. Mr. Flynn, in the first of a series of four articles, gives you a picture of Insull when he was Edison's secretary and the electrical industry was in its infancy

IN THE early days of last June crowds were milling around the lobby of the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. The Republican convention was about to meet. An elderly man leaned wearily across the counter and asked a question. The clerk, who did not recognize him, though his name was on the lips of millions of Americans, answered curtly and turned away. In all that busy crowd but one person recognized the tired-looking old man who stood, now a little bewildered, at the clerk's desk. It was Samuel Insull, whose vast utility empire had crashed around him, and who that day had abdicated the throne from which he had ruled as an autocrat. The man who recognized him went over to him.

"Mr. Insull," he said, "I am sorry for all the trouble that has come to you."

Insull looked up, dazed. His eyes filled with tears. He recognized a man—a reporter on a Chicago paper—who for twenty years had attacked him and had written thousands of words in denunciation of his business and political schemes. Insull was touched. He shrugged his shoulders a little helplessly. Then he said:

"Think of it. Three years ago I was worth one hundred and seventy million dollars. Today I haven't a cent in the world."

He walked out of the hotel still unrecognized. That night he took an airplane for New York and, under an assumed name, sailed for France.

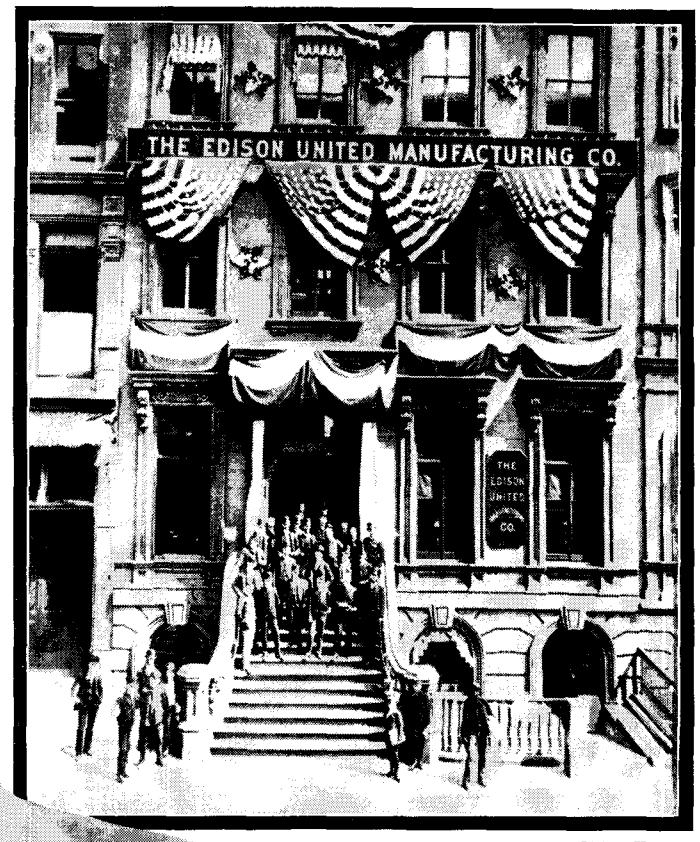
This was the end of the trail—a long trail which began fifty-one years before, when on a blustery February night the steamship City of Chester deposited on her dock in New York the twenty-one-year-old Londoner, Samuel Insull, who had come to America to seek his fortune. Five decades had flown. The young English stenographer had risen to the overlordship of a vast empire of light and power, controlling properties worth three billion dollars in over five thousand American communities.

Now the depression, which had begun by throwing Bill Smith out of a job on a Kansas farm, and Bill Jones out of a job in a New England textile mill, had gotten around, in its inexorable way, to the mighty Sam Insull and swept his towering house of cards into the general dust bin. As noiselessly as he had entered half a century before and almost as poor, he slipped out of the America he had stirred so powerfully, back to his native Europe.

I arrived in Chicago for Collier's a few days after Insull's sudden flight from the city. And as I talked with financiers, brokers, business leaders, and that gentleman who is called "the man in the street," I was amazed at the complacence of everyone about the matter and the lack of any feeling of indignation against Insull.

Chicago, the Forgiving

This man had wrecked a vast financial fabric. He had destroyed the life savings of scores of thousands of people. He had delivered a staggering blow to the stability of business credit at a most critical moment. Yet most of those I talked with spoke with sympathy for him. They talked about all the fine things he had done for Chicago, forgetting that he had done them with the money of other people drawn into his shaky holding company schemes by clever publicity. His tangle of schemes had crashed into a receivership and the court named him the receiver. His lawyers were appointed to represent the receivers. He and his brother and son were kept at the head of various companies. When it was discovered that his brother had taken funds and securities from the Insull companies and that Insull himself had aided him in this, he was forced to resign as receiver. Almost all of the startling performances of this man which have since made their appearance in the newspapers were known at this moment. Yet he was allowed to leave Chicago. Resolutions of regret and even approval of his services were passed by various companies and several of his former corporations voted



Wide World

Wide World

Right, the first building illuminated by electric light, 65 Fifth Avenue, New York. Below, Samuel Insull, a recent photograph

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him thousands of dollars in life pensions. I found everywhere a disposition to secrecy to protect "the old man."

I was told that in those closing days Insull had ridden around in an armored car, fearful lest some crazed investor might shoot him. Apparently, at this moment his fears were misplaced, though later the sweet cream of human forgiveness curdled in Chicago as the stories of old men and women, schoolteachers and clerks, whose life savings had formed the raw materials of Insull's magnificence and his rich benefactions, came to be told.

The whole story of Sam Insull is full of significance. For it is the story of a man who did a great and useful job and then became a victim of that madness for power and profit which poisoned so many men during the gaudy dozen years just closed.

Perhaps we should say Insull's adventurous trail began a few years earlier than his arrival in America. It began, in fact, upon a drizzly night in November, 1878, when a boy of nineteen waited at Holborn Station, London, to go to the suburbs for a little extra work. Young Insull worked by day in a real estate office for the sum of a pound a week. He went several nights a week to take dictation for Thomas Gibson Bowles, then editor of the English Vanity Fair. Wanting something to read, he chanced upon a copy of an American magazine. As his train bumped out to the Bowles home Insull found himself reading an account of the amazing inventions of Thomas Edison, then a young man of thirty-one, who had just demonstrated his incandescent lamp.

The story fascinated Insull. He was a member of one of those literary societies which have always flourished in England, where youthful Britons flew at each other over the performances of Gladstone and Disraeli and Palmerston, the republican agitations of Dilke and the temperance movement of Lawson. Insull decided to write an essay for the club about this American wizard. He scoured London bookshops for data, and a few weeks later read a paper on "The Great American Inventor, Thomas Alva Edison."

Now see what Fate was doing meantime. The partners in the real estate firm sent for him and informed him that, as he put it later, "he was sacked." They were taking on an "articled clerk" —a quaint custom of the "good old days" by which generous-souled employers got the services of young men without paying for them. "I have never forgiven that man," Insull said later. "I go to call on him every time I am in London, and I go into the same room in which I was discharged. My pride was hurt as it was never hurt before or since."

A Career in the Making

The dislodged stenographer flew to the want-ad columns of the Times and there learned that a Colonel George E. Gouraud in Lombard Street wanted a part-time stenographer. Insull got that job and learned to his amazement that Colonel Gouraud was the London representative of Edison.

Insull was one of Samuel Smiles' men. Britishers today love to sneer at the American success story—the Horatio Alger motif of office boy to president. Long before B. C. Forbes or Sam Crowther told their tales of the motor and bank and steel and copper kings who rose from poverty, old Samuel Smiles was regaling the youthful Britons of the sixties and seventies with the tales of the men who were making England, of the boy who, as Gilbert put it, "polished up the handle of the big front door," and then "became the ruler of the Queen's Nav-vee."

He wrote inspirational books such as Orison Swett Marden and Elbert Hubbard wrote later in America. Insull devoured Samuel Smiles' books. He liked chiefly "Self-Help" and "Lives of the Engineers." He patterned his own life on the success saga. He loved to talk of his humble start "when he licked postage stamps." He took his rise and flourished in an era which will always be remembered for its worship of material success.

In his career he exemplified perfectly the character and spirit of those decades. He used its shibboleths. He was one of the ablest of its "organizers of things." He understood, believed in and used all its tools, mechanical and financial, good and bad. He reared the kind of reputation America understands best and admires most, he piled up a vast fortune of illusory millions, he preached the gospel of "eternal prosperity," bore his part in blowing into the giant bubble the excess of air which burst it and, in the end, was the central figure in a failure so tremendous that it commands, after a fashion, the admiration of the American people.

Insull was born in Westminster (London), November 11, 1859. But most of his early boyhood was spent in Oxford where his father was an indigent preacher. Later his parents moved to London to provide, as Insull explained, better schools for their children, but probably to find a wider field for their great mission. For Insull's mother and father were ardent temperance leaders. His mother conducted a kind of temperance shelter across the façade of which was displayed in huge letters the legend—INSULL'S TEMPERANCE HOTEL. His father went about the streets of London preaching against the rum devil of Beer Street and Gin Lane.

Insull's first contacts with Americans were such visitors to his father's home as General Neal Dow, who introduced prohibition into Maine, and Mother Stewart, who in the seventies in Ohio—along with the mother of John D. Rockefeller—hunted the Demon Grog into his very temple, the saloon, and, amid the greatest turbulence, sought to exorcise him therefrom by singing hymns upon the barroom floor. The crusaders of the United Kingdom Alliance —a kind of early British Anti-Saloon League—often consorted at the Insull house where the young Samuel heard the followers of Sir Wilfrid Lawson crying aloud for "local option" in England and flinging angry sneers at the great Gladstone for permitting London grocers to sell "light wines and beers."

When he was about fourteen it was decided the poor preacher and temperance apostle could no longer keep his son at school. One day he took the boy to the office of a friend in Ludgate Circus, a certain Thomas Cook, whose office, incidentally, is still in Ludgate Circus but whose name is known wherever a weary tourist sets his foot. Tom Cook had no job for his friend's son but promised something in a month. But young Sam wanted work at once and, like a true Britisher, went to the columns of the Times. Thus he got his first job as office boy in a real estate firm at five shillings a week.

There he found a patron in the office stenographer, who advised him to study shorthand and offered to teach him. The generous instructor gave him a lesson a day and informed him that any day he failed to appear with the lesson properly learned he would take him into the cellar and thrash him. This was a language Sam Insull could understand. In a few years he had risen to the eminence of a pound a week, with a few extra shillings for night work for various persons, until a fortunate chance brought him to the London office of Thomas Edison.

Europe's First Phone Operator

Young Insull now found himself on the fringes of Edison's famed house of magic. Colonel Gouraud was busy setting up the first telephone exchange in England. At the moment there was a race on between Edison and the Bell interests to get the first exchange working in Europe and thus capture that market. The historic moment came when the mechanism was all ready. For the first half hour in which that first European telephone exchange was in operation, Insull occupied the switchboard and was, therefore, the first telephone operator in the old world.

Some nights later Insull was sitting at the board which controlled wires running across the roof of Burlington House to the laboratory of the famous Professor Tyndall. Many visitors called to see the new marvel, and this evening Insull felt a tap on the shoulder and looked up to see with awe Queen Victoria's famous minister, William Ewart Gladstone, and his wife. Mr. Gladstone wanted to try the telephone! When connected, the minister in his deep, sonorous voice asked if the man at the other end could tell whether it was a male or female voice that addressed him. The man answered that he could and that it was a female voice. Gladstone and his wife had a good laugh. Still later, Insull listened to Lord Bouverie and Sir John Lubbock discussing the telephone and dismissing it as an instrument which might prove very useful for getting late parliamentary debates to the morning papers but for no other purpose.

Pioneering in Power and Light

About this time there arrived from Edison's office in America a Mr. Edward H. Johnson. The whole of Colonel Gouraud's staff gathered around while he gingerly unwrapped from its packing of cotton batting the first one of Edison's much-talked-of incandescent lamps to reach England. It was that little incandescent lamp with which Insull's life was to be linked. More than any other man, he was to be its salesman.

Most people think of Insull as a big, audacious utility financier who made millions selling utility stocks, got caught in an unsavory publicity scandal, got mixed up in the unlawful campaign fund of an Illinois senator and finally wrecked a lot of electric light companies. All this refers to the later years of this man's life. We will come to that story. But Insull's real work was as the organizer of the electric light industry in its infancy, first in the equipment field—culminating with the great General Electric Company—and then in the generating and distributing fields. He was the commercial pioneer as Edison was the scientific pioneer.

(Continued on page 32)

Wide World

Acme *Old Print from Harper's Weekly*

Left: Above, Samuel Insull, the secretary; below, Thomas Alva Edison, the pioneer. Right, laying electric light conduit in the streets of New York in 1882

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The Right Crowd

The story of a boy who didn't belong, and a girl who didn't value things like that

By Paul Jones

AMONG other men of his age, Big Joe Carter seemed a marvel of physical fitness. It was only when he stood beside his son, young Joe, that you saw what he had once been. In spite of tennis and golf, he was beginning to run to flesh, although the breadth of his shoulders concealed the extra weight under his loose, well-made clothes. His handsome face, red-brown with exposure to the sun, and from too many rye highballs, was set in a strained, friendly expression. A little puzzle of red veins showed in the whites of his eyes.

He was still known as "the Joe Carter that picked up a loose ball and ran ninety yards for a touchdown against Harvard." Men of his own generation, meeting him for the first time in the customers' room of Arnold Knight and Company, always said: "Not *the* Joe Carter?"

When he stopped to talk to anybody on the street, he had a trick of moving his hat back and forth on his head, punctuating his conversation with a new angle of the deeply indented brown felt. Sometimes it was over one eye, sometimes pushed far back on his skull, so that you could see the worn spot in his closely trimmed hair. He always looked as though he had just left the barber's.

Big Joe's wife died just before young Joe entered the local prep school, where the boy made a great record in sports. He was not brilliant in his studies, but he stood well up in his class, and the professors considered him a serious student. His father was frank to admit that he had never been able to make much out of his books. "You seem to have the trick of it, kid," he told his son. "Must be from your mother's side."

AFTER his graduation, young Joe wanted to enter the state university. He had offers—all this happened years ago, of course—from four famous colleges, the Cleveland Indians and the New York Giants. Harry Blair, who coached the State football teams, made a special trip to see the boy. Young Joe heard that there need be no expense whatever. The other places had said the same thing, but State appealed to him, because they offered a real job on the experimental farm, and that was what young Joe wanted. He was certain that he belonged somewhere where he could work with his hands. Besides, State was close by, and he was in love with Arnold Knight's daughter.

But Big Joe wouldn't hear of it. "I want you to go to the old university, kid. That's the only place to go," he insisted. The old university where his father had gone was a thousand miles away. Young Joe looked at Big Joe.

"I suppose they take it for granted that you'll send me there. They didn't offer me an athletic scholarship, but I could get one." He knew his father was not prospering at that particular time.

"Nonsense. You don't want to get off on the wrong foot. My father went there, and I went there, and of course you'll go there. An athletic scholarship for the third Joe Carter would be ridiculous. I want you to be in with the right crowd from the start."

"It would save some money," the son persisted. "I don't feel like taking money that you may need." He knew that the stock market was in bad shape and that his father had had to borrow on his insurance.

"Forget it. I can let you have two thousand a year without any trouble. You won't need any more, but you ought to have that much. I've already put it in the university bank for you. You'll like the university once you see what it's like."

It was true that Big Joe had no large expenses. Since the death of his wife, he had lived at the Athletic Club, while his son lived at the school. Most of his entertaining was paid for by Knight and Company. During the summer, he lived at Arnold Knight's big place in the country.

KNIGHT had uprooted Joe and had brought him straight from the university, where they had been classmates and fraternity brothers, to the Middle West and a job selling bonds for Knight and Company. It was a curious pairing. Big Joe was everybody's friend, but Arnold Knight was a little, cold man who had gone through college without acquiring a single intimate friendship. At bottom, it must be supposed that Joe was useful to him, for Knight was one of those individuals who do nothing that does not lead straight to the hiding places of money.

Young Joe went to the university, and came back, after his freshman year, with the nimbus of a celebrity beginning to form around him. He was a natural athlete. There was no game he could not play well. Whatever the university had to offer would be his for the asking. But he had not liked the place. He had no criticism to make of it. It was simply not what he wanted.

He had spent the first month of his holidays in Rhode Island, and the second on Long Island. At the Wear's place in Rhode Island, he saw a good deal of Leila Knight, Arnold's daughter, who spent ten days there before going abroad with her aunt.

When she sailed, they were engaged, secretly, of course. "I'll change over to State," he told her, "so that I'll be near you. I don't like the university, anyhow, and I'm certainly not going to spend three years that far away from you."

She was completely in love with him, and when he said that he intended to study agriculture at State, and become a scientific farmer, she thought of nothing except that he would be near her. If he had declared his intention of becoming a chiropodist, she would have nodded in the same way. She listened, not to his words, but to the tone of his voice.

It was August when he went out to the Knight place. Leila had been home only two days. He found her playing tennis with his father. Big Joe was breathing hard when he came over to

Leila turned her face away. "You'll have to

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John H. Crosman

stay near me, Joe, or you'll lose me," she said

the side lines and shook hands. "You look fit," he told his son. "You've put on more weight, too, haven't you?"

"Fifteen pounds," Joe said. "I'll lose most of it when football practice starts." He went over to the net and held Leila's hands, and looked into her hungry eyes. It was all very casual, in appearance. "Rhode Island was poisonous, after you left," he said, taking in the delicate purity of her face and the mint-gold of her hair.

She took her hand away as his father came up, bouncing a ball against the court. "It couldn't possibly have been any worse than Paris was," she assured him.

"Let's finish," Big Joe suggested, "and we can go back to the house and get something to drink. 6-5 and 15-30, isn't it?"

"30-15," Leila said. "Go ahead and serve. You might as well get it over."

SHE played an excellent, unruffled base-line game that had Big Joe puffing. When he ran out the game and set, he came in, holding his side. "You oughtn't to make an old man run like that," he complained. "Let's go up. What'll you have, Joe? We have some excellent beer."

Buttermilk would suit him, Joe said. Leila had a lemonade, and Big Joe a double Irish with plain water. He gulped half of it, and then took it with him when he went to have a shower.

"I can't bear to think that you'll go away again," Leila said. She was in his arms.

"I won't," he promised. He was about to kiss her, when the thin, quick figure of Arnold Knight, in a seersucker suit, turned the far corner of the long porch. He put his arms down. "There's your father."

They could not tell whether her father had seen them. He shook hands with Joe in the same impassive way that he used with everyone, and rang for a drink.

Leila went upstairs to dress, and Joe stood there, uneasily, while Arnold Knight sipped his hock and seltzer. The boy wondered whether he should say something about Leila and himself. Her father was looking thoughtfully across the broad stretch of lawn to the woods masking the state road. Silence was his native tongue.

"The grass is in good condition," he remarked at last.

"Yes, sir. I was looking at it as I came in."

Another pause, while Knight finished his drink. "What kind of a team are we going to have next year?" he asked. He put the glass down and wiped his hands on his handkerchief.

Joe breathed more easily, as he spoke of the men coming up from the freshman team. Knight listened remotely. "That's fine," he observed, looking at his watch. "Time to dress." It was impossible to imagine Knight genuinely interested in anything except investments. He professed an interest in other things, and supported them, his family, his church, his college and its teams, but in an automatic way. It was the thing to do.

BIG JOE came into his son's room while he was dressing for dinner. "I suppose you see now what I meant when I said you ought to go to the university," he conjectured. "Different, isn't it? I mean the life, of course. By the way, your studies all right? Weren't you on probation in history, or something? You don't want to make yourself ineligible."

"Latin," his son explained. "I worked that off. I'm all right now."

He oughtn't to take his class-work too seriously, his father indicated largely, as long as he got by. College was more valuable for the contacts and friendships you made than for anything you might learn out of a book. "In my experience, it's so," he concluded. "If I'd had to depend on what I learned in class, I'd be nowhere."

"I don't mind studying," his son said. "I rather like it. Of course, I don't get much time, but I ought to do more of it. I have to think of what I'll do after I graduate."

"I'll speak to Arnold about that."

His son said nothing, intent on his tie. "From what I can make out," Big Joe went on, "you and Leila are interested in each other. It would all fit in." He was silent for a moment, and in the glass Joe could see his father's face, worried and anxious, with his guard down.

"Business any better?" Joe asked, picking up his coat.

"We're not doing much. Things are slow. As a matter of fact, for the last month I've given up going to the office. It isn't worth while. Arnold gets all the close-fisted business there is to get, and the kind of people I sell aren't buying—not now, at any rate. The fall will see a big upturn. It's bound to come."

They went downstairs together. The boy was wondering how he could make his father see that he didn't want to go back to the university. "I met Harry Blair, the State coach, on the train," he remarked. "He still wants me to go up there, even though I'd lose a year of competition by transferring. I've been thinking about it."

"Don't consider it," his father said quickly. "I didn't mean that, when I said business was bad. You can go right on as you are. I've just transferred the two thousand for next year to your account. It'll be waiting for you."

"I might like State better," young Joe said, as they turned into the library, where Leila and her father awaited them.

"You'll see what I mean," his father assured him. "Senior year, for instance, when your friendships grow closer."

There was a tray of old brandy, and glasses rimmed with fine sugar. Big Joe had three while Arnold Knight was finishing one.

IT WAS clear to the boy that his father expected him to follow the same line he had taken. There was no way he could explain to him that he felt in himself no talent for good-fellowship, that he was positive that his own solution lay in a career where straightforward work, even plodding, would bring a solid result. To say that to his father would sound like a criticism of everything his father had been and was at that moment; of the place he had made for himself in the shadow of a college classmate, Arnold Knight. Young Joe had no doubt that it was a brilliant situation, although his father's exact status had always been vague in his mind. But for himself—no.

He put off further discussion until after dinner. Knight, it appeared, had work to do. Leila had to drive over to see her aunt about some detail or other of her coming-out, scheduled for October. He and his father would be alone, and they could talk about it then.

Whether it had always been so, and he hadn't been acute enough to see it, or whether a change had occurred in the relations of his father and Arnold Knight, he could not tell, but it was obvious, at dinner, that Big Joe was regarded as a sort of superior majordomo. Knight was too direct, too selfish, to make any bones of the fact that, if Big Joe was not producing any business, he was expected to make

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The Eternal Youth

The story of a war and a man and of the unconquerable spirit of youth

By Roger Burlingame

"BAYONETS?" said Don.

"Yes."

"You never told that before."

"No, but what did you think?"

"I don't know. . . . They might have surrendered."

He did not speak for a time after that and I did not go on immediately with the story; I watched the moths cluster about the lamp at the gate, making the light uneven; beyond, the dead hills were still visible in the late July twilight and I could see men trudging by on the road to Verdun with picks on their shoulders. I saw these things with my eyes, but I was thinking about Don and wondering why we were here and what my story was doing to him—now that I was telling the whole of it.

One never knows about one's children. Their minds are mysterious. Since we had landed in France, Don had been begging me to bring him here, to show him the places of the war—the "battlefields" as they called them; what could I do?

Don was fifteen; he was a reasonable person, not squeamish nor touchy in the nerves; he had no nightmare imagination. I hated to come myself; I hated more to waken my boy's mind to the consciousness of waste and pain and depravity. But then, as I say, one does not know one's children, so I had no idea to what his mind might already have been awakened. He seemed mature to me—they all do nowadays!—but we forget when we are adult what we were ourselves at the age when reflection first sets in.

He indulged often in these long and rather restful silences when his face would be impassive and only his eyes, deepening or lightening in color, reflected the come and go of his submerged feeling. Perhaps, now, my story had moved him; perhaps he could see and feel that wet night with the men wriggling on their bellies in the mud between the lines. Perhaps I had made him see my young sergeant, Peters, going like a snake for the heart of the trouble and, with his own hands in the pitch blackness, silencing four guns. Perhaps—but Don revealed nothing and, after a time, he called me back from my wondering.

"Go on with the story," he said.

I groped for the thread where I had left it.

"The sound died out," I said. "I could tell when each of the guns stopped firing. There were other sounds. . . ."

"You told that," said Don.

"YES, so I did. Well, when the Germans over in their front line heard the guns stop, everything broke loose. That was the first moment they suspected anything. You see it was so dark with the rain, and the guns were so loud. But when they heard the firing stop, they lighted flares and everything was light as day. I saw men come over towards us, but our own guns were going then and stopped them. Our guns were beautifully placed for the raid. I remember seeing some Germans trying to set up a Maxim on their parapet—they were silhouetted against the sky, so we got them too.

"Then somebody yelled in my ear, 'They've hit Peters; Peters is hit!' I got up and ran then to the place where those four guns had been. Peters was wounded. We brought him back—walking in all that light—and nothing came near us at all, though the whole German army seemed to be running about with their bayonets flashing. The raid was perfect from the military point of view, but Peters did most of the work. You can see what a small part I played."

"You brought Peters back," said Don.

"It was the least I could do. We were glad to get back. Our trench seemed like home, dirty as it was."

"Was the trench— Was it bad?" asked Don slowly.

"It was wet and muddy. There were a good many flies. We had lived there three weeks. Our nerves were pretty raw. That's why we had so many volunteers for the raid. They'd do anything to get out of there. But still we were glad to get back again. It's quite hard to remember all those things. . . . Seven years ago."

Don respected my silence. The story had tired me. I felt more tired now than I had felt that night after the raid. That night I had been supported by a great feeling of triumph. I remember we laughed about it and slapped each other on the back and while the first-aid man was fixing Peters we congratulated him for killing four men with bayonets.

IT WAS hot in the little garden where Don and I were sitting; the air was without life, the moths grew thicker about the lamp. I had picked this inn—one of the last houses on the road to Douaumont—because I thought the big hotels in the town with their modern comforts, set in the midst of ghosts, incongruous and offensive. Out here, the ghosts could walk at their ease and Don and I could be alone with them. We were, in fact, quite alone at this inn on the Douaumont road; now even the *patron* and his daughters were asleep.

A truck rumbled by going to Verdun; the sound in the silence made me jump. The truck was filled with men with picks and shovels.

"They're still at it out there," I said. "Digging for relics in the old trenches. They're making a mausoleum, you know, for all the unknown soldiers."

"Go on with the story," said Don.

"That's the end of it. We were relieved the next day."

"What happened to Peters?"

"He was in the hospital for a while. His wounds were in his legs—bullets. The surgeons fixed him up except that one of his calf muscles was never quite strong again. I recommended him for the D. S. C. and he got it."

"But you saw him afterwards—after the war. Didn't you tell me once . . . ?"

"Yes. I always thought Peters' story had a kind of tragic outcome for a boy with so much good in him. It's a queer thing; I have a feeling that he is dead now, though I don't know anything about it. I never saw a boy that seemed to have so much promise and yet . . . maybe he was one of those that knew the worst too young, like the gentleman rankers."

"What?" said Don and I knew that I had been talking, not to him but to myself.

"Well," I said, "we were often wrong in our wartime judgments. When I got back to business, my boss thought that because I'd done well in the war, I ought to be at the head of a department. I managed to hold on there but the war had nothing to do with it. I was a mature man and I had your mother and you and Ruth to support.

"Peters was not much older than you at the time of that raid. He was not quite nineteen. That would make him about twenty when he started work in our office. I got him a job there as a clerk, partly because I had come to rely on him so in the Army and partly because he was such a fine chap anyway. He came from good stock, poor and not overeducated but decent people. He was attractive too, quite good-looking, with a soft, pleasant voice and a natural courtesy.

"Well, I was wrong, that's all. I was wrong about Peters."

"What did he do?" asked Don. It was a difficult question. I thought a moment and said:

"He didn't *do* anything. He just couldn't keep up with the job, simple as it was. And that wasn't because he didn't have brains. In the Army his mind worked like lightning; he was ingenious, resourceful, energetic; there wasn't a man in the outfit that could touch him in these ways.

"But time after time when I went to look for him in the office, he would be standing gazing out of the window as if he saw something he wanted on the horizon. He always had that longing look in his eyes. Sometimes he would be sitting at his desk with a war map spread out in front of him. Once when I found him that way, he said: 'Look, Captain'—he always called me 'Captain,' even in the office—'Look, Captain, if we'd staged that raid in two sections we could have turned it into a general attack.'

"I lost my temper that time. 'See here, Peters,' I said, 'the war's been over a year and a half. You've got to stop fighting it over in business hours.'

"I can remember the way he looked when I told him that, standing stiff at attention the way he always did, but his eyes wandered while I spoke, as if he were looking at something beyond me. Poor Peters!"

I stopped, wondering if I were getting over Don's depth and boring him. In the fading light I could see his face and the intentness of his eyes, so I went on with the story:

"AFTER that, complaints began coming in about Peters. He was making mistakes. And it seemed that he was keeping the other boys from their work, telling them war stories.

"I was as tolerant as I could be, knowing that men are restless when they have been outdoors a lot and then are shut up in an office—I was restless myself. But I was disappointed in Peters. And I was beginning, in those days, to think that nothing anyone had done in the war amounted to much anyway."

"Why?" said Don, suddenly, and then I knew that I had got beyond his depth.

"There are some things you can't explain, Don," I said. Then I went on to what I thought was the end of Peters' story:

"Well, as it turned out, Peters himself saved me the painful business of firing him. He came to me one day and said he was going to quit. He said that his father had died and left him a little money.

"Maybe I should have been relieved at Peters' taking things into his own hands. I wasn't—I was upset by it. I liked him and I hated to see him throw away his chances.

"I asked him what he was going to do. He said he had a plan; he couldn't

I had lived weeks in these ditches, with the threat all about me

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Illustrated by C. C. Beall

Janine raised her fingers and tapped her forehead three times

talk about it yet; it was a great idea, he said. His eyes all lighted up when he spoke. . . ."

As I told about it Peters' face came back to me so sharply that I didn't want to go on or even to think of it. There had been something about his eyes . . . or was I imagining? I suppose most people who were in the war are stalked by some ghost. Peters was mine. There in the sad little garden at Verdun I felt his presence and it stopped me.

The dark had come down at last and with it a wind had risen.

"I guess there'll be rain," I said.

"Go on with Peters," said Don.

"Oh, that's all there was. He left us then and I've never heard a word of him since."

Don asked no more questions and after a little time we went up to bed.

I WOKE to hot sunlight. In our hired car Don and I drove out to Douaumont and went through the ghastly fort; we turned left beyond it on some road over the bare hills to the northwest. Don was energetic and insatiable. He asked countless questions of the chauffeur in his boarding-school French and seemed more content with the Frenchman's answers than with mine. I had a curious feeling—I don't know why—that he did not quite trust me. But when, at last, we stopped somewhere along the Montfaucon road and I said, "Here we are," he was silent and listened to me.

I spent quite a time searching for the spot; it is not an easy thing after seven years to find a particular trench. I made a few false starts and at last I thought I was right, more from a feeling that came over me than from anything I saw.

It was a mixture of fear and sickness. It struck me all in an instant and I stopped and sat against the side of the trench.

"You look tired," Don said. "Are you?"

"No."

I was ashamed of myself and went on, talking fast:

"It was about here we lived. It's hard to imagine it on a day like this—you see it was always raining. The trench is filled up some and the parapets are washed away. You see, then you could stand up without being seen. Here it gets deeper; I guess they've been digging along here looking for things. They've dug it even deeper than it originally was here in this traverse."

We had, in fact, got to a place where we could not see over the top at all.

"You must have been fairly safe here," Don said.

"We lived in this bit about three weeks. Maybe it was safer than some places but it was not very comfortable."

Don looked impassively about him.

"Not," he said, "with the rats."

"Now if you'll come along a little farther I'll show you where those German guns were."

I walked, going ahead down the trench, hoping that, at the next turn, the floor would be higher. It was not; it sloped away lower, but I did not notice that till afterward, for what I saw at the next traverse nearly stopped my heart beating and turned my skin cold.

FEAR is an odd thing. To be truly afraid requires, I think, a certain mental preparation. I remember when I first went to the front and met my first shells, I was not afraid. I began to be afraid only after I had seen other men hit and had thought it over.

But this day I was ripe for fear. Ever since I had left the car and the road, the sense of death had settled over me. I had lived weeks in these ditches with the threat all about me. I had last seen them swarming with men meeting that threat at the end face to face. Now they were empty and silent. So, in these few minutes, I had come, unconsciously, to believe that Don and I were the only people alive in the world.

As I turned the traverse—Don was plodding behind at some distance—I saw a man walking away from me down the trench. He was dressed in a khaki shirt and khaki shorts; his legs were bare and very thin. He wore an American overseas cap and there was a bag slung over his shoulder.

It must have been the familiarity of the figure that startled me most. It was startling enough to see anyone there in that lonely silence, but this was one of my own men. I had seen him a hundred times, a thousand times, in this very trench. Now, at this turning of the traverse, I recognized him as a man I knew to be dead. All this was immediate, half-conscious, a trick of the mind. I suppose some sound came out of me for, at the far end of the traverse, he turned sharply; the full sunlight was on his face and glinted brightly on the medal on his shirt.

It was Sergeant Peters.

He stood there and stared at me with the length of the traverse between us. His face was as young as ever it was in the war; fair, freckled, with the sweat trickling over it, just as I had seen it so often; but now it was reflecting my own fear.

I don't know how long we stared at each other; but I know I tried to speak and it was like a dream, for no sound came. Then Peters' face changed and he ran toward me.

"Captain!" he shouted. "My God, it's you! It's you! Captain!"

I remember feeling of him, running my hands over his shoulders and repeating a ridiculous question. Peters laughed before he answered it and there was a quality in his laugh that disturbed me and did not quite convince me, but I was relieved when he spoke again.

"Sure I'm alive," he said. "I'm thinner, that's all. But the captain has put on weight."

His soft voice and his old formality restored me.

"What are you doing here, Peters?" I asked.

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Too much for a Girl

If a girl loves a man, and he doesn't know it, what should she do? Wait? Some girls do. Some girls don't

By Stephen Morehouse Avery

Illustrated by George Howe

WITH a whining motor and an air rip of seventy an hour, a dark green sedan raced the Illinois concrete as if the devil and his darkest angels were on its tail. The fact was there was only one angel, and she wasn't even dark but on the contrary ash-blond with brown eyes full of lovely determination, zipping a light roadster along in a manner to menace herself, traffic, and possibly the three bachelors in the dark green sedan.

With their slouch hats and white shirt collars open, they looked more like thugs than eligible bachelors, thugs of the nicer sort perhaps, talking some illiterate jargon about surf-orenos and bucktail spinners and things. But they were bachelors. In real life they had last names and businesses, like everybody else, and house numbers. Chris, the lanky, drooping one, lived in suburban respectability with a little sister; and the short, burly, bushy-headed one named Owen, although he had once been promptly and quite justly divorced, was ready to try it again any time Chris' little sister said yes. "Are you sure it was Mandy's roadster, Chris?"

The pair of them on the back seat lowered their voices and glanced anxiously through the rear window at the long road behind them. "Yes, I'm sure. I noticed it first at Staunton, and again after we took on gas at Litchfield."

"What will Joel do?"

"Get hard-boiled and go home, I guess. No real woodsman would want to go fishing with a girl."

Owen said: "He's more apt to change our destination to some place where they have dancing and canoes and all-month moons. Mandy can make Joel do anything she wants . . . except marry her. He doesn't even know she's in love with him. He thinks she's still a kid."

Joel drove with his bare, brown forearms lying easily on the wheel. His high-boned face and the throat V showing from his open shirt were deep brown too. His eyes were gray and calm, and at the corner of his mouth was a downward quirk that might mean anything—much living for his thirty years, or maybe pain, or a certain puzzled humanity. Joel was an architect by profession, an expert on adaptation of new woods for interiors, but by every instinct he was a woodsman, a pioneer. Without turning around he said: "We'll make Rockford for lunch like a breeze. You brought the South Bend bamboo, didn't you, Chris?"

"Yes, I brought it." Chris stretched out over the pile of boxes and cases on the car floor. "With the sword steels and the three rods you made up out of the lemonwood, we have eight. . . ."

"Eight more than we'll need," muttered Owen, glancing backward once more while Chris gripped his arm. On second thought, Owen didn't want Mandy on this trip. He suspected her motive. "What we will probably need are dress shirts, white flannels, razor blades, bathing suits, hair tonic. . . ."

They had another four hundred miles of concrete and final north Wisconsin gravel to cover to reach their beloved log cabin up on White Buck . . . in that half-discovered land of the Chippewas . . . where all the shining lakes are circled in white birch and pine . . . and the blue heron hangs weirdly above the smooth ripple of evening . . . and the bass, or pike, lurk along the sunken rock ledges . . . and the clear tamarack amber of the great Flowage harbors the doughty muskellunge, mightiest of fresh-water fighters, if you took the word of Chris and Owen and Joel.

Chris let go of his long chin and came out of his reverie: "But Mandy's never done a thing like this before. You know she hasn't, Owen." Chris' sister, quite twenty-one and just graduated from Smith with proposals ranging from a Left Bank studio to a Westchester estate at her figurative belt, was still to her brother and to at least one of his two inseparable friends the child she had always been, an infant when they were going on ten, ten when they were twenty, and now . . . "I offered her a new car for her graduation present. You were there when I did it."

"YES," agreed Owen. "And she said she had a car. And you offered her a trip to Paris and she said she'd been to Paris. She said she'd take a fishing trip."

"She said she'd set her heart on catching a big fish."

Owen jerked his thumb toward the front seat where their driver, chief woodsman, keeper of tackle and general champion, soared the sedan toward the crest of a long hill. "I've been warning you for two years about that, Chris. Joel is even blinder than you are, but she'll get her hook into him yet. There sits the fish that Mandy wants."

She had gone to sleep on a rock

Chris had an answer but his lips held the word half formed. Owen caught the alarm in his fixed stare and turned in just that fraction of a second when a wild truck and a careening touring car breasted the hilltop against them, a wall of destruction across the narrow road. They saw the sudden leap of muscle in Joel's arm resting on the wheel. They felt the jolt and bump as he took the green sedan off the concrete, hanging a back wheel in the roadside ditch, braking, sliding, fighting for the road again, the front wheels losing grip as their speed slackened, sliding at last, almost gently, down the slight incline into the shallow clay ditch.

"Anybody hurt?" Joel turned around, laughing as Chris untangled himself from the fish boxes and Owen scrambled back to the seat. "Did you see what they did? The fools didn't even stop to see if we were killed. Eighty horse power and no horse sense."

"It was the touring-car fellow's fault." Chris had jumped out, looking over the car. "You saved the lot of us, Joel. I never saw anything better, or faster. I think we can pull out of here all right. Let's get going."

The right rear wheel was in a hole and they had to jack it up and fill in the place with stones. Chris and Owen worked with feverish haste, watching the road above them. With Joel at the wheel and the car faced again toward the road, they stood ready to push. Up on the road, glinting in the sunlight, a little roadster coasted jauntily to a halt. Mandy climbed out of it and smiled down at them with those brown eyes of hers full of maddening innocence. "If any of you great, strong men can dig up a rope," she called out sweetly, "I'll pull you out."

She had on a sleeveless cotton dress for the July day and, if that benighted bunch of bachelors had been in the mood to appreciate the fact, she was extraordinarily pretty. They ought to be glad to have such a lovely girl on their fishing trip. What if they didn't fish? Out of the vast silence, when their heavy straining and a grind of rear wheels had forced the big car again to the concrete, Owen said: "Well, we can have just as good a time picking wildflowers . . . and we can buy our fish from the reservation Indians."

Chris turned desperately to Joel. "I told her she couldn't come. Didn't I, Owen? You know how she is, Joel. I even told her if she went, you said you wouldn't."

"That was a dirty trick," said Joel. "I mean, putting it all on me, even if I wouldn't. Can't you manage your own little sister without dragging me in?"

Owen said: "You manage her, Joel. Just tell her to run on home."

"All right, I will." Joel climbed out of the sedan and started back toward Mandy's roadster. "We'll follow you into Rockford," he called over his shoulder. "Mandy's just out for a little drive."

He ordered Mandy over and took the wheel. He didn't try to keep up with Chris and Owen but drove slowly, organizing his attack, while Mandy sat beside him with her hands folded in a demure appeal which even a bachelor could see through. "I feel as though you had me by the ear, Joel. Don't you really want me on your old fishing trip? I thought it might be nice to have me."

TAGGING at his heels in all sorts of out-of-doors endeavor ever since she was ten, Mandy had been almost a disciple of Joel's. He taught her to knee-grip a horse, to pivot on her tee shots, to diagnose and sometimes fix a motor, to love trees and space and gray skies as well as blue. He never taught her to fish because that was man's business, no job for a girl and much less a child.

That's where he made his mistake, of course. Joel was not very good on girls' ages. He hadn't realized that all of a sudden Mandy's gay little grin would be a smile, and the tinkle of her voice sink to a disturbing throb, and the dancing light of her brown eyes recede into spiritual depths, like slow fire, and all that would remain of the child in her disquieting metamorphosis would be her conviction that the word, man, was spelled with a J-o-e-l. She used to count on her fingers before she went away to school and tell herself: "Soon I'll be big enough to marry Joel."

She tried to confide in her brother, Chris, but he always laughed. She even told Owen and he said: "Say . . . what's Joel got that I haven't, except a figger? Who gave you that string of pearls anyway?" So everybody knew but Joel himself, and it was high time now that Joel knew too.

"I'm thinking of your brother and

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Owen, Mandy. It's not a question of what I want."

"It is to me," she said. "Oh, to be miles and miles away from everybody and everything, out underneath the stars, with just you . . . you dear three!"

Joel shook his head in despair. "Listen here, young lady, you horn in on this party and you'll be sorry. We'll make you pull your weight. You'll drive and row and carry water."

"I'll adore it," she promised. "And I can catch a fish. I can catch the biggest fish up there."

A THIN edge of waning moon rode through the trembling birch leaves as, first the big car and then Joel, alone now in Mandy's roadster, turned into the last sand ruts leading to the cabin on White Buck Lake. Chris was driving. Mandy was asleep in the back seat, leaning against Owen's plump shoulder. She wakened suddenly. Two pairs of gleaming yellow eyes faced them steadily and unblinkingly from ahead in the headlights' beam. "Oh!" Not quite a scream. "What is that? Wolves?"

"Owls." That was Chris, sleepily.

"Might be wolves, or even black bear," said Owen. "These woods are full of 'em."

Joel had driven up close behind and he shouted out: "They're porcupines. Go ahead." One of the porcupines, tail up and quills flaring, made them swerve to avoid it.

"I want to go back and ride with Joel," said Mandy. "It's some comfort to know what kind of beasts are about to devour you."

"Feel any safer?" Joel asked her when the change had been made.

Mandy said "Yes." A faint, distant tom-tom was beating through the black forest, calling the Chippewas from miles around to a ceremony back at the reservation. It was a regular custom but frightening. The red tail-light of the car ahead went out around a curve. "If I had to be lost in the deep woods, Joel, I'd want you. You seem native to it somehow. The others are just men on a trip." He made no reply and pretty soon she asked him: "How do you go about it, Joel, when you are desperately anxious to catch a big fish and . . . and the fish won't pay any attention?"

"Pay any attention? Fish? What are you talking about?" He glanced sideways until all the dreamy nonsense had gone out of her eyes and he could be sure she meant it. "Well, in the first place, you've got to know your waters if you want to catch a fish, and you must have the equipment."

"And if you do and you have?"

JOEL let the scarcely moving roadster come to a halt. "Why, then, you pick out the right lure. It's no good throwing a bucktail spinner to a fish that wants surface bait."

"Just like people," said Mandy. "Some prefer brunettes. Isn't it strange?"

Joel thought she was pretty smart to say that about fish and people. He'd had the same idea himself more than once. "Anyway," he said, "the next thing is to put your cast in the right place, alongside the snag, under the leaning stump. You must tempt your fish."

"But if you have already tempted him in every way you know how and still he won't bite?"

"Then you must make him mad. You throw your plug closer, right against his nose."

"How mad does he have to get?"

"So mad he'll strike whether he wants to or not. And then you strike him back . . . until he's good and hooked. Then you play him, and bring him in gradually. . . ."

"Into your arms!" Mandy seized his wrist. She couldn't wait, all confused

(Continued on page 39)

"Snub him, Mandy!" Joel shouted at her. "Use your thumb! It's old Mussolini"

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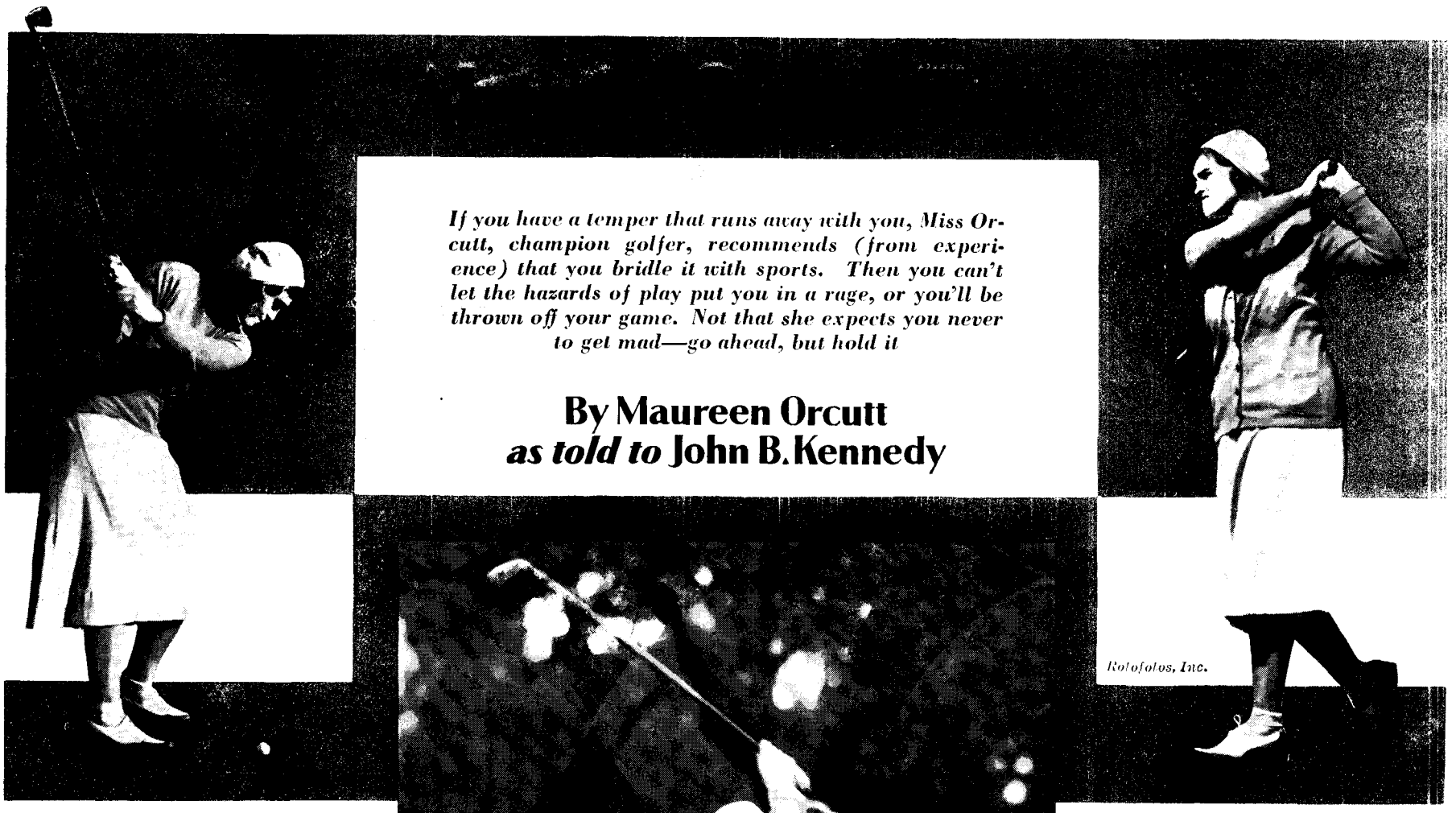

If you have a temper that runs away with you, Miss Orcutt, champion golfer, recommends (from experience) that you bridle it with sports. Then you can't let the hazards of play put you in a rage, or you'll be thrown off your game. Not that she expects you never to get mad—go ahead, but hold it

By Maureen Orcutt *as told to* John B. Kennedy

Rotofotos, Inc.

Maureen Orcutt, member of the U. S. Women's Cup team and holder of numerous American women's championships

IT WAS the Woman's National Golf Tournament. Starting the field were two players who had never won the title, but who always made stiff competition for the best of us. The girls had gone through all the preliminary routine of getting acquainted and chatting about old times, and it seemed as if the affair were going through smoothly from the first match to the last.

The weather was fine, everybody reported fit and those paired seemed to be satisfied with their playing partners.

Then came a hitch. Instead of clicking off from the first tee at brief intervals, players were held up. The tee began to be populated as five, ten, twenty minutes passed. It became crowded as a public course starting tee, which resembles more a railroad terminal. Half an hour and the impatient golfers, nervous enough at the beginning of a championship, began to protest. Word came back from caddies, equally impatient, that some sort of row was going on between two players at the fifth hole.

That seemed incredible. One of these ladies was a society person who had driven to the club in her best limousine and beamed condescendingly at everybody while her chauffeur helped her from the car. Surely, we thought, this dignified and cultured person would not quarrel on the course. Her opponent we knew better—that is, we who had entered the National before. She was a likable young matron and a very good golfer; certainly not one given to bickering.

Suddenly the row ended. Players moved on; but general interest in the trouble had been aroused by irritation at the long wait, which is always menacing to good golf. Trekking back to the clubhouse after eighteen holes, we learned what had happened.

The society lady had charged that her opponent had touched her ball with her shoe and improved its lie. Her opponent quietly denied this. An appeal to the caddies showed them to be strictly neutral. Then the fun began.

The society lady refused to proceed until the young woman opposing her counted a stroke for breach of the rules. This the young woman refused to do. So there they were on the course, arguing as women can over nothing at all—although one stroke in a qualifying round *can* eliminate. The society lady lost her temper—the caddies told us that. The young woman opposing her was of the quiet kind, otherwise there might have been a first-rate hair-pulling contest.

Finally, the quiet girl gave in. It would have been better if she, too, had broken out. The termagant went on and won—by exactly one stroke. The other girl, bottling her temper, was upset—off her game. Ordinarily, she should have won by a comfortable three or four strokes. But repression and resentment spoiled the even temper necessary for calm golf.

All this may sound like a triumph for temper. It was, if you merely consider that the lady who openly lost her temper won the match. From the other viewpoint, my own viewpoint, I'd say it was the repressed temper of the provoked but polite young woman that cost her mental balance—and the game.

That row during the Woman's National brought about one improvement. Thereafter, official referees accompanied contestants on the links, and while referees make mistakes, they don't tolerate brawls.

Nothing is more upsetting in sport, as in daily social or business intercourse, than temperamental clashes. Yet nothing, I think, is better designed to promote self-discipline than participation in competitive sport, especially for women. Women are so accustomed in all the contests and conflicts of life to getting a little better of the argument through the age-old superstition that they're the weaker sex, that when they go into sport with rigid rules they are obliged to play the game squarely or find themselves ostracized, regarded as poor sports and unable to get anybody to play with.

Fighting with Temperament

One of my great difficulties in staying in championship golf has been temperament. I started the game as a junior high school youngster at my home in Englewood, New Jersey. For no particular reason I visited with George Kerrigan, the pro at White Beeches, one afternoon and got to swinging a club. He watched me for a while and then teed a ball for me to hit. I hit and the ball went sailing about a hundred and fifty yards.

"You come around tomorrow afternoon," he said, "and hit some more balls."

I forgot all about it. Just hitting a ball with a club wasn't very exciting.

But passing the links a few days later I stopped to explain why I hadn't shown up. This time Mr. Kerrigan was serious.

"Go out there and let me see you swing a club," he said.

I did. In a few minutes I found myself eager to follow up the balls I was hitting and to take another whack at each.

That afternoon I played my first round of golf. Mr. Kerrigan handed me different clubs for different shots and explained how I should stand and swing on the fairway and in the traps. It was all very aggravating and very fascinating. I didn't keep score. He did. I made 128.

"The idea," he said, "is to keep on playing to reduce that score."

(Continued on page 38)

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"There's a lot of hooey about dogs and babies knowin' who's okay and who ain't"

Illustrated by Ray Rohn

The Way of the Unrighteous

By Don Marquis

IF YOU ain't a Moral Character—like I ain't—you can do a lot of good things in the community and you don't get no credit whatsoever for 'em. But if you *are* a Moral Character—like I ain't—you can do a lot of mean things and get away with 'em. It looks to me like it ain't so much a question of what you really are, as a question of the flag you fight under or the label that's got tagged to you.

THERE'S a lot of hooey about dogs and babies knowin' who's okay and who ain't by some kind of instinct. I never yet seen the dog or the baby I couldn't put it over on, give me a little time; and everybody knows I'm a mammal of unrighteousness. The ones you can't fool is wives, and it ain't instinct with them, neither; it's mostly observation and experience.

ONE thing you can paint onto my tombstone is that I never yelled none for Light Wines and Beers whilst I was engaged in drinkin' Scotch whisky, nor called a saloon anything but a saloon, nor pertended I didn't want the Open Saloon back whilst I had my foot on the brass railin' in front of a speakeasy bar.

NOW that the election's all over, I got to wait a good many months to see if it's gonna mean anything at all to me, personal-like. And by that time they'll be talkin' about the next election.

THIS here near beer is all right to quench a near thirst.

▲ ▼ ▲

Love me for the fancies
That come at my call;
My deeds are merely nonsense
I do not mean at all.

Love me for my dreaming,
And so love me well—
My deeds are but the falsehoods
That life makes me tell.

A BULLETIN FROM ARCHY THE COCKROACH

boss i visited mehitabel last night
at her home in shinbone alley
she sat on a heap of frozen refuse
with those strange new kittens she has
frolicking around her
and sang a little song at the cold moon
which went like this

i have had my ups i have had my downs
i never was nobodys pet
i got a limp in my left hind leg
but theres life in the old dame yet

my first boy friend was a maltese tom
quite handsomely constructed
i trusted him but the first thing i
knew
i was practically abducted

then i took up with a persian prince
a cat by no means plain
and that exotic son of a gun
abducted me again

what chance has an innocent kitten got
with the background of a lady
when feline blighters betray her trust
in ways lowlifed and shady

my next boy friend was a yellow bum
who loafed down by the docks
i rustled that gonifs rats for him
and he paid me with hard knocks

i have had my ups i have had my downs
i have led a helluva life
it was all these abductions unsettled
my mind
for being somebodys wife

today i am here tomorrow flung
on a scow bound down the bay
but wotthehell o wotthehell
i m a lady thats toujours gai

my next boy friend was a theater cat
a kind of a backstage pet
he taught me to dance and get me right
theres a dance in the old dame yet

my next boy friend he left me flat
with a family and no milk
and i says to him as i lifted his eye
i ll learn ye how to bilk

i have had my ups i have had my downs
i have been through the mill
but in spite of a hundred abductions kid
i am a lady still

my next friend wore a ribbon and bells
but he laughed and left me broke
and i said as i sliced him into scraps
laugh off this little joke

some day my guts will be fiddle strings
but my ghost will dance while they
play
for they cant take the pep from the old
girls soul
and I am toujours gai

my heart has been broken a thousand
times
i have had my downs and ups
but the queerest thing ever happened
to me
is these kittens as turned out pups

but wotthehell o toujours gai
i never had time to fret
i danced to whatever tune was played
and theres life in the old dame yet

i have had my ups i have had my downs
i have been through the mill
but i said when i clawed that coyotes
face
thank god i am a lady still

I'll learn ye how to bilk

and then she added looking at those
extraordinary kittens of
hers
archy i wish you would
take a little trip up to the
zoo
and see if they have any
department there
for odd sizes and new
species
i got to find a home
for these damned freaks
somewhere
poor little things my
heart bleeds for them
it agonizes my maternal
instinct
one way or another an
artist always pays

archy

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"Tell Trowbridge or Gerryman that we won't stall. We'll get the money in forty-eight hours or—"

The Great Abduction

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

MYRNA DALE (with whom Ken Meridew, a noted New York journalist, is in love) meets Jim Cattrone, a notorious racketeer; gives him a message from his mother, who had been her cook in Italy. Cattrone confides in her that he will—if his safety is absolutely assured—furnish facts that will convict every leading gangster in this country. Shortly thereafter, the girl meets the President of the United States—Mark Brockridge. She tells him of Cattrone's boast. "I'll see him myself," says the President; and Myrna makes plans for an interview.

A series of events—*events which dumfound* and puzzle Meridew—follows. He knows the President, rather suspects that he is in love with Myrna. Brockridge appears at his apartment one evening. Myrna, having dropped in for a chat, is there. Without any explanation, the President takes her away—and *disappears!*

Suspecting a kidnapping plot, Meridew summons Gerryman of the secret service and tells him all he knows. Together, the two men (with Dabney, owner of the newspaper for which Meridew works) dash wildly to a Twenty-third Street address from which Brockridge has phoned Meridew. There they learn some of the story. But far from all of it!

Brockridge has, of course, been kidnapped. But not as Carl Bramer and the *other plotters had planned. Myrna had arranged* for a conference between the President and Cattrone. With the President she had gone downtown to Twenty-third Street for the meeting. In the meantime, Bramer, learning this news, had insisted that Brockridge be taken on his arrival. Cattrone had objected—and Bramer had shot him. After which, Bramer and his gunmen had captured the President and Myrna. . . . Gerryman, Meridew and Dabney dash wildly to all of Bramer's haunts. And Gerryman makes a phone call. Then—"Meridew," he announces, "we're going to meet Miss Dale—she's waiting at your apartment for us!"

IX

"MERIDEW'S apartment, Joe," said Gerryman to the chauffeur. "And to hell with traffic!"

The car started before the door slammed upon Gerryman. He lurched into the rear seat, jamming himself between Dabney and Meridew. As long as he lived Meridew would remember that wild ride. Once they were stopped by a raging motorcycle officer, who waved them on their way at sight of a badge that Gerryman showed him.

Once Meridew attempted a question, but Gerryman's impatient growl silenced him. Quite obviously he was following some train of thought to its conclusion, and Meridew's own thoughts were sufficient to keep him silent after the first question.

Myrna Dale was in his apartment. Yet she had been with the President when the latter telephoned. Brockridge's words were proof of that, if there hadn't been the further testimony that a girl had been in the group that had fled from the cigar store after the killing of the clerk.

The President had been kidnapped by the group that had killed the clerk. Myrna Dale had been taken away with him. Yet she was at his apartment now. But how had she escaped from the bandits? From his lips came a sound that was half groan and half sigh and that was patently the evidence of bewilderment.

Tension left Gerryman for a moment. He turned his head toward Meridew.

"Got you figuring, too, eh? Well, if we weren't going to see Miss Dale in another minute, and get the answers from her, I'd go nuts."

The car came to a stop before Meridew's building, and he was first out.

"Wait here, Joe. Keep the engine running, and your eyes open," said Gerryman.

The chauffeur nodded understandingly. The other three men advanced into the building. The night telephone operator looked up eagerly. Usually, at this far-advanced hour of the night, he was in a semi-comatose condition, but on this evening he was alert.

"Hello, Mr. Meridew. Flock of reporters been here about the robbery, but I aired them. I sent a lady up, though. She wasn't a reporter."

"Good man," said Meridew. He made a mental note to double the operator's monthly tip and followed the other two into the elevator. Thirty seconds later he was placing his key in the lock of his front door, and in another moment they were in his living-room.

HE HAD expected to view a dishevel ed, teary, hysterical girl. For that matter, it had been a girl on the verge of breakdown that had been admitted by Durfee to the apartment a few minutes earlier. But Meridew had cold cream in his bathroom, and she carried her own lipstick. And the modern evening frock—or day dress too—is so scanty of material that it really can't be ruffled. A twitch at the shoulders, and a smoothing of the hips, and a frock looks all right.

The appearance of well-being makes for inner well-being. Many women would become hysterical if they weren't aware that hysteria presents them unadvantageously. And Myrna Dale, while not too vain, was perfectly cognizant of the fact that she was beautiful, and took care of her beauty. She was fresh-looking and self-possessed, as from the couch where she sat she faced the three men.

Gerryman spoke first:

"Where's the President?"

She looked past him, at Meridew. There was something questioning in her eyes, something almost of appeal in them, and he responded instantly to the latter. He took up, quite without realizing it, an almost protective attitude beside her. She nodded faintly, as though her unspoken question had been answered satisfactorily, as though her appeal had been heeded.

"I don't know," she said.

Gerryman exploded.

"Don't know! I suppose you'll tell us you never saw him tonight—"

"Get hold of yourself, Gerryman," snapped Meridew. "Miss Dale is here. Let her tell her story without yelling at her."

Gerryman colored. He wiped his forehead with a handkerchief soaked with perspiration.

"Sorry, but—what happened, Miss Dale?"

"Five men captured us—in a cigar store on Twenty-third Street. They—they killed the clerk. Brutally, wantonly, to—to show the President they meant business. They—threatened to kill me and—that's why he didn't fight. He was armed, had a gun, and would have fought if he'd not been afraid for me."

Gerryman grinned mirthlessly.

"We know he's got nerve enough; go on," he said.

"WE GOT in a car. One man—the man that killed the clerk—said that they were going to get five million ransom *for the President.* Once they stopped before a hotel on Seventh Avenue. The leader went in and was gone two or three minutes. He came back and said that a note had been sent to the President's secretary."

"Typewrote it there," said Gerryman. "Get the name of the hotel?"

"The Warrenton," she replied.

"Then they didn't bother to destroy the machine," said Gerryman. "Didn't care if the typewriting was traced—go on, Miss Dale."

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"We drove through Central Park then, and then came south and crossed the Queensboro Bridge. In Long Island City, in the middle of a street that had few houses, they put me out."

"Put you out?" gasped Gerryman. "What was the idea?"

"They told me to get in touch with Mr. Trowbridge, the President's secretary, or with Mr. Gerryman. The leader told me to tell everything that happened. They wanted you to know, definitely, that the President was kidnapped."

"We might have suspected it from the note and from his absence," said Gerryman dryly.

The girl's voice faltered.

"I—I think they wanted you to know that—they'd go to any lengths. 'Tell Trowbridge or Gerryman that we won't stall. We'll get the money in forty-eight hours or they'll get the President's body.' That's what they said."

"And you got out of the car, and then what?"

"I walked a mile or two until I came to a filling station. The man there telephoned somewhere and got me a taxi. And I came here."

"Why here?" demanded Gerryman. "Why not the Albemarle? Or why not your own apartment?"

"I was afraid," she confessed. "I—thought newspapermen might be at the Albemarle. The President might have been recognized when he was taken. I didn't know. And my own apartment—I was afraid that they might change their minds, follow me there—so I came here."

"And you didn't stop the first cop you saw and tell him what had happened?"

"He told me not to," she replied.

"Who told you? The gangster?"

She shook her head.

"The President. He said that the matter must be kept quiet. He said to me, 'These fools will be frightened to death in another hour and will release me, so keep very still, Miss Dale.'"

"How did they take that?" asked Gerryman.

"They laughed. They told the President that he'd learn better, but if it cheered him to feel that way it was all right with them. And they—they'll—kill him—"

Her voice rose. Meridew patted her shoulder. Unconsciously her hand rose and gripped his fingers. Gerryman pursed his lips and Meridew blushed.

"NOW you keep calm, Miss Dale," said Gerryman. "So you finally got a taxi, came here, and phoned the Albemarle and told Trowbridge that you'd been with the President—you say they'll kill him? Did—did they—harm him?"

She shook her head.

"No, they were most polite. The leader always called him Mr. President, and—they laughed almost all the time—as though it were a game."

"Good old boy," said Gerryman. "Scare that old gamecock, eh? Not so anyone would notice it. And that's all you got to tell us, eh? Their car drove off, I suppose."

"The minute I got out," she said.

"Describe it," said Gerryman.

"Just a black limousine. I don't know what make. The upholstery was gray—that's all I noticed."

"The men talk to you—besides what they said as you left?"

"Only to threaten that they'd kill me if I made any noise."

"A polite crew," commented Gerryman. "Nice, friendly, gentlemanly bandits. Are they always like that, Miss Dale?"

"Always like that?" she repeated, bewildered.

"Yes. I mean—when you planned this thing with them and your friend Cattrone, when you agreed to put the President on the spot?"

"When I agreed—"

Gerryman bent over her and shook his clenched hand almost in her face.

"With your friend Cattrone," he cried. "I suppose you'll tell us you don't know Cattrone. But don't try that lie, Miss Dale! Meridew here saw you with Cattrone on Saturday. Framing it then to snatch the President, eh? You come clean and it will be better for you."

Slowly the hand that had been gripping Meridew's fingers slackened its hold. Her head tilted back and her eyes swept over Gerryman's face as though she didn't recognize him. They met Meridew's, as he leaned over her.

"*You* told them?" she said.

There was reproach in her voice. She was accused, might even be guilty, of having conspired to injure the Chief Executive. Certainly appearances were against her. And she had deliberately tried to deceive Meridew on two occasions. Nevertheless, he felt shame for what he had done.

"The—the President—you'd gone off with him—"

"Are you going to bother explaining to that woman why you did your duty?" blazed Gerryman.

Anger surged in Meridew's heart.

"Are you making charges against Miss Dale?" he demanded. "Because, until you do, Gerryman—and afterwards, by God, if I'm around, you'll mind your tongue."

"You say so?" said Gerryman.

Meridew took a step toward him.

"I say so, and—"

Gerryman laughed impatiently.

"I'll say, Miss Dale, that you've got a warm friend—at least—in Meridew. I guess if you broke down and confessed, he'd not believe you. Now, Meridew, calm yourself. And, Miss Dale, if you'll forget everything except that the President is in danger—you didn't frame him with Cattrone, you say. Well, will you tell me your relationship with Cattrone? Will you tell me where you took the President—and why?"

SHE took a long breath, looked up at Meridew and—to his amazement—smiled, and then began a recital, differing only in her choice of words from the story she had told the President earlier in the evening. Gerryman heard her through without interruption. Bizarre though her story was, her accents were those of truth. And when she leaned back in her chair, Meridew knew that she had told the truth. He could tell, too, from Gerryman's manner, that the latter also believed her.

"And the President of the United States believed that a common bootlegger like Cattrone could spill the beans on all the organized racketeering in this country? Miss Dale, I take off my hat to you. You are a champion. You have that thing called—well, *it*. You make me believe it, myself."

"Isn't it possible?" demanded Meridew.

Gerryman shrugged.

"Oh, sure it is. Somebody has to keep books on them, I guess. But—to get the President to take a chance like that—the Attorney-General couldn't do it. The Chief Justice couldn't do it. In fact, no one in the world, I believe, but Miss Dale could have done it. That's why I salute her. That hard-boiled old terrier—and because a pretty girl tells it, he'll risk a neck that's precious to a nation—I'm a married man, Miss Dale, and I love my wife. But if you told me the story, I'd go with you. In fact, I don't know any man that wouldn't go anywhere with you just to hear you tell anything, just to look at you. But old Brockridge, who hasn't tumbled for a girl—and believe me, plenty tumble for him—since his wife died. Well, there's always someone around the corner waiting to knock you off."

HE GRINNED cheerfully at Meridew.

"If the President will risk his life because Miss Dale suggests he do something, we can't blame you for flying into a fever when someone suggests that maybe she isn't entirely on the up-and-up."

And this, Meridew realized, was Gerryman's way of apologizing for many things he had said. The secret service man spoke to the girl:

"I believe you, Miss Dale. Oh, I ought not believe you. Your story certainly sounds fishy. But you're too smart a girl to produce a story that sounds bad unless it's the truth. And it's just the sort of thing Brockridge would fall for. He likes to play a lone hand, he likes to take a chance, and—as I think I've intimated—I think he likes you, Miss Dale.

"And now, Miss Dale, see if you can't remember some more things. Let's go back to the meeting with the gang. Wasn't anything said that would give us some sort of a clue?"

The girl frowned.

"Nothing," she said slowly, "unless, perhaps—the leader said that they had planned to capture the President next month. But he said that while they were sitting around with Cattrone I phoned and said the President was with me, and Cattrone objected to the plan to kidnap him when they decided to do it right away, and they killed him. That's all."

She paused a moment.

"No—they said they'd sent three men up to Mr. Meridew's—and I was afraid they'd hurt you, Ken. That's why—I

(Continued on page 44)

"Well, will you tell me your relationship with Cattrone? Will you tell me where you took the President—and why?"

Illustrated by John Gannam

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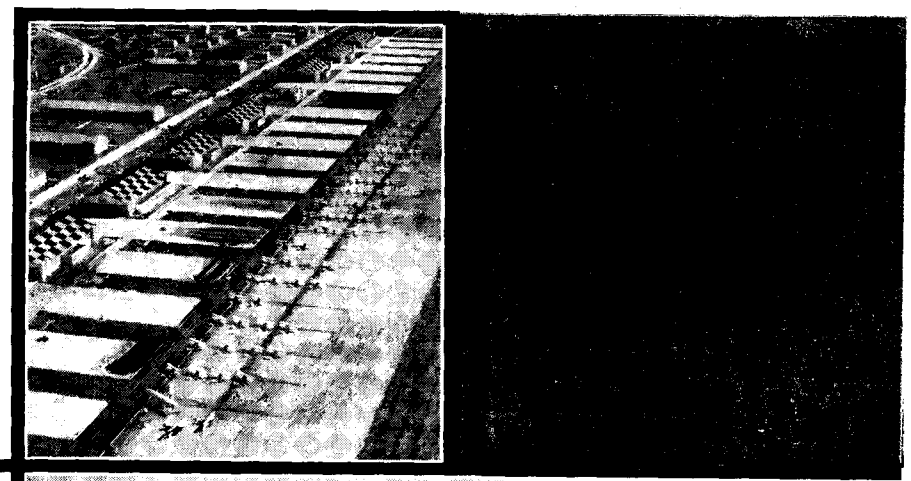
The Eagle's Nest

By W. B. Courtney

Would you make a good flyer? The experts at Randolph Field, our ten-million-dollar aviation center, could tell you in a jiffy. Let's see just what they would do to you in order to find out—and what Randolph Field means to the country



AUTUMN is a grand thing in San Antonio; poignant and lovely. Elsewhere may come gray days, whereon rakes and spades are put away and coats are buttoned up, but down there puffball clouds drift high in blue skies and sting the memory with that vague, bitter-sweet nostalgia which is the goad of all adult gardeners. Then the good burghers of the city on Saint Anthony's River preen their front yards and trim their poinsettias and roses for a Christmas showing.

One such happy man was shearing his privet hedge on a quiet evening last fall. A neighbor gossiped idly with him from a near-by porch. There was a squeaking of brakes in the street. From a dusty roadster a young man in the uniform of an Army lieutenant, with an aviator's silver wings on his tunic, called eagerly: "Say, excuse me, but—please can I have those clippings from your hedge?"

"Sure can," said the gardener, in the expansive Texas way—and he even fetched a couple of burlap sacks into which he helped the flyer cram the cuttings. After the officer had gone spanking up the street, with the catlike grin of a triumphant collector, the neighbor strolled over. "Now what the heck did that mean?" he wanted to know. "Do they keep rabbits in the Army now?"

"It means," said the gardener, "simply that the Army has just built another post. There's always something that they don't think of!" The honest taxpayer was right. The Army had just built another post; and it had forgotten flowers—and a schoolhouse, too, and a gymnasium, and a church.

The West Point of the Air

But there's nothing else the Army forgot! If you're a spy for a foreign country you can worry and search until you have a headache, and you'll still have to report to your overseas boss that in Randolph Field the United States now has the largest and most complete training center for young flyers, the finest and most modern equipment and gadgets for flight instruction, and the most extensive military airport in the world. With an unprecedented sanity and projection of vision, our Army has achieved an institution which in peace-time rivals West Point in the importance of its everyday relation to the military organization of the country, and outstrips the older school in the value of its contributions of trained men to commercial life; and which, come war-time will comprise a nucleus from which may be evolved the machinery of a vast system for putting into the air the most men in the least time.

You may take a lot of pride in Randolph Field—not only because you have helped pay for it, but because it is a symbol of the essential readiness of your country to give its youth the best. It is proof that the old American custom of doing everything in the "biggest" way is still taking bows. And if there is sagacity in the claim of the experts that the next war will be fought in the air, then here at Randolph is the keystone of a defensive sturdiness that will make it possible for you to sleep of nights without having aërial torpedoes drop into bed with you. Aside from all that, the field is the wonder of the world of aëronautical science and of flying—and solely with that in mind we'll go down to Texas to have a look at it, for it's too disheartening to speculate about the next war when the veterans of the last one haven't yet finished getting wounded—at the expense of the income tax you pay Uncle Sam.

If you approach Randolph Field by land you'll drive out from Alamo Plaza on the road to Houston and, after you've gone ten miles north by east, your first glimpse of Randolph—perhaps half a dozen miles ahead over the rolling black gumbo prairie—will make you think that somebody was playing checkers out of doors and forgot to take the board in. When you've drawn closer the vast checkerboard will split itself into the roofs of the eighteen huge hangars which rim the world's first flying town and make it ironically reminiscent of medieval fortified towns. Your sorority could throw its Shrove Tuesday dance in any one of those hangars, and park all the boy friends' cars inside, too. A whole pursuit squadron—twenty-five war birds—can roost on the half-acre floor in each hangar; or a whole bombardment squadron, seven of the huge new type of ships, each with a wing spread of almost one hundred feet and a fore-and-aft stretch of fifty feet, and each capable of lifting two tons of bombs into the air in addition to a crew of four.

An Aviator's Dream Come True

There is a saying among aviators that if ever you get lost all you have to do is pick out a high-tension wire and follow it, because all airports are located alongside those hazardous power lines. But you'll never find Randolph Field that way, if you seek it by air. For the first time, good fortune and courage have enabled someone to design and place an air field away from power transmission lines, from high poles, from lofty smokestacks and water towers. Yet this—the greatest of the new training center's marvels to the cynical airman—is perhaps the least of them to the layman, who will be more interested in the size of the field.

Captain J. K. Cannon, Director of Flying—who must know the old Chinese proverb that "one picture is worth ten thousand words"—gave a graphic illustration of the vastness of the field. One day, when a lack of wind made the maneuver feasible, he took off and landed straight ahead inside the boundaries of the field *sixteen consecutive times* before he got around back to his starting line. The area of Randolph Field not only exceeds that of more than one townlet you may find in the Postal Directory, but its permanent population will be about three thousand. Far less than half of the incorporated places of New York State have as many residents.

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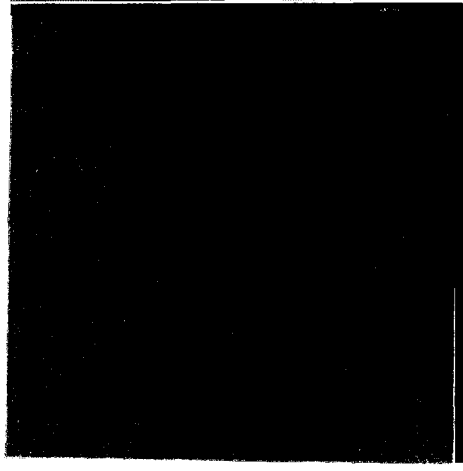

Official Photographs
U. S. Army Air Corps

The field is almost a perfect square; in excess of eighteen hundred acres of its twenty-three-hundred-acre surface are available for flight purposes, and more than two hundred airplanes could land or take off from it *in formation* without danger of one flyer getting his elbows in another fellow's prop.

Wherever you turn down there, you'll stumble over something that's the "greatest in the world"—lights, for instance, for night flying. Nearly two hundred and fifty boundary lights form a huge yellow necklace for the field by night, with insets of red and green jewels marking obstructions and approaches, and with a four-million-candle-power beacon like a phosphorescent revolving hatpin stuck in the top of the tower—a land lighthouse which can be seen by earthbound folks thirty miles away. The present fueling system can take care of forty-two planes at once at a rate of more than one thousand gallons a minute, from a system of underground tanks. The force which sends the gasoline rushing from six master tanks into the forty-two individual fueling tanks and thence into the planes is supplied by water which pours into the tanks with thirty pounds of pressure behind it and floats the gasoline up and out.

Safe and Ingenious

Any dirt which may be in the floating gasoline sinks into the water below. Moreover, since the water always keeps the gasoline pressing tightly to the roof of the tanks, there is no room for air in the tank to mix with the gas fumes and form an explosive vapor. Therefore, the old bugaboo of explosion is absent. Give your Army credit for progressive ingenuity; for a unique and smart idea.

This major bulwark of the country's air defenses, with all its supermodernity, cost only $10,000,000—which approximates the dent a single treaty cruiser of the Navy will make in the national budget. Its inland position—difficult of access from either the Atlantic or the Pacific by air, the roads of approach of our only conceivable important enemies; the proximity of the Gulf of Mexico, with the opportunity it affords of concentrated defense, being negligible in this respect—is considered a major blessing by military theorists, although there was more of sentiment than of strategy in its selection.

Kelly Field, on t'other side of San Antonio and much closer to the city limits, had since war days been the chief training center of the air corps—the alma mater of most of our distinguished flyers. Kelly Field is hallowed ground to all veterans who remember the daily sacrifices of eager young lives which were laid down upon her dusty altar. But it was even more sacred to the affections of the people of San Antonio, who, when the time came to lay down arms, could not move away forever from the memories which were at once pathetic and exalting. San Antonio thus came to consider itself the home of the West Point of the air. The flying center was a part of the city's everyday social, business and industrial life. Her girls danced at its hops and married its graduates; her merchants had pleasant and profitable relations with its personnel; many of her humbler citizens earned their livelihood from the roots that Kelly Field had grown into the city. Then, in the antebellum years, oil discoveries brought a forest of derricks around Kelly, and the outskirts of the expanding city flapped so close that a green student flyer was apt to trip over them.

The War Department considered leaving only its small Advanced School at Kelly, while transferring its Primary and Basic Flight training to March Field in California. San Antonio was aghast; you couldn't kick her pride much harder if you threatened to move the sacred Alamo, stone by stone, to the World's Fair in Chicago. A committee of leading citizens wiped the beads of apprehension from their eyes and hurried out upon the surrounding prairies. They found twenty-three hundred acres which needed practically no grading to be as flat as your left hind tire in last Sunday's traffic; and not an oil derrick in sight. It is broadly hinted in San Antonio that any man who discovers oil within rifle shot of Randolph Field will be deported to Moscow. San Antonio dug up $500,000 for the tract and donated it to the blinking Army.

When the field was accepted, the War Department graciously returned a compliment by naming it after Captain William M. Randolph, a native of thereabouts, who was killed when his plane crashed in February of 1928.

A Paradise for Dodoes

Randolph Field, as at present constituted, will incubate five hundred fledglings—or dodoes, as the student flyers are called by everybody except student flyers. The dodo, in case you haven't done your crossword puzzle lately, is a bird at once inelegant, inept and extinct. You can become a dodo if you are one of those lucky fellows who are over twenty-one and under twenty-seven, unmarried, able to pass the toughest physical examination in the world before the hardest-hearted doctors in the world, and able, further, to convince them that you are of sound mind.

You should have a college education; the Army air bosses have found out that you are most apt to have the habits of disciplined thinking, the self-reliance, the resourcefulness which are essential attributes of a flyer's background.

Once a dodo, not always a dodo. Officially, you'll rate as a flying cadet and have a distinctive smoke-blue uniform, and all the passes you want if you're a good boy, and you'll share a large and pleasant room with a social equal, and have cross-ventilation and a real mattress. You'll get seventy-five dollars a month, and find yourself surrounded by ping-pong and bowling and a swimming pool and all the recreational advantages the mind of mortal cadet can conceive to keep you from going jittery over your flying. There's the rub—that flying. Anyone can learn to tell port arms from present arms, and to toss a snappy highball to an officer; but unless you've got flying aptitude you'll be an ex-dodo before your grandma can eat a persimmon. Of course you'll want to get into the air the first day you arrive at Randolph. You won't.

The War Department believes that great flyers are born, not made. Many years of experience and experimentation have enabled its flight surgeons and psychiatrists to figure out just what constitutes inherent flying ability. It has given them time to devise some diabolical instruments, too, to abet them in their painful yet necessary task of breaking eager young hearts to prevent the breaking of eager young necks.

(Continued on page 34)

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"What do you guys think this is?" Albert bawled, "—a picnic or a funeral?" "Albert," said the yardmaster,

Job for a Yes-Man

Mr. Pope, trainmaster, encounters the bugaboo of Efficiency — with weird results

By William Edward Hayes

Illustrated by Paul Meylan

MR. ALBERT POPE, the trainmaster, was doing all the listening. He was trying to do it with a vast outward show of careful and intelligent attention. Not because he enjoyed it, but because he was fifty-four, and gray around the ears, and too many changes had been taking place on the High-Line during the past three weeks--too many old faces in official ranks passing since a neighboring system had taken over the High-Line for better or for worse.

Albert's was a respectful pose. His pale eyes were wide and riveted on the speaker. That the knot of his slightly red necktie was a little off center, where it had slipped slightly under the frayed edge of his collar, was, with Albert, not a matter of moment. Nor did he give so much as a thought to the fine sprinkling of dandruff on the shoulders of his shapeless and shiny blue serge coat, and the rather scuffed appearance of his bluchers. Albert's main concentration right now was to sit there quietly, meekly, and keep the red glow of anger from mounting his leathery neck.

Mr. Ballard, who was doing the talking, said, "We're going to have order on this railroad, and we're going to start today." Mr. Ballard was tall and stout and pink.

"YESSIR," Albert said, and while the new superintendent paused impressively, Albert thought, "If anybody'd ever told me, during the twenty years I been trainmaster on this dad-burned pike, that some day I'd be takin' orders from an overstuffed, highfalutin' pink toad like this young college dude, I'da—"

"Now," Mr. Ballard broke into Albert's mental train, "understand me. It's not my desire to criticize Fred Turner, my predecessor here. You and Fred Turner worked together for a good many years."

"Ever since we started brakin' freight together," Albert offered meekly. He wanted to add, "An' if your outfit had let the High-Line alone, Fred an' I'd be still workin' together, an' doin' a good job of it."

Mr. Ballard, luckily, was no mind reader. He continued in that quiet, icy tone that seemed to break from his lips with a cold breath: "You understood Mr. Turner's way of doing things."

Albert said, from slightly compressed lips, "Yessir."

"Those ways, Mr. Pope," the pink-jowled superior said, "were quite all right before the bus and the truck and good roads came along."

MR. BALLARD leaned back in his swivel and beamed after the manner of a man who has just delivered himself of an important statement.

Albert, who had a suggestion of cinders deep in his ears where little tufts of hair grew, was dad-burned if he could see what trucks and busses had to do with it aside from making it a little harder. He stammered, "Well—uh—"

"I've been along the line," Mr. Ballard broke in. "It's disgraceful!"

"Uh—the line?" Albert asked innocently.

"The men who work on the line," Mr. Ballard said with a flourish of a manicured hand. "Passenger crews, station agents and operators, local freight conductors and trainmen—the whole lot of them. Slovenly in their appearance.

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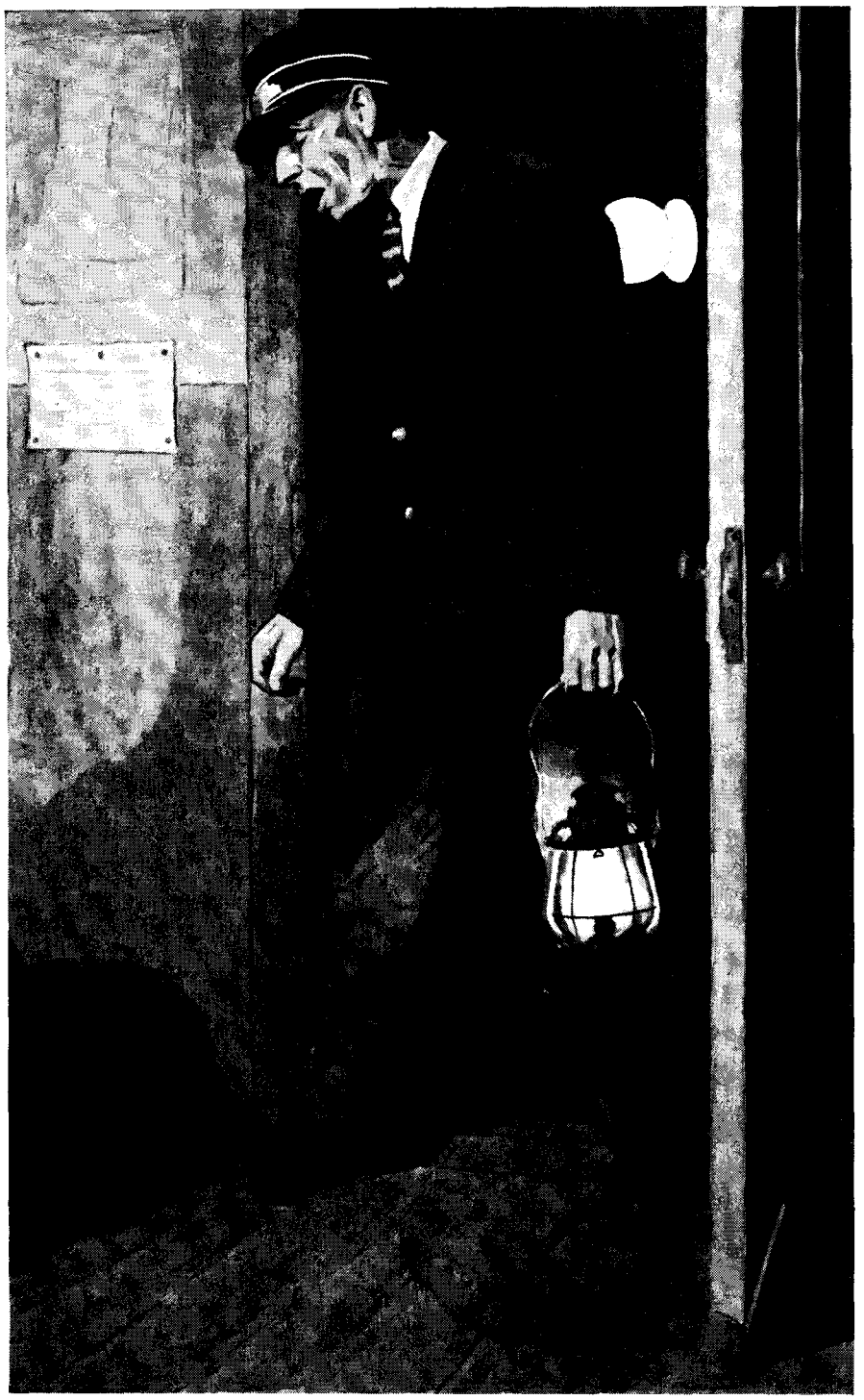

"it's a darned wet mornin' in the garden"

These men who come in contact with the shipping public every day, and the traveling public. I'd hate to have our patrons tell me just what they think of the men we pay to serve them."

"Just how's that, Mr. Ballard?" Albert asked because he didn't know what else to say and he felt that he should say something.

"Haven't you eyes, Mr. Pope?" Mr. Ballard retorted. He swung one well-creased pants leg over the other and brought into the sunlight through the window a gleam of high polish on his low tan shoes. "I just wonder if a single passenger conductor or brakeman's uniform has ever seen a presser's iron."

Albert didn't know. He was about to say that he'd ask the next time he thought about it. Mr. Ballard, however, went on:

"Agents and operators working around stations in their shirt sleeves—or they would be in their shirt sleeves if they didn't make a standard practice of wearing those filthy black sateen guards over them."

Albert shifted slightly in his chair. His large-knuckled hands, the fingers bent like talons, clutched at his bony knees. He wet his lips.

"Then," said Mr. Ballard, "take those local freight crews—conductors and brakemen alike. Why, if they didn't wear the nickeled badges on their hats, telling who they were, I'd think they were a flock of hobos. Filthy overalls, torn shirts. Mr. Pope, these men come in contact with our patrons at almost every stop they make to do their unloading and switching. They, out there, represent us who stay here in the office."

"Yessir," Albert gulped with fine restraint, but rage seethed through his soul.

"We change all that right now," Mr. Ballard spat.

"Yessir," Albert squeaked.

"AND we change something else, since we're on the subject of local freight." Mr. Ballard pressed a button. Presently a door at the end of the room opened and a young man, who wore rimless glasses from which was suspended a neat chain, entered. This man was Mr. Horace Hemmingway, formerly Mr. Ballard's chief clerk when Mr. Ballard was trainmaster on the other line that was now part of the new system. Mr. Hemmingway was superior to the lowly Mr. Pope in rank and authority since Mr. Ballard had created, two weeks ago, the job of assistant superintendent.

Albert nodded to Mr. Hemmingway, who beamed and bowed his head, and strode with pompous air up to Mr. Ballard's desk where he deposited a sheet of paper. Mr. Ballard placed his cigar on the edge of a brass tray and Albert, watching, remembered how old Fred Turner, at that same desk, had always let his cigar ashes tumble down his vest and had always made a bum shot at the spittoon.

"These are all your figures?" Mr. Ballard asked of Mr. Hemmingway.

"For thirty days, complete," Mr. Hemmingway replied.

Mr. Ballard took a gold-tipped pencil and ran over the sheet. He also recovered his cigar and puffed deeply. Albert looked hopelessly toward the window and the freedom of the open sunlight beyond. Old memories of how he and Fred Turner had, within these same walls, battled over the High-Line's operating problems, smote him with a vast and touching poignance. How these walls vibrated then from much loud language, especially when that other Fred, old F. E. Doss, the former general manager of the High-Line, came in to argue. Old F. E. D. they had always called him. Albert wondered what Fred Turner and F. E. Doss, who now sat down at system headquarters as general superintendent of the new combination, would think of Mr. Ballard's personal appearance ideas.

FRED TURNER perhaps knew all about them. It was Fred, Albert recalled, who had advised him as they had parted in this room three weeks ago: "Ballard's all right. He don't quite speak our language, Albert. He came up through the engineering department after graduating from an engineering school. Trainmaster for a coupla years over on the other road. They say he's a keen head. You'll get on all right, Albert, but you better yes the hell outta him for a little while until you get used to him, an' he gets used to you."

And now Fred Turner was a hundred miles away, at system headquarters, with a job as terminal superintendent.

Mr. Ballard looked up from the paper. Mr. Hemmingway looked up. They both looked at Albert. Mr. Ballard leaned back and played with his gold pencil.

"Now, Mr. Pope," the superintendent said, "Mr. Hemmingway has, on my instructions, investigated every department of operations to see where we can make cuts, improve service and save money."

"Yessir," Albert piped. It was dad-burned tough, this yessing.

"We're throwing three thousand dollars a month into the right-of-way ditch on local freight alone," Mr. Ballard announced with weighty inflection. "Between here and Saluda, as you know, we're running No. 67 west and No. 68 east each day. Two engines, two crews, each making sixty miles of actual travel."

"Yessir," Albert said. "We got two crews on local. Yessir."

"Mr. Hemmingway's figures show that for thirty days the westward train has been covering its run in an average of six and one half hours. The eastward runs between five and a half and seven hours. Each of these crews gets a total daily wage equal to eight hours, or one hundred miles."

Mr. Ballard placed a well-kept index finger nail on the sheet of paper.

"Now," he said, "Mr. Hemmingway has been watching those two local crews for ten days. He has a full report here on the lost motion, the needless moves, the time-killing and stalling. Incident after incident."

Albert's temperature rose to 212 degrees Fahrenheit which, for his altitude, both personal and geographical, was right at the boiling point. He and Fred Turner had always been tough on discipline, but neither had ever countenanced sneaking methods. He and Fred Turner had always been square with the men on the line, had always exacted from them the utmost in honor and loyalty thereby. Albert's claw-like fingers bit deeper into his knee bones. His lips were tightly compressed with a slight suggestion of a quiver.

"MR. POPE," Mr. Ballard said with a hint of an icy smile, "from actual and careful observation, there's no reason why one crew can't go to Saluda and double back within ten hours daily, do all the local work and save us the expense of another crew and another engine. Ten hours, Mr. Pope, which means that there will be no overtime."

Mr. Pope almost choked to death. Words, hot and insane, were coming up to his lips. He held them back with vast effort. Finally he trusted himself to say, "Well, business ain't as heavy as—"

"It isn't as heavy," Mr. Ballard said. "I'm pulling one side of that local job off effective on Wednesday morning. You, Mr. Pope, will go out of here on that day with the turn-around, and you'll impress the crew with the importance of doing their work without stalling. You'll be there to see that the men don't stall. You issue the bulletin now. I'll sign it and, according to our new practice, you will countersign it. While you're at it, you can get out the other bulletin to all station, passenger and local freight employees to the effect that I want to see an immediate change in their personal appearance. Those men must bear close inspection. Close from head to toe. And, while I'm on the subject, I might suggest that an example by division officers will help a lot. That's all, Mr. Pope."

"Yessir," Albert squeaked in retort.

IT WAS quite a different Albert who stormed into the office at the end of the hall with "Trainmaster" on the frosted glass of the door.

Mike Maloney, Albert's secretary-clerk of many years, looked up from his typewriter in the corner, deep concern on his pale, furrowed brow. Albert walked over to Mike's desk and spread two palms downward. He leaned forward and bawled: "You know what they're aimin' to do now?" He was referring to Messrs. Ballard and Hemmingway.

Mike didn't. Albert explained. He "dad-burned" and he foamed at the mouth.

"You write them bulletins, Mike," he spluttered. "We might's well get it over with." And then: "Mike, take a letter. Make it to Fred Turner an' start it off, 'Dear Fred.' Make it personal, too, an' don't make any carbon." Albert started dictating.

The letter touched on the local freight situation and the shining of shoes. It was a masterpiece of semi-English literature. Mike typed it and Albert read it over. Albert said, "I got a hunch, Mike, I'll be shakin' hands so-long with you."

"You'll be all right," Mike said.

"An' the worst of it is," Albert mused, "this new order of things—hell, Ballard can do as he wants an' as long as he makes the grade he'll be let alone. He's got powers. He don't have to get the general super's, old F. E. D.'s, consent about pullin' off jobs. Ballard can take me an' make a monkey outta me, an' shove me on the scrap heap, an' I ain't got a chance to appeal."

Mike looked down at the letter Albert had just signed. Mike grinned, that slow, Irish grin.

"You'll make out all right, Mr. Pope," Mike said. "And now, under the head of unfinished business: Here's that blooming 'Twenty-six' report for F. E. D. in person. He's after it hot and wants it on the next train mail."

(Continued on page 47)

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Tip-Off

A Short Short Story
Complete on this page

By Richard Connell

IN THE library of his old house on the hill Judge Corbaley was arranging books, on that tar-black, soundless November night. "Fine mess these books are in," he mused. Blackstone blushed in the midst of the Arabian Nights; Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice rubbed covers with Dreiser's Genius; Henry James shuddered palely between Dracula and Sherlock Holmes.

So the judge took the books, hundreds of them, from their shelves, piled them on the floor and set about sorting them.

As he squatted there, looking like a benign, elderly gnome, he was so engrossed in his task that he did not hear the stealthy opening of the French window, nor the swift, light step of the man who stole up behind him. But he did hear the harsh whisper:

"Don't move! Keep your face shut or I'll blow your heart out!"

"What—what do you want?" The judge's words came out faintly, jerkily.

"Turn round," grated the man. The judge pivoted slowly. He saw two hard eyes in a face lined as if by a chisel. He saw a long raincoat. He saw in the man's steady hand an automatic.

"Yes. You're right, Judge," the man said. "You've seen me before. I'm Joe Maccam."

"What do you want?" the judge said again, his voice even fainter and jerkier than before.

"TAKE it easy," said Maccam. "I ain't going to put a slug in your pump—unless I have to. I ain't sore at you for sending me to the hot seat. You gave me a fair-enough trial. I croaked Bergman and that cop, all right. But I ain't going to fry—"

"How did you escape?"

Maccam showed yellow teeth in a grin.

"Never mind," he said. "I'm out—and I'm going to stay out. Now get this and hold on to it: Any killing I do now is just velvet. I can only sizzle once, no matter how many more I bump. So do what I say or I'll let you have it. I mean that."

"I know you do," the judge said. "Well?"

"Three things," said Maccam: "Jack—all you got of it; the key to that sixteen-cylinder job in your garage; and clothes."

He opened his raincoat. He showed his shapeless, shoddy gray prison uniform.

"Get going," Maccam said. "And no false moves or else— First, hand over that car key—"

He stopped. They heard the sound of footsteps coming downstairs.

"Listen," hissed Maccam. " If anybody comes in and you tip 'em off, I'll plug both of you. Now, act natural. Go on fixing those books, and talk to me like a friend or—"

Maccam sat down. The judge could see the bulge the pistol made in his pocket. The door opened and the judge's daughter came in. She hesitated when she saw the stranger.

"I'm sorry, Dad," she said. "I didn't know you had a visitor."

"Quite all right, dear," said the judge, busy with books. "This is Mr. Robinson, an old friend who dropped in for a chat—about books. Mr. Robinson, this is my daughter, Evangeline."

MACCAM smirked and bowed; but not for an instant did he take his wary eyes off the judge, who was placing volumes on an empty shelf.

"I just wanted a book," the girl said, "to read myself to sleep with. A novel—not too exciting—"

"That's easy," smiled the judge. "But it may be a hard job to find the right book in all this jumble. You see, Mr. Robinson," he explained, "we had a house party of young people here last week, and they amused themselves by turning my library upside down. They were playing a silly game with books that my daughter invented—"

"Shall I show you how it's played, Mr. Robinson?" the girl asked.

"Never mind," he said gruffly. "I ain't got time for games."

"Mr. Robinson has a lot of business to transact tonight," said the judge, and stopped when he saw the ever-so-slight movement of the hidden gun. "So, dear," he finished, "pick your book and run along. On this shelf, now, I think you'll find something to interest you."

She ran her eyes along the row of books he had put there. She shook her head.

"I guess," she said, "I won't read tonight, after all. I think I'll call up the Sawyers and see if I can get up a bridge game."

"Fine idea," said the judge. "Good night, Evangeline."

"Good night, Dad. Good night, Mr. Robinson."

She went out. The library door clicked behind her.

"Now snap into it," said Maccam. "Give me that key."

The judge handed it over.

"BETTER wait till my daughter goes up to her room," advised the judge. "She might get suspicious."

"I'll give her five minutes. Where do you keep your clothes?"

"Front room. Second floor."

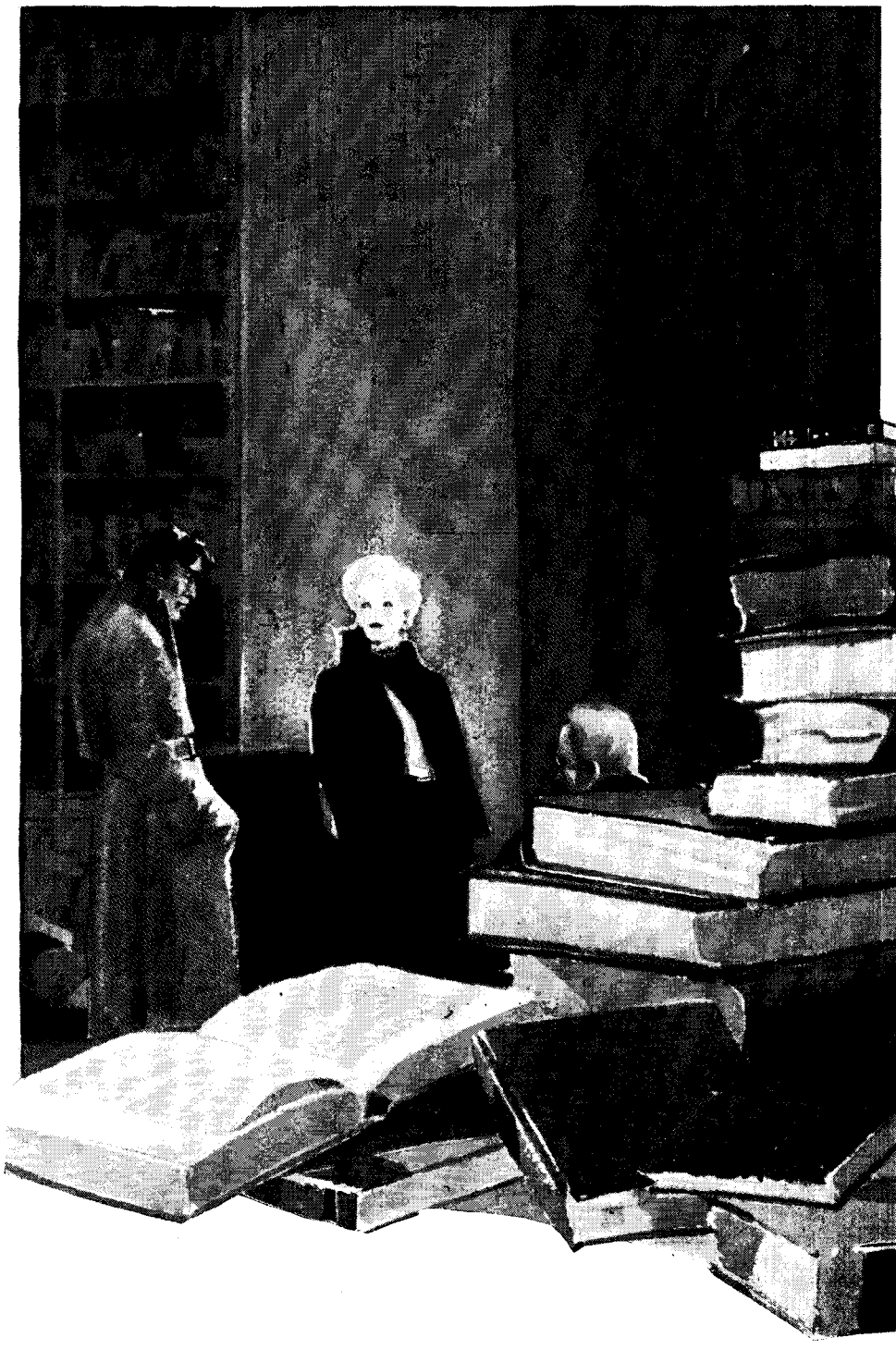
"I'm going to cut the phone wire. Then tie you up. I'm taking no chances."

"Very sensible," said the judge. Maccam waited, watching the clock. At last he said, "Guess I'll knock you out—just to make sure."

He raised his heavy pistol; but he never brought it down on the judge's head; for a crisp "Drop that rod!" made him wheel toward the window and face the muzzles of shotguns in the hands of Sheriff Sawyer and two burly sons. Handcuffed, Maccam growled: "Played me for a sucker, didn't you, Judge? Tipped off that girl somehow. I'd like to know how."

"Then look," said the judge, waving his hand toward the shelf of books. "My daughter's silly game—but, well, you get the idea—"

The books Maccam stared at were: Evangeline; Look Homeward, Angel; Our Mutual Friend; Robinson Crusoe; Crime and Punishment; Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing; Escape; Mantrap; Under Fire; The Prisoner of Zenda; The Call of the Wild; Arms and the Man; The Adventures of Tom Sawyer; Bring 'em Back Alive.



"Never mind," he said gruffly. "I ain't got time for games"

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

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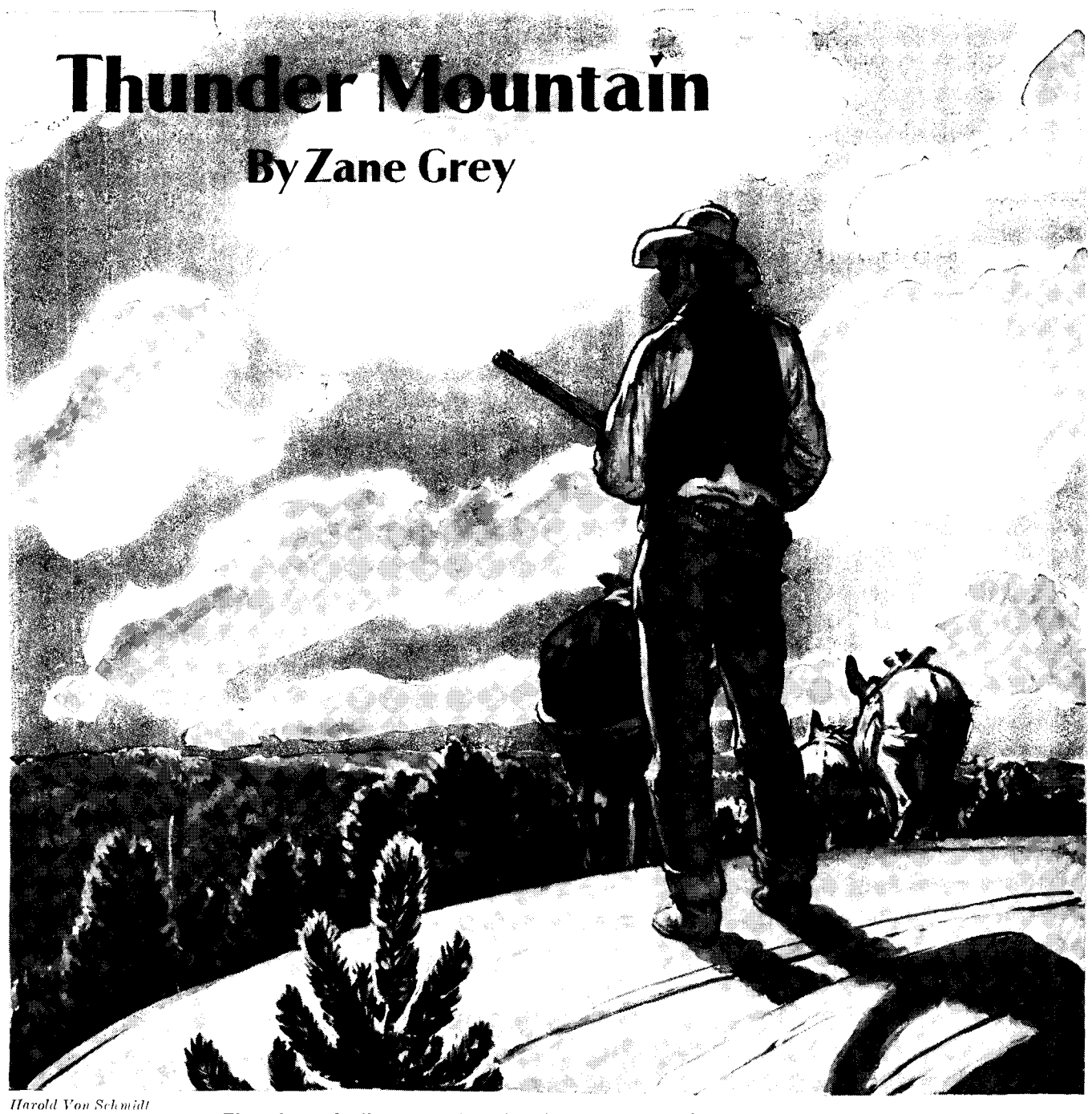
Thunder Mountain

By Zane Grey



Harold Von Schmidt

The color and wildness of the ledges began to soften defeat and heartbreak

The Story Thus Far:

IN THE shadow of somber Thunder Mountain, deep in the wild Saw Tooth Range, three brothers Sam, Jake and Kalispel Emerson strike gold. Jake leaves at once for Boise to obtain development capital. Kalispel goes to the nearest mining town for supplies. Sam remains to guard the claim.

When Kalispel returns—accompanied by Blair, a minor capitalist, and his charming daughter, Sydney—he receives a shocking surprise: A "rush" is on; Sam has disappeared; one Rand Leavitt (who, it appears, has murdered Sam) is in possession of the Emerson claim and refuses to be ousted!

Has Leavitt killed Sam? With Jake (who presently returns, after having been almost killed by one of Leavitt's gunmen), Kalispel determines to find the answer. He is far from happy. Due to a series of unfortunate events, Sydney Blair, with whom he has fallen in love, appears to detest him—seems to be infatuated with Rand Leavitt! . . . Dick Sloan, one of Kalispel's friends, loves a dance-hall girl—"Nugget." The girl, adoring Sloan, refuses to marry him; whereupon Kalispel persuades her to do so when a minister can be found. . . . Having left the resort where she works, Nugget has no home. Dick moves out of his tent, gives it to her.

Kalispel now has a number of enemies; notably, Leavitt and his partner, Cliff Borden. Suspecting the truth about Sydney—that the girl really cares for Kalispel—Leavitt informs her that Kalispel is having an affair with Nugget. And Sydney, having witnessed the meetings with the dancer, believes him. . . . Blair is set upon and robbed by three bandits. Within a few days Kalispel receives a call from Sheriff Masters, who gives him some interesting news: Rumor has it that Kalispel is one of the bandits! Then—"Kalispel, I know you're innocent. And I've got an idea. Listen! You and I will pretend to be enemies, out to get each other. You say you've struck gold; then pretend to get drunk. The robbers will trail you and you can attend to them." Kalispel pauses; but—"I'm game!" he says.

VII

NEXT day Kalispel took Jake with him to the big, high basin over the south slope and packed down the meat of two elk. A herd of several hundred had come into the basin, which evidently was their winter abode.

"Jake, I got a great idee," announced Kalispel.

"Idees are great when they are great," replied Jake, noncommittally.

"Soon as it gets cold enough to freeze meat hard we'll come up here an' slaughter a hundred of these elk, drag them over to the rim above the valley, an' then hang them up in that heavy growth of firs. Meat market for the winter."

Jake did not express any rapture over this very creditable plan; however, when Kalispel confided the ruse Masters had suggested as a clever means to identify the bandits and possibly to learn something more, then Jake showed how sparks could be struck from flint.

That afternoon Kalispel strolled down to Sloan's tent. Before he mounted the steps of the spacious, canvas-topped dwelling he heard Dick's deep, pleasant voice and Nugget's silvery laughter. Both rang sweetly in Kalispel's ears.

"Hey," he called, "I'm invitin' myself to supper."

"Come in, you life-savin' hombre," called Dick, gladly.

"Oh, it's Kal," cried a high treble voice, in wild welcome. And Kalispel found himself being leaped upon and kissed by what appeared to be a lovely, little, rosy-faced, golden-haired boy in blue jeans. "Where *have* you been for so long?"

"Folks, I've been plottin' murder," replied Kalispel, with a voice and smile that made him a prevaricator.

"We been hearin' things. I was goin' to hunt you up tonight. But thet new sheriff dropped in yesterday afternoon. He was darned nice to me an' Ruth, but he shook his buzzard head doubtful about you."

"KAL, we hated him for that," added Nugget, who was clinging to his vest and gazing up with troubled, appealing eyes. "Have they put him against you?"

"Say—dog-gone! You look just like peaches an' cream," rejoined Kalispel, suddenly realizing the girl's wonderful improvement. Her face had lost its pallor; the hollow cheeks had filled out; the red lips that had been bitter were now sweet; the blue eyes no more the windows of havoc. She was happy. It seemed incredible. But Kalispel accepted what his keen scrutiny revealed.

"Nugget, you always was pretty, but gosh!—Why, now you've become lovely!"

"Not Nugget any more, not even to you, Ruth!"

"All right, then it's Ruth. Dog-gone! If I'd had a hunch you was goin' to turn out happy an' beautiful like this, I'd shore grabbed you for myself."

"Kal!" cried the girl, startled.

"I shore love you heaps, Ruth."

"Hey, stop makin' up to my girl," ordered Sloan, gayly. "She likes you too darn' much already. An' we're not married yet."

"I shall always—love him, Dick," she said, earnestly, with averted face.

"Wal, don't be scared my heart will break again," rejoined Kalispel with pathos.

"KALISPEL, how is it with you and Sydney?" she asked presently, watching him with a woman's eyes.

"It's not at all."

"I'm going to call on that girl some day," declared Ruth, with a spirit that boded trouble for Miss Blair.

"I see her with Leavitt," interposed Dick, gravely. "Doesn't strike me right."

"It's rotten, if you ask me," burst out Ruth. "Won't somebody tell her the truth about Rand Leavitt?"

"That's up to one of us. Nobody but you an' me an' Kal know. An' tellin' her what Leavitt really is—if she believes—will be darn' serious for us. He an' Borden have gotten thick."

"Don't you kids worry any more. Sydney Blair will find out some day, probably too late," returned Kalispel, darkly.

"Kal, Cliff Borden has been here to see me twice while Dick was out on his claim," said Ruth.

"Ah-huh. Wal, what of it?"

"First time he tried being persuasive. He wanted me back. Made me extravagant offers. Seemed to be struck with the change in me. Tried to make love to me! He laughed when I told him Dick and I were not living together. And he got sore when I told him I intended to marry Dick. He stamped out, saying he'd see me soon. Day before yesterday he came again. He was different. He threatened me. I called him every bad name I ever heard, and drove him out. But I'm worried, Kalispel."

"What'll we do?" queried Sloan, anxiously. "If my claim wasn't pannin' out so rich I'd take Ruth an' rustle away. But that'd be throwin' away money enough to start us for life."

"I reckon you better leave it to me," replied Kalispel.

"Then I won't worry," declared Ruth. "This Thunder City is not the bloodiest camp I ever saw, by far. But it's low-down and mean. I can't cope with these men. Neither can Dick. But *you* can, Kalispel. And I, who haven't prayed since I was little, am thanking God for you. That's all. You talk with Dick while I get supper."

KALISPEL went outside with Sloan and they walked up and down.

"Ruth saw through Masters," said Sloan. "He's not as unfriendly toward you as he wants it to look."

"Dick, that Texan is a man to tie to. I should smile he is not unfriendly. But you an' Nug—Ruth—keep this to yourselves. Masters wants me to make a bluff at bein' drunk, an' go round flushed with gold—which he staked me to—an' get some of these bandits to hold me up."

"You don't say!" exclaimed Sloan, amazed and concerned. "Will you risk it?"

"Shore looks good to me."

"It'll hurt you with Sydney Blair."

"I couldn't be hurt no worse with her."

"Ruth seems to think you've got a chance there. Don't ruin it by becomin' a rowdy."

"Sort of tickles me. She's goin' to be the fooledest girl some day."

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"Kal, you can't let her marry that cheat of a Leavitt," declared Sloan, hotly. "Even if you didn't love her! Ruth told me. An' if I was a shootin' man, believe me, I'd go after Leavitt."

"Take care you don't shoot off your chin," advised Kalispel. "Ruth knows too much an' talks too much. She's got nerve. But Borden an' Leavitt have a strangle hold on this camp. They can ruin you. An' if I kill them before I can show them up, two thirds of the diggin's will rise up to hang me. An' I'll lose my chance to find out if Leavitt really made 'way with Sam."

"You bet he did," cracked out Dick. "Ruth told me. She swears it."

"Hell you say!"

"Yes, the hell I say. She knows but she can't prove it."

"How could she know an' *not* be able to prove it?"

"She says it's a little of what she heard an' a lot that she felt."

"Wal, that wouldn't go far in a court, *unless what she heard was important.*"

"We'll take her word. I'll bet Masters would, too. But nobody else would take stock in what a dance-hall girl swore to. That's the weakness of the case," Sloan said regretfully.

Kalispel admitted it. Leavitt had Boise mining men interested in the quartz lode. To get possession of the property by force seemed impossible; and any other way began to loom as a forlorn hope. Kalispel divined that the day was not far distant when he would abandon that hope. In this event all he wanted was a short, pregnant meeting with Rand Leavitt.

THAT night Kalispel went on his pretended spree. He staggered into every saloon on the street, smelling of rum, inviting all idlers to drink with him, yet contriving not to drink himself. Everywhere he displayed a big bag of gold nuggets. The invitations to gamble were as numerous as the gamblers.

"Ump-umm. No time—gamble," he would reply. "Wanta drink—an' shoot thish town up. I'm bad hombre—I am—an' lookin' fer trouble. Gonna shoot daylights outa dansh-hall fellar—an' lousy claim-jumper. Gonna shoot this old town up!"

He created a sensation everywhere. Word flew from lip to lip: "Kalispel Emerson's on the rampage!" The roar subsided when he entered, pale-faced, maudlin, staggering, with a bag of gold in his left hand; the chairs scraped or fell over as the players left them; the crowded bars turned a sea of faces; the throng split to let him through, and mixed together again to follow him out into the street. He broke up the dance at Borden's hall and shot out the lights. Lastly he weaved from side to side up the center of the street, singing a range drinking song, and thus on outside of town. But that night the ruse did not work, and he arrived at his cabin tired out and disgusted.

NEXT morning he saw the sunrise from the rim of the south slope.

Kalispel's bad moods might start out with him, or like giants stalk behind him on the trail, but they never lasted. When, on this day, he gained real solitude, his morbid thoughts began one by one to drop away like scales. The labor of climbing high, the smell of pine and fir, the intimacy of the old gray cliffs, the melancholy twittering of birds on their way south and the low song of insects bewailing the death of summer, the color and wildness of the ledges, the freedom of the heights, the wild life that ranged before his gaze—these and all the phases of nature, increasingly more satisfying as the days multiplied, began to soften defeat and heartbreak, and made him forget the evil of the sordid, greedy camp below. . . .

Kalispel led his pack burros back to the edge of the basin where he hunted, and, tying them to saplings, he began his stalk.

LATE that night in the fitful flare of Kalispel's camp fire, Blair appeared like a man who was afraid of his shadow. He was sober, but apparently laboring under great stress. "Leavitt and Sydney—*have been haranguing me. Made my* life—hell—lately. I didn't want them to see me here—so I waited till dark."

"It's long after dark, old scout," replied Kalispel. "I got in late. Had a heavy pack. . . . What's on your chest?"

"I'm a ruined man."

"Wal, that's nothin'. I've been ruined a lot of times," Kalispel said smilingly.

"You're young and you don't care a damn for anything or anybody."

"Shore. But you can do like me. Get up an' go on!"

"I can't. *This gold digging* was all right for me when I had some results and didn't work too hard. But that's finished. The gambling is worse. I'm a fool. I had twenty thousand dollars when we got here. All gone!"

"Whew! Twenty thousand? My gosh, man, you have drank an' gambled all that away?"

"No, not by any means. I bought two claims, you know. *Then I had ten thousand hidden in the cabin.* . . . The rest went for our living, and my—"

"Wal, that's different," interrupted Kalispel. "You're not ruined if you've got ten thousand."

"I HAVEN'T got it. Stolen out of the cabin! It was in a big leather wallet, hidden in a chink between two logs, high up where I thought nobody could locate it. *But somebody did.* Sydney left the cabin open. She went downtown with Leavitt. That was the night you got drunk and went raving around town."

"Yeah, I did sort of slop over," drawled Kalispel. "If Sydney went downtown I reckon she saw me."

"Did she? Well, I guess she did. She quarreled with Leavitt. And later with me she was in a passion. It struck me she was madder about your break than she was at the loss of our money."

"Humph!" ejaculated Kalispel, in a quandary. "I reckon you're barkin' up the wrong tree, Blair."

"I always have done that," returned the older man, plaintively. "But I still have ears. I can hear. And I heard Sydney lacing it into Leavitt about *you.* Evidently he had been blackguarding you, and she, like a woman, roasted him for it when it was true. Later she did the same to me. I haven't any tact. I'm testy anyway, these days. And when I said: 'If you cared so much about Kal, why did you let him go to the dogs?' I thought she was going to tear my hair out."

"Wal, I'm a son-of-a-gun!" exclaimed Kalispel, utterly floored.

"Sydney ended it by swearing she despised you—that if I ever spoke to you again she'd leave me—and that for her you were dead."

Kalispel sat mute. His consciousness could not get beyond the query—"Did she care so much for me?"

"BUT to come back to the money," went on Blair. "I didn't dare mention to Sydney that I wouldn't put it beyond Leavitt to steal. I haven't a leg to stand on, Kal. And I ought to be ashamed. All the same I'll be damned if I don't believe he might have stolen it. No one else has been there—at least indoors."

"Wal, there are two more men in camp who'd back you up. Jake an' me," declared Kalispel. "But that's far-fetched, Blair."

"Maybe. I'm finding out a good deal. . . . Leavitt has only a quarter share in that quartz mine. He had to give the other shares to mining men of Boise to back the deal. He told Sydney that they had taken out about three hundred thousand dollars. Also that lately the vein panned out on solid granite. The engineer who was here claimed they'd strike the quartz again, but it would be necessary to pack in and install a hundred-ton stamp mill. At enormous expense. Leavitt doesn't believe the mine is worth it. And he confided further to Sydney that he'd be leaving Thunder City by spring. Wants her to go out with him and marry him. . . . All of which he asked her to keep strictly secret."

If she had only really loved him, Kalispel could have forgiven her affair with Leavitt

"Queer deal from the start," muttered Kalispel, as if he were alone. "But Leavitt is a deep-lyin' hombre."

"Why would he want it kept secret? That about the quartz vein failing in solid granite is bound to leak out."

"I reckon these minin' men are all close-mouthed. Maybe Leavitt has other irons in the fire here. For instance, he's a pardner of Borden in that saloon an' dance hall."

"That's news indeed. Wonder what Sydney will say."

"Aw, she won't believe it if she's hipped about the feller."

"She's strange these days. I'm afraid coming here has ruined her as well as it has me."

"Blair, if that isn't shore yet it soon will be, unless I can find some good reason to kill Leavitt."

"I should think you have reason enough."

"Ump-umm! If I could force him to an even break where we had witnesses—that'd be fine. I'll try it next time I meet him. But if he can't dodge the meeting, he'll shore dodge the fight. An', you see, if I kill him anyway, this gang of his will hang me."

"WELL, it's a sickening mess. I have failed, my girl is drifting, and you have gone back to your old habits. You'll break out presently and get shot or hanged. Then we won't have a friend."

"Wal, you could count on Leavitt," replied Kalispel with a sarcasm he was far from feeling.

"I've fallen low enough without accepting charity from him."

"Hell, man! He sold you worthless claims—planted claims—at enormous prices. Borrow from him."

"You said that about planted claims before. You mean he had gold dust stuffed in the sand and gravel so that it'd look like a natural deposit?"

"Shore, that trick is as old as minin' gold."

"There have been several other claims which panned out the same way, and every

(Continued on page 35)

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The Undercover Man

Continued from page 9

in the air!" he said as if he was talking to himself.

I thought of the jewel shipment and jumped to his side.

"What is?" I demanded.

"I don't know," he grunted. "There's something wrong about this. I'm going up to find out what it is."

"I'm going with you!" I yelped, hitching up his remarks to the missing pearls. "Eagan was afraid of something going wrong."

"Eagan?" he cried.

"Sure," I said. "He had it in for Neil and wouldn't trust him. I wanted him to trail the Black Pearl."

"And he did it?" Farraday pounced on my words fiercely.

"No. I offered him five thousand dollars to do it, but he wouldn't. He said he didn't take pay for his pleasures."

"Climb in!" cried Farraday; and before I knew it we were headed into the wind for a take-off.

That flight was the wildest, craziest thing that ever happened to me. Farraday sat at the controls like a man possessed and the girl beside him gazed, bewildered, between Farraday and me. We passed over the mountain, seeming to brush the tree tops, and after he got over it, he began to pounce down and sweep up again, like a hawk pouncing on its prey. Suddenly, twisting about over a wide clearing, he swooped down and landed.

WITHOUT a word he was out of the machine and tearing off through the brush like a hound on some unseen, unknown scent. I had slid from the plane and was trying to follow him when he came back. His face was an unearthly combination of triumph and fury, and he was cramming something into the side pocket of his coat. He flew straight back to the field of the wreck and I sat tight, saving my questions until I felt my feet on the ground again. We landed and, somehow, we all got out. Then I began to spill.

"Those pearls!" I cried; and I grabbed Farraday by one arm, for he seemed intent on moving away from there. "Have you got any information—"

"Are they gone?" he asked suddenly.

"You're darned right they're gone!" I said.

"Good!" he snapped. "Now I've got to send some telegrams! Can I use your car, sheriff?"

"Sure," spluttered the sheriff, "but aren't you—"

"Not now!" snapped Farraday. "Got to get some wires off!"

The girl was in the car even before he was, but I went with him only because I got one foot on the running-board before he hit high. He raced to the village in silence, and I helped him make out the list of fields he wanted the same message sent to.

"If Airtravel Monoplane No. 4275K bearing insignia of Farraday Airways stops for refueling at your field wire me arrival at this address. Hold pilot until I get there."

He had that message sent to every airport within flying distance of the machine he described.

"That's the machine Eagan was flying!" cried Florence Deterer as we moved out to the car again.

Farraday stood with one foot on the running-board and gazed gravely into her eyes.

"Yes," he said. "It's Eagan's."

She gazed at him like somebody looking at one of these What's-the-Matter-with-This-Picture puzzles. It made her look beautiful.

"Tell me what the mystery is, Mark?" she said.

"It's still a mystery to me," he answered. "All I know is that this crash wasn't an accident."

"But the whole township saw it!" I said, startled.

"I know. But he was killed on the ground. His body was taken into the air and disposed of the way a whole township witnessed."

"Then the murderer must have been in the plane!" cried Florence. "How could he escape?"

FARRADAY still stared into her eyes reflectively.

"Only one way," he said slowly. "Eagan had a parachute."

"Not Eagan!" I yelled. "There's the pearls. I wouldn't put it past Eagan to kill Neil. Neil had it coming, and Eagan was mad. Neil treated women like dirt and Eagan's sister was one of them. He married her—" I stopped short. Florence Deterer was looking at me with eyes that seemed to stare, without flinching, into a painfully bright light.

"Anyway," I ended lamely, "there was half a million in jewels in that plane when it crashed, and we've got to find 'em."

A man ran out of the depot and shoved a yellow paper into Farraday's hand. Farraday read it and handed it to me.

"If you want the answer, Brownlow," he said, "you'll have to fly with us to Detroit."

"I'll do it," I breathed wearily. But I consented only because the wire in my hand announced the arrival of a plane such as Farraday had described at the Detroit Airport. Added to the message were the words, "Pilot Eagan is awaiting your arrival." I wanted to speak to Eagan.

But I didn't. There was as much of a disturbance at the Detroit Airport as there had been at Berryvale. Farraday landed with his usual neatness and taxied up to the hangars. There wasn't anybody handy when we arrived there, but we hadn't more than climbed down to the concrete before a young fellow in business clothes came running up.

"Captain Farraday, sir?" he yelled. "Mr. Price would like to see you right away, sir, in his office."

We followed him to the office of Price, the manager of the field. Price was a tall, cool-headed young fellow, but I could see that he was troubled.

It seemed he was an old friend of Farraday's and that he also knew Florence Deterer. Farraday introduced me.

"I'm sorry to be so unceremonious, Marcus," said Price. "But things have been going wrong. Eagan's just crashed. He said he'd fly down and join you, but he hit those chimneys across the drome taking off."

"Crashed?" cried Farraday. "Killed?"

"Smashed to a pulp," said Price. "But, Mark, there was something wrong about it—!"

He stopped as my chair almost went over backward. Something wrong about this crash, too? It was too much for me.

"Go on," said Farraday.

"Well, I've never seen Eagan except for his pictures in the papers, and this man didn't seem—"

"My God!" cried Farraday. "Then it's true!"

"What?" I demanded, but Farraday ignored me.

"Could he have avoided that crash?" he asked.

"It certainly seemed so," said Price. "He flew as if he were blind. Right into the chimneys—"

"That's enough!" snapped Farraday. And then his voice became intensely eager. "Did he leave any word for me?"

"Yes," Price was obviously surprised. "Here's a letter and a—a package. He was anxious for you to have them if you arrived before he saw you."

"Thanks," said Farraday. He took the package and the letter which Price took from a drawer in his desk, and stood for a moment in hesitation.

"Could you let me have this office, Pricey?" he asked. "Do you mind if Mr. Brownlow and I—and Miss Deterer, of course—"

"By all means!" exclaimed Price. "I'll wait for you in the outside office."

Farraday thanked him and he left. Then Farraday turned to us with a grave, tired face and spoke very slowly.

"I think," he said, "that we'd best keep it quiet. The law can't do anything now. The poor fellow has killed himself."

"YOU mean Eagan committed suicide?" I gasped. "He deliberately flew into those chimneys?"

"No!" Farraday's voice sounded like a whip crack. "Not Eagan—Neil! Neil murdered Buck Eagan and tried to make Canada in Buck's machine, but he came in here with a dry tank and fell into the trap those wires laid for him. He realized then that he had failed. That he was wanted for murder. He knew that he could never get away, and he killed himself like this."

Again the girl uttered that sharp intake of breath as though she had been stabbed.

"I'm sorry, Floy!" cried Farraday.

She drew herself up in her chair and smiled at him. I knew then that she loved him.

"It's all right," she said. "I've been thinking what a fool I was."

He went over to her and grasped one of her hands hungrily.

"How did you know, Mark?" she asked him. "How did you find it out?"

"I added two and two," he said. "While I was examining that—that body, I was filled with the horror of being burned to death in the air. Almost unconsciously I looked for some evidence that would show he'd been dead before the fire, and I found it. A wound at the back of his skull—the skull was crushed like an eggshell. Then it occurred to me that in a crash a man's head is seldom fractured from behind, and I suddenly realized with a shock that the man had been killed by a blow delivered by another man. But he had flown alone. Yet the evidence was unanswerable.

"So Neil must have landed. See? He must have landed somewhere and met some other man. Then you, Brownlow, told me how Buck Eagan had practically declared he would follow Neil. 'Refuse to take pay for his pleasures,' see? And Eagan had a parachute. So I figured that Neil had landed—probably planning to destroy the plane in the mountains and get away with those damned pearls—but Eagan had followed him down. They had quarreled. Fought. One of them was killed. The killer had put the body in the plane, ascended, adjusted the stabilizing fins and fired the plane. Then he had jumped. It must have happened near by the crash—behind the mountains, and that's what I went out to look for—the field where they had landed. And I found it. I saw the tracks of their landing. I found the place they had quarreled, and I found this."

HE TOOK from his pocket a stone which was somewhat the size, shape and weight of a cold chisel. I took it from him and saw the blood stain and hair upon it. The hair was ginger-colored.

"The color of the hair," said Farraday, "told the story. It was Eagan who had died. It was Neil who took Buck's plane and tried for Canada. He was probably confident that he was given up for dead and that Buck Eagan would be searched for in vain."

He paused and shoved the package toward me.

"Where he was going," he said, "he couldn't take the loot. So your job's ended, Brownlow."

And sure enough, there was the merchandise, all wrapped up in its fancy box.

"What's in the letter?" I asked, pocketing the loot.

"His side of the story, I suppose." Farraday tore open the envelope. It was a tortured, hopeless letter of a weak crook who had reached the end of his tether, but Farraday had already told the story and there was nothing in Neil's version which added more than a suggestion of the agony the poor wretch experienced while he waited there at the airdrome working up his courage for the last, desperate get-away.

I heard Farraday read the last of it and then began to think of trains back to New York, but Farraday wouldn't let me go.

"You've got to come with us," he said. "Miss Deterer and I can't stay stranded here in Detroit without making a stab at the proprieties."

"I don't know what he's talking about," said Florence.

"This is what I'm talking about," cried Farraday, and he pulled the girl up from her chair. "I nearly lost you once, Floy, and I'm not taking any more chances. If Mr. Brownlow will drive down to the city hall with us, he can be our witness."

So I did, and I was.

Kid: "Gee! I hope he's going as far as Main Street!"

J. Graham Hunter

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Come now, admit it; YOU DON'T KNOW.

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You undoubtedly like to believe that your breath is sweet and agreeable, but statistics prove that the chances are against it. Almost everyone is afflicted with halitosis at one time or another, for the reason that 90% of halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny bits of food skipped by the tooth brush.

The fastidious and intelligent thing to do is to rinse the mouth with Listerine—then you *know* your breath cannot offend. Listerine cleanses and sweetens the mouth, halts fermentation, the cause of breath odors, and immediately overcomes the odors themselves.

Tests show that Listerine instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. Listerine's taste is so pleasant, too; conspicuously absent is that bitter, metallic after flavor that characterizes mouth washes so harsh they must be diluted.

Keep Listerine handy in home and office. Slip it in the bag when you travel, and in the side pocket of your car when you motor. It is your assurance that you will be welcome to others. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Twice a day use LISTERINE

THE QUICK DEODORANT WITH THE PLEASANT TASTE

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CORONA TYPEWRITERS
New, improved Sterling Model Smith-Corona for personal and business use. Also used machines. Sold, rented and exchanged. Terms arranged.
Smith-Corona
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
Making it
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want
Here's a real time-saver for busy shoppers. Find who sells the brand you want before you start. Look in your classified telephone book for the trade name (Frigidaire, RCA Victor, Plymouth, Friendly Five Shoes, for example). You'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of authorized local agents or dealers. Quickly! Easily!
BELL SYSTEM

Up and Down with Sam Insull

Continued from page 11

From the moment he became connected with the Edison offices in London he was filled with a desire to go to America despite what he later called the "atmosphere of doubt and derision which surrounded the great inventor's work in London." The arrival of Mr. Johnson marked another milestone in Insull's life. Johnson wanted a shorthand writer who could take dictation with all the difficult scientific words he used. Insull had plenty of experience taking difficult dictation from Mr. Bowles, who was writing a book on India filled with long Indian names. Thus he struck up a friendship with Johnson, who promised to get him work in America with Edison. In the first weeks of 1881, Johnson was in New York conferring with Edison. The inventor had recently dismissed his secretary and wanted another. Johnson recommended Insull, and Edison told Johnson to cable for him to come at once.

The Birth of a Great Industry

It was in answer to this summons that the old ship City of Chester on February 5, 1881, flung, without very much of a ripple, the person of young Sam Insull into the vast pool of American life. Mr. Johnson, his benefactor, met him at the dock and drove him to Edison's office at 65 Fifth Avenue.

Edison, after the formalities of meeting, drew out a big check-book and announced to Johnson that, as the latter was going to sail in the morning for Europe, he thought they had better get down to business "as it would probably take all night." It did take all night. Insull listened to the talk of the two men, heard something of Edison's far-reaching plans, marveled at his grasp of business matters, saw him scratching out various checks. The dawn came stealing through the windows of the little office before the men brought their business to a close. Insull left with Mr. Johnson to hurry to the Inman pier and, after watching Johnson start in the early morning on the journey which he himself had completed the night before, he went to his new lodgings. His first night in America with Edison he spent in work till dawn.

The next day Edison took Insull out to Menlo Park. They got there at night. And the sight which met his gaze thrilled him to his roots. The whole countryside was covered with snow—"more snow than I had ever seen in my life before." Lights glowed in the windows of all the small buildings and houses and, outside, the whole place over an area of one-half square mile was lighted by incandescent lamps. Insull beheld what in Europe he was told could never be done. This was the first electric light system. And it was a fact, not a dream. A few days later he wrote to a friend in London: "Well, I have seen 700 lamps burning!"

This was the birth of a great industry and this youth was in at its very start. We take electric power and energy so much as a matter of course now that it is difficult to imagine that so short a time ago it was as much a novelty as the latest news about the atom today. There were electric lights at the time. But they were the old arc lights—carbon lights such as came to be familiar for street lighting to the last generation.

Insull many times talked of the immense act of creation which Edison performed in the building of the first commercial generating station at 255 and 257 Pearl Street. It was this work which now engrossed his attention. "I often wonder," Insull frequently said, "which was the greater invention—the lamp itself or the means for putting it into use." Edison had to design the necessary dynamos, insulated wires, conductors for carrying the current underground and many other things. The lamp works for manufacturing lamps was established at Menlo. Then there was the machine works for making the dynamos.

A few days after Insull landed in America Edison took him to a meeting with the famous and eccentric old shipbuilder, John Roach, to negotiate for the lease of the Ætna Iron Works building in Goerck Street, where Roach had laid the foundation of his fortune. This small building became the Edison Machine Company building. It has a historic importance, as it was destined to be the germ of the great General Electric Company.

And the boy who went with Edison to visit Roach was destined to play an important part in organizing that great business. Then there was the Edison Tube Works. Edison invented a method of laying wires underground in large tubes properly insulated. This imposing "factory" was at 65 Washington Street in a little building twenty feet wide by twenty feet deep.

Insull at first acted as a sort of office clerk. He took dictation from Edison. But Edison did not dictate in the orthodox manner. He ran over his letters with amazing swiftness, sometimes with just a sweeping glance, and passed them on to Insull with a "yes" or a "no" or some hurried, cryptic instruction. Insull was expected to reduce these monosyllabic replies to orderly correspondence. Edison was difficult to get at for such purposes. He would not come into the office to look at correspondence for days. Insull soon learned that he had to get in touch with his boss when and where he could. He would get to him during a lull in proceedings in the laboratory, and more often than not it would be late at night. Operations for getting the Pearl Street station went forward with feverish haste. Edison spent most of this time in New York at 65 Fifth Avenue. Insull moved back and forth between there and Menlo Park. The big job then was laying the wires underground.

Edison's Right Hand Man

My friend Mr. Kruesi [said Insull, telling of this] used to superintend the manufacture of the two-conductor tubes by day, and Mr. Edison and Mr. Kruesi used to spend their nights laying the tubes in the streets and testing the conductors for insulation. I used to have to work all day myself at the business end of affairs; but I was anxious to get some technical knowledge of the subject. I wanted to know what was going on; and I used to go downtown toward evening, about four nights out of seven, with Mr. Edison—the other three nights we had to sleep—and my job was to watch a galvanometer. During the weary hours when I was watching the pointer of the galvanometer and wondering what I was doing it for I would doze off to sleep; and when the figure of Mr. Edison or Mr. Kruesi happened to come around the corner, my friend, the policeman, would give me a poke with his night-stick, and by the time Edison or Kruesi got to the corner of Ann and William or Nassau and Fulton, I would have my story about what had taken place. Of course, it was only a question of a very few nights when they found out and got somebody who could keep awake.

Order somehow began to appear amid the affairs of the ceaseless Edison. Edison, Insull has said, was by no means a poor business man. But he drove his mind so relentlessly with the technical problems which pressed for attention that he had no time to give to business. Soon he found that somehow business got attended to. He could leave such things to Insull. And as rapidly as Edison, leaning on this, moved out of one small corner of his business affairs after another, Insull occupied it. It was not long before he was actually managing all of Edison's affairs. He was made secretary of the tube works and of the lamp works and of the Edison Machine Works.

A Master of Detail

In that extraordinary group of men who surrounded Edison, all was not peace. There were jealousies and hatreds. And very soon, Insull, the business man, got cordially disliked by the others. He was the one man in that group who was interested chiefly in the business side. "You are always thinking of the dollar angle," Edison said to him once. The others were attracted to Edison by his laboratory work. His inventions, his endless researches fascinated them. Of these men Insull was the only one whose mind turned toward the business problems. His rigid sense of order was revolted by the irregularity and disorder of the others.

He was, amid a group of dreamers, a remorselessly practical man. He was what Charles Morgan calls "a hopelessly sane man." In later life he said that when he was asked to pass an opinion on some business after a hurried inspection he always "looked under the benches." If he found disorder there, he knew there was waste in that business. In these days Insull was busy trying to put order "under the benches" of the Edison ménage. And he was aflame with the desire to get along.

I have discussed their careers with innumerable successful men. The chief reason for business success I believe to be that unreasoning, relentless, dominating desire to get along, which tends to shut out everything else. Business executives hang on their walls the motto, "There is no fun like work." The ribald laugh at it. But those men really mean that. It was so with Insull. When he was past sixty he assumed the direction of Chicago's bedeviled gas industry. A friend said to him one day:

"Don't you think it is a pity, Insull, that you have to start learning about the gas business at your age?"

He replied truthfully: "No, I'm having the time of my life. I am living it all over again."

He had a hunger for details. He eagerly seized upon every small area of the business Edison abandoned to him. This was a life-long weakness too. Perhaps it was at the bottom of his undoing in the end. He never knew how to surrender a detail once he took it over. Thus he differed fundamentally from that greatest of all business executives, John D. Rockefeller. Rockefeller, too, was a man of infinite detail. But he knew how to use men. He understood the need for picking his leaders and leaving the details to them.

Insull hugged these details to his mind. Look down the lists of officers of all the countless companies in his vast utility empire. They are Sam Insull, chairman of the board, Martin J. Insull, president, Samuel Insull, Jr., vice president, or variations of this. John D. Rockefeller, who ruled over seventy

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corporations directly, and as many more indirectly, was the president of only one.

Insull had now come to have a very high opinion of himself. He began to dramatize himself as one of old Samuel Smiles' heroes. He was a successful business man. Old associates have said that he actually began to take on a high tone with Edison himself. There is no doubt that Edison always entertained a high opinion of Insull's business ability. But it is doubtful if Edison ever really liked him.

In later years Insull always made a great point of lauding Edison. But he never quite got over looking upon the great inventor in the pattern of the Sam Smiles' hero—the youth who began with nothing and achieved a great business success. One of Insull's favorite Edison stories was of how, as a youth, the unlettered Edison arrived in Boston in the dead of winter in a linen duster and took refuge from the cold in the telegraph office and then went to the library and, beginning at the first book on the shelf, decided he would read through the whole library so as to be sure of missing nothing.

There Were Dark Days

In due time the Edison Electric Light Company set the Pearl Street station to work. That historic event, which was to affect so amazingly the life of the world, occurred fifty years ago this year. Insull has left an interesting account of the financial difficulties which beset Edison. Indeed, the speeches and addresses made by Insull over a period of fifty years contain vagrant bits of historical data about the birth and growth of the electrical industry which would repay the diligence of some compiler.

On September 4, 1882, at 3 P. M. the system was put into permanent operation. It ran with the exception of two slight breaks until January 2, 1890, when a fire occurred which interfered with part of the service for about half a day and the remainder for about ten days; so that, practically, the system started on September 4, 1882, has operated continuously for forty years. . . . The first year's gross receipts amounted to a little over $53,000. The original capital invested was $1,000,000. The cash resources were entirely exhausted by the installation of the station.

To this Insull added that after this fund was used up the capitalists lost confidence in the great dream. Edison could get no further funds. He had made a fortune of some $200,000 from his other inventions and he put every dollar into the business before it was made to pay and the capitalists could be induced to resume their support.

There were many dark days. One night Insull found Edison at 65 Fifth Avenue at his desk covered with papers and accounts. Edison, looking up, said:

"Sammy, if I could dispose of everything, I think I could pay all the bills and get clear of this. I could go back to telegraphing. Do you think you could get a job as a stenographer?" This, said Insull, was the only time he saw Edison's invincible confidence shaken.

He could not get other cities to build central stations. So he attempted to sell the idea of building small isolated plants for supplying individual buildings. To promote this idea Edison formed what he called the Edison Construction Company to build, sell and finance isolated generating plants. Insull was put at the head of this. But from the first it was crippled by lack of funds. Insull's enemies inside the organization dubbed it the "Destruction Company." It had to be abandoned.

But in time the business began to spread. Little stations were built in various places. Isolated plants multiplied in number. The business of manufacturing equipment grew. And Insull came to be the more or less absolute business head of this—of the Edison Machine Works in Goerck Street, the lamp works and the tube works. This business grew to be very large. In 1890 Henry Villard, who had made a fortune as a railroad builder, proposed to unite all of Edison's industries into a single corporation. Insull, representing Edison, collaborated with Villard and they formed the Edison General Electric Company and located its plants at Schenectady. Villard became president and Insull vice president and active head of the business.

But there was competition. The Thompson-Houston Company had started manufacturing electrical material for the old arc-light companies. About this time Thomas Coffin was its able and energetic head. He and Villard got together and planned a consolidation of the Edison General Electric and the Thompson-Houston Company into a single great unit—the General Electric Company, which has since grown to such imposing proportions. This was effected in 1892. Insull hoped to be the actual head of this. But Coffin was made president. Insull was relegated to the second vice presidency in charge of sales. "I was demoted from the top to the bottom," he said afterward. And the day he was honored with the demotion he decided to get out.

He had been dissatisfied for some time. He had made numerous enemies in the Edison organization. He was not a friendly man. His brusque, often offensive manner with others was bringing him now a heavy deficit in popularity. The Edison family felt aggrieved at him for the manner in which he had handled Edison's interests. He was disgusted. Moreover, he had decided that the richest field for the future of the electrical industry was in its distribution.

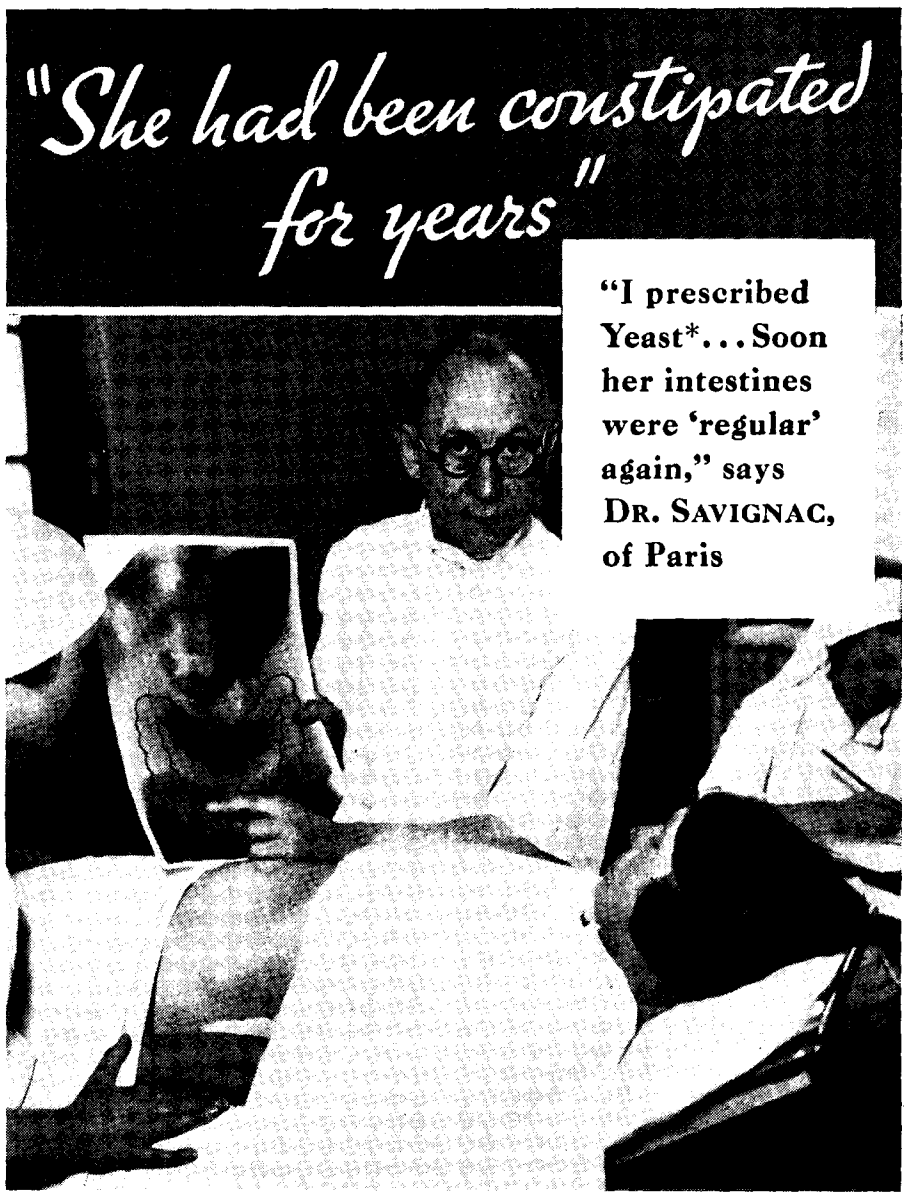
A Change of Scene

Like most Englishmen he had for a long time been fascinated with the promise of the Mississippi Valley. There, he believed, was to be the center of the American empire. Once when visiting Chicago with Edison they were driving about when Edison remarked: "Sammy, this is one of the best centers in the country for our line of business."

The idea stuck in Insull's head. In the midst of all this mental unrest he visited Chicago. There the little Chicago Edison Company was having troubles. Its manager had just died and the owners were casting about for a new president. They asked Insull to recommend someone to them. This was in 1892 and the negotiations for perfecting the organization of the General Electric Company were drawing to an end. Insull mulled the Chicago post over in his mind. The General Electric Company was finally completed, the directors met and the officers were named. Insull was made second vice president.

He went to his office and wired Chicago. He told the Chicago directors he had found their man; that it was himself and that he recommended himself for the job. They accepted his offer immediately and he sent his resignation forthwith to the General Electric Company. This was in May. He was promptly elected president of the Chicago Edison Company and in July assumed his new duties. Next, we shall see how he became the architect and builder of the greatest industrial success and the greatest financial failure in our history.

The second of this series of articles will appear in next week's Collier's.



"For persistent constipation the best remedy is fresh yeast," says DR. SAVIGNAC.

Read this typical 'CASE HISTORY'!

THE doctor pictured above is one of the three greatest specialists in his field in France.

He is Dr. Roger Savignac, of Paris, author of "Toxic Troubles in Constipation," and he is telling about a typical case from his own practice:—

"The patient," (he says), "age 28, had a good constitution, but complained of headaches, tiredness . . . was very depressed.

"I had her X-rayed . . . discovered 'tired,' clogged intestines. She admitted she had been constipated for years—had used laxatives constantly.

"I prescribed yeast. Soon her evacuations became regular, her headaches ceased—she was her old self again."

Have *you* ever thought of trying yeast?

Eaten regularly, this simple fresh food actually "tones" and strengthens the intestines. At the same time it moistens and softens the food wastes that accumulate in the body daily.

Thus fresh yeast gently prompts regular, *natural* eliminations . . . clears the system of poisons. Thus the chief underlying *cause* of that draggy, "no good" feeling . . . of so much indigestion, discomfort and really serious illness is dispelled!

If you're seeking real health, don't put off adopting this method endorsed by medical authorities for 75 years! Just eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day.

You can eat Fleischmann's Yeast just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime. *Start eating it today!*

DR. ROBERT LATZEL, well-known Vienna specialist, says: "Cathartics, used steadily, will aggravate constipation . . . Fresh yeast restores the normal action of the intestines."

***IMPORTANT!**

Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind doctors advise. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains.

"The Doctors are right!"

"I take my exercise at a desk," writes A. W. Berle, of New York. "Recently I developed intestinal poisoning. Fleischmann's Yeast . . . cleared the poisons out of my system and the clogged-up feeling disappeared. There's nothing like it."

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"No good for Halitosis but how it WILTS WHISKERS"

Bill Mennen

NOWADAYS almost everything seems to be advertised for Halitosis and Athlete's Foot. Well, I'm here to admit that Mennen Shaving Cream is N. G. for either of them!

"What it does do is to *wilt whiskers*. I said wilt—not soften. For only if you *wilt* that barbed wire stubble of yours is it licked. The fight is over.

"Your blade zips through. Cuts clean and close! No pull. No yank. The reason is that Mennen contains specially processed *tri-stearin*. That's the greatest whisker wilter known—and our special process *makes it work even with* the horniest beard!

Help yourself to Skin Health!

"A Mennen shave is more than a shave. It's also a *Skin Health Treatment*. Mennen lather penetrates into pores—loosens deeply imbedded dirt and grease deposits. If neglected, those deposits can cause all sorts of trouble—pimples, blackheads, muddy skin. After your Mennen shave your skin is clean — refreshed — *healthy!*

"Your best friend will tell you. But why not find out for yourself? Get yourself a tube today—or—*shoot in that coupon!*"

P.S. After your shave—Mennen Skin Bracer and Mennen Talcum for Men.

MENNEN

SHAVING CREAMS

Plain and Menthol-iced

Free

10-day tube of Mennen Shaving Cream. . . Also travel size bottle of the new lotion — Mennen Skin Bracer. Mail coupon to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. D-1.

Check your choice — Plain ☐ Menthol-iced ☐

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

The Eagle's Nest

Continued from page 23

The Army's School of Aviation Medicine—wherein Regular Army, national guard and civilian doctors may get the highly specialized training which fits them to be flight surgeons—is at Randolph Field, teamed up with a hospital that's as frostily spick and antiseptic as any you ever saw in a movie set.

The Benzine Board

You think you're a pretty doctor-proof specimen, after your success in the going-over the examining surgeon back home gave you, but a few days after you've checked in as a cadet at Randolph, Head Surgeon Warner or one of his assistants beckons you in. First they psychoanalyze you, and this is a secret between you and them—but you'd better be on your guard, for it's one of the craftiest cross-examinations ever conceived by scientific minds. For a long, long time they fire questions at you. This ordeal by words over, the surgeon smacks his lips and leads you through an ordeal by machine. All the old familiars are there—and, latest of all, a contraption so fiendish that even its medical inventors have been unable to think of a more specific name for it than the "complex coördinator."

There are several varieties of the complex coördinator, or automatic serial time reaction machine. In the worst you sit at controls similar to those in an airplane—stick and rudder. Before you is a blackboard with vertical and horizontal double rows of electric bulbs. There is one white light in each of the vertical rows, and one red light in each of the horizontal rows. You are told that your rudder controls the horizontal rows, and your stick the vertical. An operator, seated behind the board, controls one white and one red light. You are told that your rudder controls the other corresponding white light, and your stick the red. With lightning quickness the operator flashes the lights into new positions in the twin bulb rows. You must then move your controls in an effort to line up your lights with the operator's. A bell rings when you have done so, and the complex coordinator notes your time.

To me it is proof of the fundamental soundness of the minds of our American youth that boys haven't been carried away from this gadget as stark maniacs. Some have been known to go away in tears. But most of the lads line the lights up as quickly as the operator changes them, and laugh in the surgeon's face. You're supposed to do a certain number a minute if you've got enough "inherent flying ability."

Don't think that all you need to fly is good eyesight and a stout desire. Are you content to remain in a familiar environment? Have you acquired caution with age? Do you lack the instincts of exploration and curiosity? Does your orientation go out of kilter in unusual positions, and is your consciousness easily clouded by fear? Are your processes of perception, your volitional impulses and your motor responses apt to go haywire under trying conditions, and is your kinesthetic sense underdeveloped? Then you'll save your time and the government's money by staying away from Randolph Field, according to the definition of natural aptitude for flying as laid down by the doctors in the confidential Manual for Instructors in use at the school.

On the other hand, you have Flying *It* if you can "sense the loss of centrifugal force and sustentation," and if your "instinct of self-preservation" can be inhibited to such a degree that it does not easily arouse its defense activities, "and if you can train yourself" to be inattentive to the regularly recurring stimulus of fear, yielding it no influence over your psychic processes."

Now we'll stagger out of the hospital and go over to Major Frederick L. Martin, commandant of the Randolph Field School, to ask him to put this into phrases our lay minds may grasp. Major Martin, because of his official position, is president of that bugaboo of dodoes, the dreaded Benzine Board—so-called because of the well-known cleansing properties of benzine. When a poor, frightened little fledgling flutters up before the Benzine Board he knows that the faint signs of the wings that never grew up are to be rubbed from his shoulder blades forever, so far as the United States Army is concerned. Nearly one half of every class is cleaned out before it finishes the first four months, or primary stage, of training. The Benzine Board is about to convene, so Major Martin invites us to sit in.

There are five lads to be washed out. They wait forlornly in the anteroom, and are called in one at a time. Each is pale, but keeps his chin up as he clicks his heels, salutes the board, and sits down. The proceedings are brief, quiet. The boy is informed that he has not met the standards of progress in his flying lessons. He is asked if he has anything to say. He hasn't. Indeed, you can tell by his tight lips as he salutes his commandant for the last time that he couldn't trust himself to say many words. Not one of the lads whose final chapter in flying I witnessed bore the least trace of sulkiness or resentment; only bitter, bitter disappointment. Two were very close to tears.

"Fine boy," Major Martin whispered to his colleagues as each lad went out; or, "Wasn't he a nice boy?" You can see that this is not a mere casual formality to Randolph's commandant. A famous pilot himself—it was he, you remember, who commanded the Army's famous round-the-world flight on its start from the United States years ago. Held behind in Alaska by an unfortunate crash, he generously surrendered his prerogative of transferring to another ship or rejoining the expedition at a later stage—so that his second in command could have the well-deserved honor of bringing the flight to its successful homecoming. That sort of character stands out in his face, which has become tanned and deeply lined in the air service of his country. He is kindly, paternal, sympathetic. The only military things about him are his uniform and his quick, straight walk.

Why Cadets Are Dropped

"What are the chief reasons," I asked, "for which flying cadets are dropped from school after they have weathered all those reaction-analysis gadgets and medical tests?"

"Well, let's run through the records of the five boys you've just seen discharged. That will give you a typical daily cross-section picture of eliminations. All five had soloed. By the way, we do not as a rule permit a boy to solo until he has had a minimum of eight hours' dual time with an instructor. Many who develop into good flyers are not ready for solo then; but most of those who pass ten hours without being turned loose never do make the grade here. Here's one boy who was ground shy. Another lost contact with his ship if his attention was distracted. That's a sign of a dangerously mechanical flyer.

"About this third boy his instructor said: 'The only thing he can do is climb, and he does that to the limit of the ship's performance.' But the chief fault, in these five cases as in most of our primary-school eliminations, is slow reaction, mental or physical, or both. Now, that does not mean that a boy is stupid. It does not indicate that he will not be a success in other professions. It relates solely to his adaptability for flying, and means that he hesitates a little in making decisions. For instance, in a forced landing he may delay his choice of a landing field so long that he loses so much altitude, due to his indecision, that he is unable to make any of the fields.

"It is part of the responsibility of those who are in charge of Randolph Field to see to it that those young men whom we fit with wings and send out into military flying, or into the world of professional commercial flying—where they may carry you and the members of your family, and your neighbors, as passengers—bear away with them profound realization that flyers cannot afford to make mistakes.

Wings to Be Proud Of

"Do athletes make the best pilots? We have a great many letter men from universities who cannot adjust themselves to flying. In general, those who are good at sports which require keen analyses and generalship, quick reflexes, keen judgment and rapid coördination of mind and muscle—polo, tennis, basketball, horseback riding, dancing—will do well in flying. And then again someone who has never done anything more violent than carrying a brief case may make a splendid pilot. It all seems a matter of adjustment.

"Every young American college undergraduate, in planning his future, should think of Randolph Field just as he thinks of any other postgraduate professional school—provided, of course, that he has the necessary physical qualifications and the desire to fly. Naturally, it is the most difficult to enter of all postgraduate schools. Heretofore, only about one in twenty-five who have applied have gone all the way through. Of those who actually start flight training only 50 per cent qualify as military pilots. But if you win your wings, you can take a just pride in having accomplished something worth while and you will have had at least 250 hours of flying before you are graduated; and a great many more before you finish the required year of service as a lieutenant in the Air Corps. That will be enough air time to get you a commercial transport license, and you will have the prestige of Randolph Field, the world's finest flying school, behind you.

"Many of the men flying the one hundred and fifty thousand daily miles of scheduled air services in this country at present are Army-trained men. Commercial flying is going to need more and more men, and this school is the principal reservoir of man-power from which it will have to draw. Every citizen should remember that, even if there is never another war, this great West Point of the air will more than justify its cost in the contributions it will make of skilled professional workers to the newest of modern industries—to aviation, an industry and a science the future of which has possibilities that no man's imagination may bound today."

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Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 28

single one of them was bought by men who didn't get here early in the stampede."

"More damnin' evidence."

"Then—there's no redress," said Blair with finality.

"Nothin' but red blood," replied Kalispel.

Blair got up to slink away, bent and plodding, like a man overburdened.

"Tell Sydney I'll be droppin' in on you pronto," called Kalispel. "An' don't *you* be surprised at anythin'."

"Better not come. Sydney will—but what do you mean?"

"Wal, wait an' see. An' Blair, if you got any sense at all try to figure things out."

BLAIR went on, mumbling to himself. Then Kalispel set about making himself as disheveled and drunk-looking as was possible in accordance with the part he had to act. He meant to make the best of it, and thought that if he did get to see Sydney, it would be an adventure.

"Dog-gone!" he soliloquized as he started out. "I been this way so often that actin' it is just sorta natural. Gotta be extra good for Sydney!"

The porch of the Blair cabin was dark and the door was closed. Kalispel espied a crack of light, and stumbled up the steps, puffing like a porpoise, and staggered to the door.

"Ushed be—door round some place," he grumbled. After fumbling around he knocked loudly. The door opened swiftly enough to make him suspicious that Sydney, who opened it, had heard him before he knocked. She looked like an outraged queen, yet intensely curious. Kalispel lunged in, pushing her aside. The room was bright with lamp and fire, very colorful and cozy. Blair sat staring at this intruder in astonishment.

"Howdee, Blair," said Kalispel, wiping his nose sheepishly. "Where is that lovely dotter of yours?"

"She let you in," replied Blair, and suddenly he averted his face to hide a smile.

"Ish that you, Syd?" asked Kalispel, turning to the girl.

"Get out of here," she ordered, anger, disgust and sorrow expressive in face and voice.

"Jush wanta tell you—ain't gonna drink no more . . . turnin' over new leaf. . . . An' I'm comin' back to you."

"You are not."

"Aw, Syd, be reasonable," he begged, reaching for her with unsteady hands. She avoided him, as if his person were contaminated. "You ushed to be—turrible fond of me."

"Yes, to my shame and regret," she retorted, hotly. Yet he fascinated her.

Suddenly Kalispel ventured a dramatic transformation.

"Say, girl . . . this talk buzzin' round. . . . You ain't lettin' this fellar Leavitt make up to you?"

"That's none of your business, Mr. Emerson. But I am."

"Should think you'd be ashamed."

"Well, I'm not. Why should I be? Rand Leavitt is—is all that you are not."

"By gosh, lady, you shore said it! Haw! Haw! Bad hombre as I am I wouldn't be low-down enough to make love to you—an' then go straight to them dance-hall girls," he exclaimed passionately, forgetting the part he was playing. But all she got was the content of his words, not their delivery.

"Oh, you liar! . . . Get out! I will not listen to your insulting him in my own home."

"I'm gonna *kill* him!" hissed Kalispel.

"Maybe you are," she returned, bravely, though she shrank visibly. "I am not so scared about that as I was. You're pretty much of a blowhard. And if what I hear is true, you will be arrested before you can do this mischief."

That stopped Kalispel. There was no sense in acting with this girl. You had to stand for what you actually were, or be made out a fool. He wiped his wet face and brushed up his disheveled hair, and swiftly dropping his rôle he transfixed her with a gaze no drunken man could have managed.

"Miss Blair," he said, in a voice like a bell, and made her a mocking bow. "I am shore indebted to a little trick to find out just what you think of me. An' I'll say that I'm as disappointed in you as you are in me. I thought you a wonderful fine girl, too wise to be made a fool of, too loyal to go back on your friends. But you're just ordinary, after all. You've been easy for this lyin' villain Leavitt. It'd serve you right if I let him go on an' ruin you as he has ruined your father. Maybe I will. . . . An' as for insult you can take *this* for yours to me."

And he slapped her face, not brutally, nor yet gently. She gasped and swayed back, her hand going to the red mark across cheek and mouth, and her eyes widening with horror, fury, and utter incredulous amazement.

Kalispel stepped out, slamming the door behind him. In all his life he had never known such passion as had just waved over him.

"Oh, Daddy—he—he wasn't drunk!" Sydney cried wildly inside the cabin. "He wasn't *drunk!* Yet he struck me. . . . I don't understand. There's something—wrong—terribly wrong! . . . Oh, his eyes!—He will kill Rand! He will. I saw that. . . . What can I do?"

"Daughter, it strikes me you can't do anything," Kalispel heard Blair answer. "Least of all save that rotten Leavitt's life. Not from this Kalispel boy! And I wouldn't raise my finger to avert it."

"Oh, it'd be awful—if they hanged him!"

Kalispel passed down the steps out of hearing. What he had heard blew out his passion like a storm-wind does a candle, and he went out in the open. . . .

FOR a long time Kalispel sat on a log in the darkness, thinking. Then he returned to his cabin and changed his boots for crude moccasins he had recently made. Passing by Blair's cabin, he listened under the lighted windows. Someone was moving about within, but evidently the Blairs did not have company.

Kalispel decided upon a venture he had long cogitated—and that was to track Leavitt relentlessly, like an Indian bent upon revenge. He knew that there was always a guard on duty at the quartz mine, the shafted opening of which was only a step from Leavitt's cabin. If occasion required, Kalispel could overpower the guard, but what he wanted was to act with caution until he would be rewarded by something to substantiate his suspicion that Leavitt was leaning toward a career like Henry Plummer's, who, most notorious of all prominent officials of a frontier mining town, had all the time been the leader of the most desperate and murderous band ever hanged on the frontier.

Kalispel made his way across the boulder-strewn bench to the edge of the bare slope and, step by step, proceeded until stopped by a high barbed-wire fence which surrounded Leavitt's claim.

(Continued on page 36)

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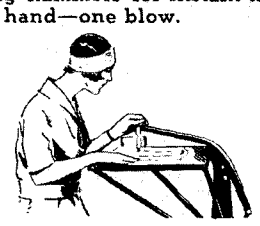

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BOSTITCH
THE MODERN METHOD OF FASTENING

(Continued from page 35)

Following the fence, he rounded the corner. Huge piles of boulders, cleared off the claim, afforded ample cover for him to approach the cabin. At length he passed the claim fence and faced the open. Leavitt's big cabin sat apart, with bright flares streaming from door and window. Slow footfalls sounded on the porch; voices came from inside; the black shadow of a man barred the light.

Kalispel sank behind a boulder to listen and watch, and decide upon further action. He could not distinguish what was being said inside that cabin. It would be necessary for him to get a position under the window. That seemed impossible in view of the fact that the guard patrolled the porch and the space in front of the claim. Kalispel watched for a long time, during which the guard left the porch twice to pass between Kalispel and the fence.

Waiting until the guard passed a third time, Kalispel crawled from his covert and wormed his way across the open ground. He had just crossed the space when, by one of the chances that rule events, the guard turned back off the porch. Kalispel sank, silently flattening himself to the earth. The guard passed within ten feet of where Kalispel lay, and went on toward the end of his beat. Kalispel glided to the cabin and a point under the lighted window. When he got beyond the outflaring ray of lamplight he cautiously rose to his feet. He had the situation in hand.

"Mac," came in Leavitt's voice, "tell Leslie to keep off the porch."

Heavy footsteps followed this order.

"Cliff, I don't like this man Masters. To hell with Texans anyway," went on Leavitt, pounding a table with his fist.

Kalispel quivered. Borden and Leavitt together there in the cabin!

"Well, he's after that damned meddling gun-slinger," replied Borden.

"Bah! How much is he after him?" retorted Leavitt. "The infernal cowboy has got us all buffaloed. It was he who took Nugget away. I'll bet as much for his own pleasure as for that fellow Sloan. Have you seen Nugget again?"

"Yes. No good. She's brimstone and steel, that kid. Once off the drink, she can't be handled."

"Well, let her go," returned Leavitt, roughly. "I'm through. Sydney has said a couple of queer things to me lately. She's heard gossip. Or maybe Emerson put something in Blair's ear. He's got leery of me."

"All the better. You can't be saddled with him, girl or no girl. I'll gamble there's no more to be squeezed from him."

"WE'D better let Nugget alone," rejoined Leavitt, evasively. "I'm through. And if you know when you're well off, you'll do the same."

"Hell! . . . Rand, the fact is, I didn't know I was stuck on the girl. Maybe I wasn't till she left. But you should see her now. She's got your proud dark-eyed beauty beaten to a frazzle. And I'm going to get her back to the place."

"Look here. It's not good business. I'm reminding you that I have a half-share in your place. No kick coming as to returns. It's a gold mine. But don't press this case of yours over Nugget."

"I'll have her back," clipped out Borden.

"How?"

"I've thought of a way, all right."

"Risky. You've not a safe man to deal with, Borden. You might do away with Emerson without risk. But if you did the same by Sloan, it'd stir up the miners. They've stood for the holdups pretty reasonable. Plenty of gold dust. If you go to killing some of them, though, you look out."

"I won't take your advice," replied Borden, sullenly.

"Why not? I certainly have more brains than you. And I *tell* you, damn your stupidity, that Emerson will kill you. Lowrie told me you had clashed with Emerson before and only got off because of Sydney. The cowboy was crazy over her. And she had a soft place for him, believe me. . . . Why won't you listen to me?"

"You run your own affairs. I'll run mine."

"I see. We're not making as good a team as I thought we'd make."

"Leavitt, excuse me for being blunt," returned the other, hotly. "But you seem to be whole hog or none. I had a hunch you were head of this holdup gang and—"

"Don't talk so loud, you fool," rejoined Leavitt, in a voice like the clink of cold metal. "You've hinted that before. Don't do it again."

"Well, here are the cards on the table," returned Borden, insolently. "You are pretty smart, but you don't know it all. Your right-hand man, Charlie March, loosens up a bit in his cups. And he told Sadie and Sadie told me."

THERE followed a pregnant silence. Kalispel heard the soft tapping of pencil or some hard instrument on the table inside.

"What?" asked Leavitt, coolly.

"That your quartz vein was done. That you're sore because your partners got most of the gold dug. That talk of a hundred-ton stamp mill was a bluff. That you meant to clean up here by spring and then leave."

"All of which is true, Borden. This place will soon be played out. I got a—rather unsafe start for me. I'm sorry, because there's plenty of placer gold yet, and no doubt more quartz veins to be opened."

"Thanks," returned Borden, gruffly.

At this juncture Kalispel heard men talking in front. They were walking up and down, directly across the only avenue by which he could escape. The cabin stood against the slope, which could not be scaled.

"Borden, you're skating on thinner ice here than any man in the camp. Once more I *tell* you. Don't trust this Masters. Lay off Nugget. Keep out of Emerson's way."

"Suppose I won't take your advice?"

"Then we split. Amicably, of course. You can pay me what you think square for my interest in your place."

"All right, I'll think it over," concluded Borden, and stamped out. Kalispel heard his heavy boots crunching the gravel. Then came the scrape of Leavitt's chair and the measured tread of a man locked in thought. This continued until the cabin was entered again, as it turned out to be, by the man who had gone out to see the guard.

"Mac, shut the door," ordered Leavitt, suddenly.

"Boss, what's up?" inquired the other, complying with the order.

"March has been gabbing."

"You don't—say?" gasped Mac, in a sibilant whisper.

"I always distrusted Charlie where a combination of women and liquor could get to him. We can't risk any more, Mac. Where will he be now?"

"With the girl, shore."

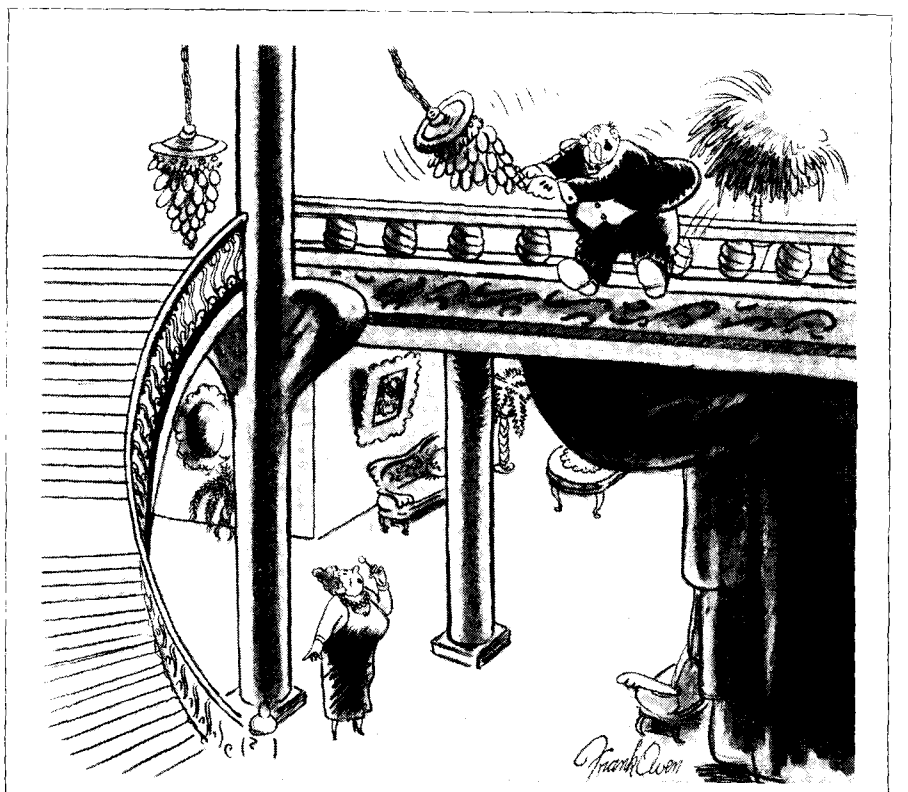
"All right. You and Struthers slip round to Borden's by the back way. Hide by that side door. It's dark there, you know. When he comes out, let him have it. And rob him! . . . Savvy? Everybody knows he's my right-hand man."

"I savvy, boss. Not a bad idee," replied the other, in a hoarse whisper, and he left the room and the cabin with no uncertain steps.

Kalispel leaned sweating and shaking against the cabin wall. He had the thing in a nutshell. How raw and simple, after all! But what to do? He battled again with a temptation to hold up Leavitt and take him down to Masters. This idea was not tenable. Suddenly it occurred to him to intercept Leavitt's men before they accomplished their work and, better, to get to Charlie March first. If he could convince March of this plot against him, he might make an ally out of that worthy. Kalispel decided on the attempt.

WHEN it came to getting away unseen, however, Kalispel encountered difficulty. The guard hung close to the cabin. And another, who came to relieve him, offered no opportunity until Leavitt called the man in. Whereupon Kalispel was divided between his new project and a desire to hear more from Leavitt. Quickly he decided on the former and glided away in the darkness.

Once on the noisy, glaring street he strode rapidly downtown. A crowd of



"Yoo-hoo! Martha! Douglas Fairbanks!" *Frank Owen*

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unusually large proportions stood in front of Borden's resort. Kalispel had not before beheld so many persons grouped in that attitude of singular suggestiveness, but he had seen many a knot of somber men, heads together, talking low, with that unmistakable air of fatality about them.

"What's happened?" queried Kalispel, of the nearest man.

"Some feller shot, comin' out of the bird cage," was the reply.

"Killed?"

"Yes, an' robbed, too."

"Who was he?"

"Nobody seems to know."

Kalispel mingled with the crowd and was not long in discerning the quality of its temper.

"Men, thet's carryin' this holdup game too far," said one.

"First shootin', an' ought to be the last," replied another.

"If this keeps on, it won't be safe to come out after dark."

"Wal, what we want hyar is a vigilante organization."

Masters came out of the hall with several men.

"Sheriff, did you identify him?" asked a bystander.

"Yes. It's Charlie March, foreman at Leavitt's mine."

"March! That'll shore make Leavitt hoppin' mad."

"Reckon he didn't know that March was hell on likker an' wimmen."

Masters, moving into the less crowded street, encountered Kalispel.

"Howdy, thar, cowboy," he called in a voice markedly louder than his usual drawl. "Was you heahaboots when this shootin' came off?"

"Just got here, Sheriff," replied Kalispel, not amiably. He did not relish attention being focused upon him at that moment.

"I heahed you was always around where there was dancin' an' fightin'—an' holdups."

Kalispel was dumfounded at this caustic, significant speech, and unable to understand it, or accept it in any way as friendly.

"Wal, Sheriff," he retorted, bitingly, "when I am around such—usually the right man gets shot."

THE crisp, cool weather gave place to a warm threatening spell that, according to Jake, would end sooner or later in the equinoctial storms. The wholesale killing of elk for meat storage was not advisable until frost came again.

Discouraged and defeated gold seekers took advantage of the mild days to leave the valley. The winding trail was now seldom empty of pack animals and plodding men, leaving without regret the El Dorado that had not glittered for them.

Kalispel noted, however, that none of the parasites left the valley. They would stay on, intensifying their leechlike endeavors upon the diminishing throng of miners. The next phase of Thunder City, therefore, could be expected to increase the activity of those who preyed upon the diggers.

Blair made it known to Kalispel that he had tried in vain to sell his claims back to Leavitt for merely enough to hire some freighter to pack him and Sydney out of the valley.

Kalispel made no comment.

"How are you fixed for supplies?" asked Blair, as if forced.

"Can let you have flour, bacon, coffee, salt, some tinned fruit, but no sugar," replied Kalispel.

"Help me pack it down to my cabin. There'll be hell," went on Blair, desperately. "I swore I'd starve before I'd eat any food that came through Leavitt. And Sydney swears she'll leave me if I get any from you."

"Ah-huh. Where would she go?"

"Once she said she'd go to Leavitt. And again that she'd become a dance-hall girl."

"Bluff. Let's call her."

Wherewith they packed the supplies down to Blair's cabin. Sydney stood silent upon the porch, watching them carry in the goods. She had grown thinner; her bloom had faded; and her large eyes were all the more wonderful for their tragic pride and scorn. Kalispel felt his heart soften. If she had only really loved him, only a little, he could have forgiven her incomprehensible affair with Leavitt.

"SYDNEY, do you want to leave here?" he asked abruptly, as always carried away by her presence.

"Yes."

"I'll get some money somewhere."

"Somewhere!" she echoed, scornfully.

"By gamblin' or borrowin' from Nugget or even holdin' up a miner," replied Kalispel, with passion, driven to strengthen her miserable estimate of him.

She gazed at him in horror and wonder. Her woman's intuition detected some insincerity about him, something baffling that repelled as well as fascinated her.

"My gosh, lady, I wouldn't have as much to beg forgiveness for as you have—not for a million," he mocked.

"Oh, is that so?"

"I reckon. But once more, Sydney, an' the last time, so help me! For your father's sake, for yours—for your honor an' more than life—give up this man Leavitt."

"Why?" she asked, as if leading him on.

"He's not what he seems."

"Are you?"

"No. But that's no matter. I've lost power to influence you."

"All men are liars."

"Ump-umm. Not me, Sydney Blair. I might lie to tease you or keep you from bein' hurt, but I wouldn't tell you a black lie to save my life."

"You lied about your little Nugget," she returned, in a hot passion that would have betrayed jealousy but for his hopelessness. "You rescued her for your friend—from the vile dance hall. How noble—how chivalrous! . . . Yes. But to share her with—"

"Never mind more of that. One word about Leavitt. Yes or no?"

"No," she cried, violently. "And if you come here tonight a little before eight—and conceal yourself there—you shall see him kiss me."

"Sydney! Don't—don't say you ever let him—"

"I have not yet. But tonight I shall. That will end this farce. Brutal as you are you could hardly murder him in my arms."

"I'll come—I'll be here," whispered Kalispel, spent and shaking. "An' if you let that villain have you—God help him—an' me!"

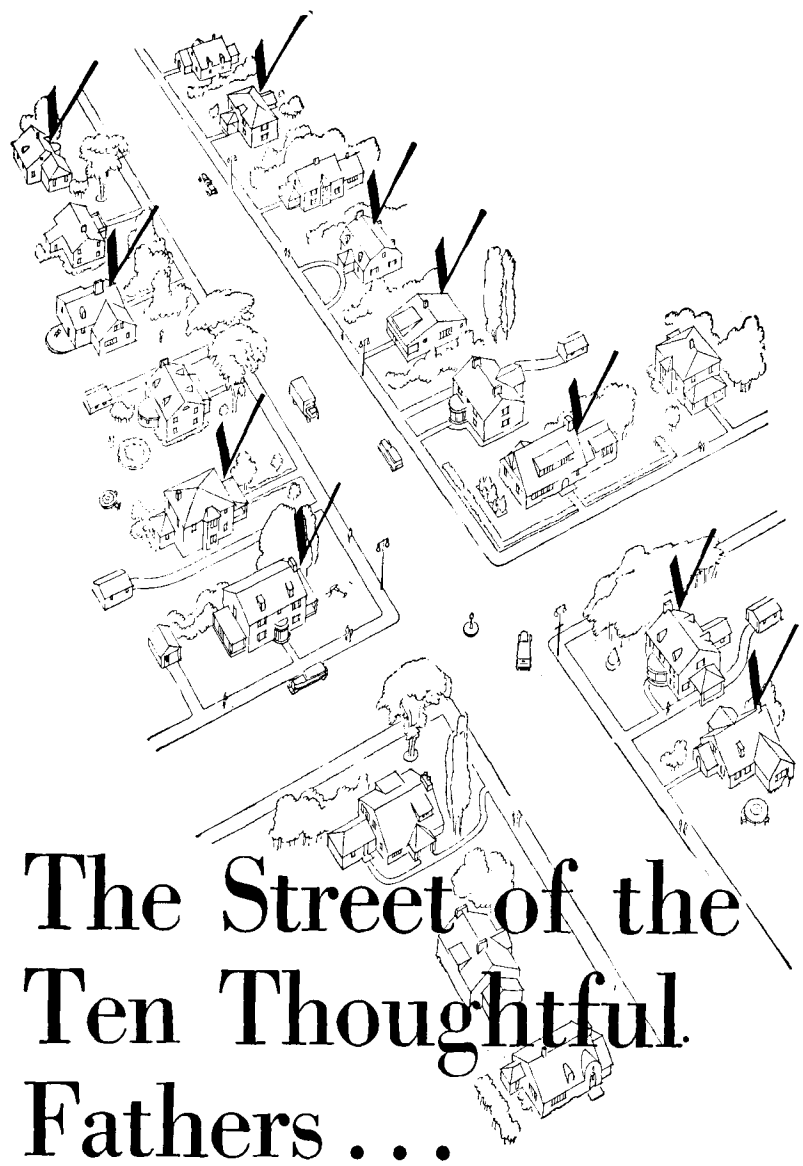
KALISPEL, long before the appointed hour, hid in the dark shadow of the large rock upon which one end of the Blair porch rested. He leaned there, sick, desperate.

Blair left the cabin early, grumbling as usual, and disappeared in the blackness. Clouds obscured the stars and the air was warm. Night hawks swept overhead, uttering melancholy cries; a wolf mourned from the heights; and the stream murmured on as if weary of its endless task.

After a time, Kalispel's sensitive ear caught the beat of rapid footsteps coming along the trail. They sounded like the steps of a formidable man who would be hard to turn aside. And they came direct for Blair's cabin.

Kalispel leaned out to see a tall, dark form leap up on the porch. Leavitt!

(To be continued next week)



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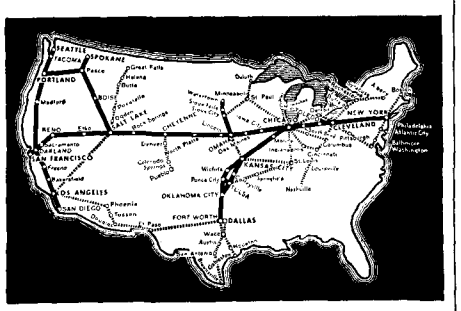

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Always Count Ten

Continued from page 18

The next time I went out I came back with a score of 117.

"The idea," said Mr. Kerrigan, "is to count all your strokes."

That infuriated me.

"Do you mean to say," I demanded, "that I'm a liar?"

"Not at all," he said. "You've just forgotten your arithmetic. Brush up on that and you'll brush up on your game."

Guilty consciousness of having whiffed three or four times without including the whiffs in the count only made me angrier. I didn't speak it, but I suppose I showed it.

"Come around with me again tomorrow," said the pro. "But leave that temper behind."

Two Rules of Golf

I did. But the temper came with me. Stalled in a deep trap, it took me five healthy swipes to get out. The ball rolled across the green into another trap. I was so mad that tears came. Mr. Kerrigan came over and took my club.

"You can't hit that ball out of there," he said, and beckoned the caddies to call it a day.

"Yes, I can," I insisted, and grabbed at the club.

"Well," he said, "cool off. It doesn't matter if that ball stays there forever."

He made me wait. My temper cooled. After a while he gave me the club. I deliberately took aim back of the ball as he directed, and behind a geyser of sand it plopped dead on the pin.

"Listen," he lectured me on the green. "You've just illustrated the two chief rules of golf. When you hit the ball always count two before you lift your head, and when you miss the ball always count ten before you lose it—I mean your head."

There have been numerous infractions of these simple rules on my part, and I've always suffered—in score and injured feelings.

A referee made an unfortunate break with Virginia Van Wie. Virginia's opponent hooked a long drive into a bunch of apple trees. The ball knocked down a flock of apples and rested among them. The referee ruled that the fruit was an unnatural hazard. He was wrong. Virginia didn't make much of a kick, although the referee was more than generous in placing the ball far away from where it had dropped.

"The rules permit me," he said, "to put the ball in another lie."

"Yes," said Virginia, "but not in another county."

This resourcefulness of temper—getting mad without getting mean—is a mark of those who excel at golf, which seems to be about the most exasperating as well as the most exalting of sports. It counts in other sports, in all sports, in fact. When a tennis umpire gave Helen Wills a raw deal in a tape-line decision at Cannes, Helen—who can boil internally with the best of us while externally she appears rhythmically calm—made no squawk. Later in the match, the umpire, who had been thoroughly razzed, made another raw tape-line verdict. This one was against Helen's opponent. The umpire figured that evened things up. Helen didn't. She didn't want to even up with that umpire; she wanted to show him up. So on the very next serve she deliberately belted the ball out of bounds. The crowd caught on, and Helen smiled her stoic smile as reverse cheers again assailed that umpire.

Yet two of the greatest masters of their favorite sport, Bobby Jones and Gene Sarazen, were notorious for exhibitions of temper—until they were accustomed to being champions.

I played with Jones in a foursome not long ago. Helen Hicks teamed with me against Bobby and Johnny Farrell. At the start of the game we made it a condition that there was to be no chivalry. Bobby went bad on one hole, his ball having an extremely awkward bounce when it struck a pebble or root on the fairway. He was quite mad and opened his mouth for an expletive.

"Let it go!" shouted Helen.

Bobby didn't let it go.

"If there's any swearing to be done," he told me afterwards, "I do it in the locker-room after the game. I used to let go on the course, under the impression that it was good to get bad temper out of my system. It never helped. Controlling temper taught me to control my game."

Notoriously, the temper of the female of the species is more dreaded than that of the male. The virago playing bridge has become a familiar sight to all of us. I play bridge a great deal myself, and one of my best women friends is one of the best bridge players I know. But there was invariably an uproar whenever she played her husband. It became so uncomfortable that neighbors avoided playing with them. I initiated both of them into golf. The first few times the wife went around she blamed her husband for all her bad shots. They'd wrangle on tees and greens and in mid-fairway. They were becoming a nuisance at golf as at bridge. Other players didn't want them in a foursome. In one game, they started their usual quarrel and were interrupted by a caddie:

"Pardon me," he said. "You're both wrong. I'll referee your match, if you like, by the rules."

That worked. The word "rules" had some magic in it—and the caddie, of course, had been backed up by the greens committee to butt in on the quarrelsome pair to prevent a mashie murder on the links.

Now they're an exemplary pair of golfers, and freer from country club gossip than any married couple I know—that is, any couple not married long enough to be gossip-proof.

Settling the Goat-Getter

If the good fellowship of any game means anything, it's knowing how to take it when the breaks are bad, and especially when opponents or lookers-on know that they're bad for you and simply won't sympathize at all.

The neatest comeback to two experienced goat-getters I've ever heard was by an amateur in a state Open championship. He and another amateur were paired with pros who happened to be young, extraordinarily well dressed and conceited. As Old John Hanlon, who taught me a great deal of the golf I know, used to say—when a young pro goes in for fancy clothes, girls are on his mind more than his game.

These two pros relished a female following in the gallery. They were playing par golf, while their amateur opponents were blundering. The silent hauteur with which the pros played disturbed the amateurs. The rôles were reversed, for amateurs really have more right to be proud of their game.

Finally, one of the amateurs banged a ball out of bounds on a fairway shot. He dropped another—that went out of bounds. He hit a third amid titters from the gallery. That went out of bounds. As he dropped the fourth ball, one of the pros, after a huddle with the other, approached him.

"I suppose," he said, "you understand you're lying nine now?"

"I suppose," the enraged amateur had calm enough to reply, "you understand that this is your business but my pleasure?"

There's more snobbery, I think, in golf than in any other game—excepting, perhaps, polo, and that seems to be all snobbery. Even the ponies must have pedigrees.

It's this snobbishness in golf that makes the way of the amateur hard and his temper difficult to manage. Francis Ouimet, as fine a gentleman and player as the game knows, was set down as a pro because he legitimately entered the sports-goods business. Bobby Jones was forced to resort to the subterfuge of having his wife accept the gift of a house which fervent Atlanta admirers made him. The United States government exempts gifts from earned income; but the golf gods of the U. S. G. A. don't.

Once a manufacturer sent me a gift of two dozen golf balls when I made a hole in one. Under the terms of amateur competition I had to return the balls. They've only paid the women players' overseas expenses once—when we went over to play in England. The rest of the time we pay our way.

Doctor's Prescription

Yet we make all kinds of sacrifices to play and to keep our amateur standing. Of course, one reason we do that—let me be frank about it—is that there's very little money around for women pros. Bessie Fenn, down in Florida, is the outstanding example of a woman golf pro—and Bessie has never been embarrassed by riches.

Only this year a wealthy golfer—there are some left—offered me substantial fees if I would go around the course with him once a week. I'd like to have done it because, in the first place, he *is* a gentleman and, in the second place, the fee was attractive. But if I did it only once the golf gods would boot me out of amateur ranks.

There are things to make you mad outside the game as well as in it. Still—there the game is and we go to it because it's such a mixture of physical sport and psychological hazard that it's eternally fascinating.

A famous doctor I had the pleasure of playing with one day put the real secret of sports benefits better than I can. A rather delicate lady was playing in a foursome ahead of us. I couldn't help observing that her shots were bad and her temper worse. She raved when a ball trickled from a green into a trap.

"That girl's very silly," I said to the doctor.

"Yes," he said. "But not one tenth as silly as she was two months ago when her favorite diversion was running around and changing doctors and calling them frauds or liars because they couldn't cure her of rebellious nerves.

"Now she's taking out her temper on a golf course and a tennis court. She may never cure it— I hope she doesn't, for nobody's much good without a temper at times. But sport will teach her to control it."

If you have a temper—try that prescription on it. I know it works. I'm a living and unpaid-for testimonial.

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Too much for a Girl

Continued from page 17

and excited. "I mean, into your hands, or the net, or the boat, or whatever it is. Oh, Joel! It's thrilling! Isn't it thrilling, Joel?"

Joel became a little confused and excited too. He found himself unaccountably clutching Mandy's hands and fighting off an insane impulse to kiss her. But of course he wouldn't do a thing like that to Chris' little sister. Even when, startled by something brown with a white flag of tail which scuttled across the lane, she threw her arms around his neck, he was . . . he was able to control himself. And then they heard Owen shouting somewhere ahead of them among the trees. He must have driven back: "Hey you! Joel? What's the idea parking out here in the dark with my best gal?"

MANDY had resumed her place and her composure without another word, or with just one more half-muttered but vehement little word. It sounded much like—"Damn!"

Well, if you couldn't be a lady and fish, you couldn't be a lady. After a week at White Buck and several musky expeditions over to Lee's Landing on the Flowage, she gave up dresses and matched the flannel shirts and half boots of the men with an old, raveling straw hat, a boy's white shirt, and a pair of riding jodhpurs with a three-corner snag in the seat and a cigarette burn at the left knee. In so far as an all-wise nature would permit, she tried to look like a boy. But maybe she looked like a lady anyway. Maybe, if you are one, you can't help it. Maybe you can't even fool a fish.

That's the way the men explained it, anyway. They had put in a week's hard fishing with but three barely average muskies to show for it and they blamed the sad fact on Mandy. She was indignant, of course. She'd performed all the duties and withstood all the hardships put upon her and had had time for a few things which were her own ideas. Still the men weren't satisfied. They threatened to discipline her and finally went so far as to gather about the table in the cabin one night, and, with Joel as solemn master of ceremonies, to hold a kangaroo court over her.

"Now here's item one, young lady." Joel read from a slip of wrapping paper upon which Owen had jotted down an incomplete but sufficient list of her sins: "We want to know why you rushed that curve in the gravel, after I warned you not to, and spilled the trailer in the ditch."

"Because—"

"There being no defense or mitigating circumstances for item one," monotoned Joel, "we consider next your hiring, without authority, a squaw to cook and wash dishes for fifty cents a day."

"My defense," said Mandy, "is the squaw. She can cook."

"We prefer our own bad cooking," put in Owen.

"Well, then, I felt sorry for the squaw. How would you like to be a squaw, Owen?"

Owen demanded that the defendant's side remarks be stricken from the record. Joel went on with item three: "I find here that you made a wild swing (which Owen suspects was deliberate) from the middle of the boat and sank a surf-oreno gang hook into your instructor's, namely Owen's, scalp . . . at the same time upbraiding him for what, under the circumstances, was very mild language."

"It was not mild. He called me a she-devil and stranded me on an island."

"From which Joel rescued you," said Owen, with a positive nod which implied she had contrived to be stranded on the island for just that purpose. "Go on, Joel."

"And lastly, young woman . . . I blush to report it . . ."

"The three of you," said Mandy, "couldn't raise a blush among you, not if you lost your shirts in church. You're too hard-boiled."

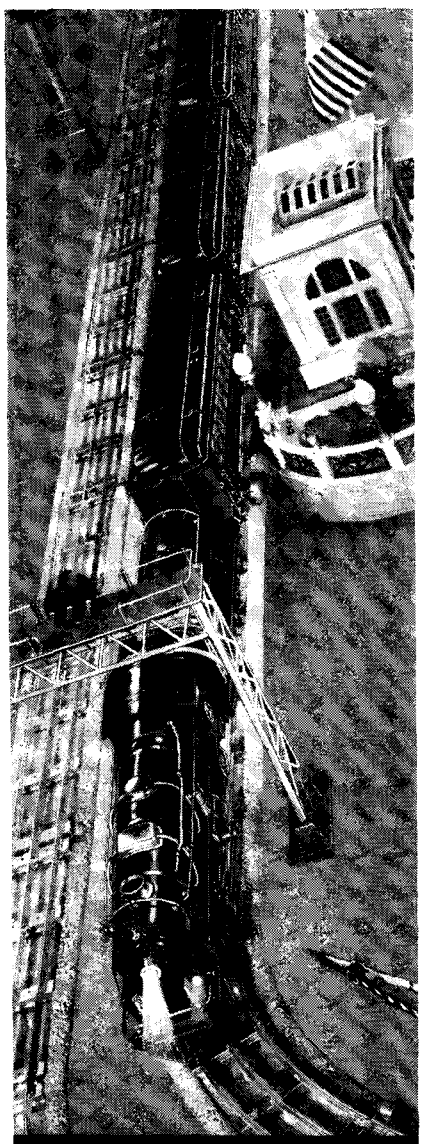
"I BLUSH to report," persisted Joel, "that you disregarded the extreme courtesy shown you by three gentlemen in always wearing suits when bathing—that you slipped out last night in what we suspect was nothing but a kimono and went swimming in what we are morally certain was nothing but starlight. . . ."

"It's a lie!" said Mandy. "You can't prove it. Well, anyway, *you* can't prove it." She was given a suspended sentence and duly warned that any further infraction of the fisherman's code would result in her being left at home while the rest of them went to the Flow-

(Continued on page 40)

"Eat your roughage, Junior" *W. C. Morris*

TO FATHERS WHO WANT TO BE PROUD OF THEIR SONS



DO you want your son to be keen-witted, quick-thinking, resourceful—or don't you care? A lot depends on you. These are the years in which your boy's body and brain are forming the habits that will make or break him later on. Do all you can *now* to keep life from giving him an ugly break. Help him form the most important habit of all, *the habit of thinking things out for himself.* We can help you in this, as we have helped thousands of other fathers, because Lionel Electric Trains are more than toys. They teach boys how to develop skill with their hands and skill with their brains—and, above all, they help boys form the habit of thinking problems out for themselves because they make these problems a fascinating game. For instance, your boy will not only have the fun of building his railroad and operating it; he will have the opportunity to tackle actual problems of railroad operation that give him training in both electricity and mechanics.

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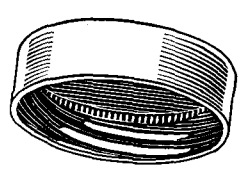

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★ CARTER'S *Midnight* INK ★★★★★★★

(Continued from page 39)

age for a little serious muskie fishing.

The four of them had come over to Lee's Landing this morning in a better frame of mind. In the few added days their catch had mounted to eleven muskies, several of them running to forty-five inches and twenty-five pounds. Even Mandy was now tolerated and Joel, determined in self-defense to teach her to fish, had given her a regular place in his boat. He would put her hands on the reel and show her how to thumb the line. He would repeat and repeat: "It's a casting rod, Mandy, not a tennis racket. It's not a swing you want. It's a simple wrist poke. I don't believe you've got your mind on the thing."

"I'll learn . . . if you just keep on showing me, Joel. It's so easy when you hold my hands and so impossible when you don't."

SEVERAL minor incidents had marked these later expeditions but none of them, unless, like Owen, one had a suspicious mind, could be blamed on Mandy. Once, ready to start out again after having their beans and bacon and coffee on a thickly wooded islet, they couldn't find her. Mandy had wandered away from the camp fire and had gone to sleep on a moss-covered rock in the shade of a sheltering pine. How could she know they were beating the bush and yelling for her? She wakened to find Joel staring down at her with a curious fixity. She sat up quickly. "How you startled me, Joel! I must have dozed. Why are you looking at me like that?"

"Poor baby, you're tired out. This all-day plugging is too much for a girl."

But Owen had not been so sympathetic. "You big saps, can't you see she got lost on purpose? I know her. It's Mandy's idea of romance to make us hunt for her . . . and I don't mean Chris and me."

There was also the late evening, miles down the lakes from Lee's, when the outboard motor refused to function. In some unaccountable manner, nothing for which a girl could be held responsible surely, a lot of water had gotten into the spare can of gasoline from which the small tank was refilled. Keeping well out to avoid mosquitoes, Joel and Mandy floated in the dark for two hours, until Chris and Owen came to their rescue with a guide and another boat. Chris and Owen were angry about it all the way home but Joel wasn't. "We were all set to spend the night out there, weren't we, youngster?"

"And you would have had to marry me, Joel, to make me an honest woman."

Owen couldn't stand that. "It'd take more than marriage, you baby vampire."

So this morning Owen had warned her before they started out. He caught her alone on the landing while Joel was hooking the outboard to the stern of one of their two boats and Chris was bringing the fish boxes down from the car. "If anything happens today, young woman, and that includes getting lost, water in the gas, or anything else your fiendish ingenuity can accomplish, I'm going to expose you. I won't stand idly by and see you rope in a fine guy. . . ."

"Rope him in?" Mandy was shocked. "Why, I'm only trying to make him happy . . . so terribly, terribly happy that he'll forgive me for doing it."

"Not a chance." Owen seemed very positive about that. "Joel's not falling for your pretty tricks. He puts up with you for Chris' sake. He told me so. He said it was too bad the muskies don't go for live bait so that he could make some use of you. He'd like to put you on a hook."

They fished far up in the north branches all that morning and through the early afternoon, working the stump-filled coves one after another. Later they started the motor and towed Chris and Owen down under the road bridge and into the lower lakes. Chris wanted to try the big stumps once more. Mandy and Joel went on around the point. He watched her casting for a time. "You're doing much better now, Mandy. Don't die of fright if you get a strike under that snag. What are you so quiet about today? You haven't said a word."

"I was just wondering if we wouldn't do better with live bait."

"Were you really? Some people use those big sucker minnows. But what in the world made you think of live bait?"

"Oh, nothing . . . what you told Owen about putting me on a hook maybe."

Joel laughed. "As bait? To catch what? Owen's a swell liar anyway, because I never said it. You'd better watch out for that fellow, Mandy. I think he's after you."

"If you mean he wants to marry me, he does. He has for two years."

"Marry you? The devil he does. Why, Owen's old enough to . . ."

"To know better? . . . or to be my father? He's thirty-two, Joel, just six months older than you are."

"But I haven't asked you to marry me, have I?"

"Not yet," Mandy was just murmuring. "Not while I've been conscious."

They heard a faint hail from the next lake, and Joel started the motor and turned the boat toward home. The last rays of sunlight were upon the Flowage, the trees dead black now against a pink sky and the water like black, rippled glass. Mandy sat forward, watching out for sunken stumps. Her shirt-waist collar had pulled down, showing a little moon of white below the edge of smooth sun tan. She straightened her collar. They were bearing down on Pike Point and just beyond there, opposite the big stumps, Joel cut the engine and let the boat drift up. "Put a surf-oreno in there by that log, Mandy . . . just for last luck."

As the glistening red-and-white lure touched the smooth water, it was met with a green-white swirling strike that all but yanked Mandy out of the boat. She screamed and struck back convulsively. She fell off the seat. The spinning reel handles bruised her fingers as the line raced out. "Take it, Joel! Take it quick!"

Joel shouted at her: "Hold him! Keep him away from that stump or he'll foul your line." The huge fish went shimmering into the air, shaking the surf-oreno until its hooks and spinners rattled, falling with a splash as though a man had dived. "Look out! There he goes for the brush. Snub him, Mandy! Use your thumb! It's old Mussolini or I'm a . . ."

JOEL worked the boat backward into clear water, Mandy begging him for help, to take the rod, anything. Each time Mussolini leaped clear of the water and shook the bait she closed her eyes. She knew what they'd say if she lost that fish. They would never forgive her. The thin steel rod bent almost double, straightened, bent again to a new charge. "I can't hold him, Joel. I *can't*! Oh, he's coming for the boat!"

Joel told her to put her rod in the water, to keep the line from snagging on the keel board. So Mussolini was foiled in that try. A wake of ripples followed his dash across their bow. He was far from done, leaping and lunging against the snubbed line for twenty minutes before his weariness eased the strain. "Bring him along now, Mandy. Not too fast." Joel was trying to calm her because she was pale and stiff with excitement.

She could see the musky's eyes and its long, tooth-lined snout. Its eyes were inches apart. Mandy reeled in another yard, and another. She saw Joel reach under his seat for the gaff hook. He must have seen what shape she was in then, because he came quickly forward and knelt behind her, putting his strong arms around her to steady the rod. Her head rested back against his shoulder. The whole scene receded into dimness. She didn't know what was happening, or care.

The rod fell into the bottom of the boat. That's what happened. The reel caught under the forward seat and the line went spinning away. Mussolini made a last frenzied leap and shook free. The glistening bait went flying thirty feet over the twilit waters.

"We'll fix you for that, young woman!" It was Owen shouting. Joel and Mandy hadn't noticed the other boat speeding to the scene of action. "We've been trying for that fish for three years. That's all. And you let him get away just to stage a cheap, mid-Victorian swooning scene—"

"Shut up, Owen. She fainted, all right." Joel muttered something else: "I hope she did."

All the elements of the present, like the series pieces of a picture puzzle, were falling into place in Mandy's mind. She didn't know whether she had fainted or not. She must have fainted because she had had such a lovely dream.

THE kangaroo court met in the cabin again that night. Owen had convinced Chris of his little sister's duplicity and, without citing reasons to Joel, they outvoted him to sentence Mandy to one full day of solitary confinement at White Buck while the three of them returned, unhampered, to the Flowage to see if Mussolini would try it again. Not only that but Chris gave her his big-brotherly opinion of girls who made situations to ensnare men: "What do you hope to prove? Joel has known you since you were knee high to a stunted duck. I never thought a sister of mine . . ."

"You never thought a sister of yours would ever be a woman." Mandy was sniffling a little, dabbing at her nose with an inadequate handkerchief which, with the rest of her practical costume, was slightly absurd. She had always sniffled when her big brother scolded her and so she sniffled now, although she didn't feel particularly guilty. She didn't feel guilty so much as unsuccessful. "All you want to do is to keep Joel a bachelor. That's all. And all Owen wants . . . well, I'd hate to tell you what he wants. You don't care if I'm an old maid. You don't care what I am. . . ."

Now that most of her day of penance was over, she didn't mind it so much. She'd had some washing-out to do and a lot of thinking, and toward evening she took a light rod and one of the rowboats and let herself drift with her thoughts far into one of the most remote coves of White Buck Lake.

Everywhere else was hot that evening but the cove was cool and full of shadow. Mandy rolled up the legs of the regulation overalls which she had donned for her day alone and dangled her white feet in the water over the stern. It helped her to think and she thought about Joel, his sure, strong movements, knocking together a fire, pulling up a boat. Owen had said to her: "That guy don't know you're on earth, Mandy. Better grab me while I'm weak enough to want you." So maybe there was no chance. She forgot that girl's insight born of the touch of hands, the timbre of voices, the turning-away of glances. He didn't know she was on earth.

Mandy was staring with absent eyes across the expanse of glass-smooth wa-

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ter toward the sun ball flaring in a bank of purple cloud. A bass broke suddenly, not more than thirty yards from her boat, a scimitar slash in the darkening water.

She pulled in her feet and picked up the bamboo rod beside her. She made an awkward cast toward the spot where the fish had jumped, but her reel backlashed and the plug fell short. She had caught one pretty nice small-mouth while the boat was drifting over and she began bragging to herself about it: "You don't need a man to catch fish. It's just a tradition. Men are just a tradition."

MANDY was yanking at the snarled line when a gust of sudden, unaccountable wind struck against her moist forehead. She looked up to see the purple cloud, ominous now, massing about the red sun and smothering it. The darkness came across the water to her almost like a wave. The wind strengthened and veered to whip the bow of the boat around.

She dropped her rod and scrambled to the oars. She hadn't been alarmed. There should have been another hour of daylight. But now it was dark. She began rowing frantically toward . . . as nearly as she could remember, toward the cabin. A white scud, below the black sky, was all she could see. It had all happened so fast. A wave lapped at the gunwale. The first few heavy drops of rain popped against her big straw hat. A streak of blue lightning shivered through the darkness. The rain came.

Mandy called out in terror. She called for Joel, for Chris, even for Owen, anybody, but she might as well have whispered. The waves were rising and she couldn't make any headway. She gave up rowing. The oars floundered in the water. Then she thought that the storm might drive her ashore somewhere in the edge of that black woods. "Joel!" She screamed it like that a dozen times and began rowing again. She couldn't get a grip on the wet oar handles.

Each of the minutes while that storm howled over White Buck Lake held its special horror. The lightning crashed a shore-line tree. A long, black point of land reached out for her. She rowed away from it with the strength of hysteria. Then, gradually, the thunder rolled away. The blackness thinned to gray, and a fresh wind fanned the slanting rain into mist.

Mandy suddenly realized she was cold. Somewhere, a long way it seemed, she could see a faint shore line and a steady light. Then she heard the sound of oarlocks, someone rowing very fast. "Joel!" Her teeth were chattering and she could hardly get the word out. She had no thought for romance now. Romance was something that could not be forced or schemed. When it really happened you didn't realize it was romance. You were probably cold.

Joel brought his boat alongside and stepped right out of it into hers. He looped the painter of her boat through the tow ring at the stern of his. He slipped out of an oilskin coat and threw it about her. "There. Take that." The coat was still warm from his body and it felt good. But there was no romance about it.

He moved the oars into the stern locks and began to pull toward that dim shore with long, powerful sweeps. Mandy had to talk to the back of his head: "I suppose Owen told you I got caught in this storm on purpose."

"Shut up. When we get home and you have been boiled in water, rolled in blankets, and have had a quart of hot whisky put down your throat, you can talk . . . if you still want to."

"I want to talk now." She was shivering so that she could hardly talk. "Owen's wrong, Joel. I'm pretty good but I didn't arrange that storm. I arranged everything else though. I came on this fishing trip to put myself in your way in every manner I could think of . . . to play you as if you were a fish. But I think now, if a girl loves a man, it is more honest just to tell him . . . and let him do what he likes about it."

JOEL'S long stroke with the oars slackened pace. He stopped rowing altogether and let the oars drift. He turned around and looked at Mandy, and then he lifted himself back to the seat beside her. "Now say that again . . . if you think it's safe." He took her up in his arms, oilskin coat and all. What was left of that old straw hat fell overboard. He found many places to kiss and some to kiss twice. "You're still shivering, Mandy."

"But not because I'm cold. Just go on and let me shiver. Joel? Did you kiss me yesterday when we had that fish and I fainted in your arms? I thought you did. It felt like a kiss."

"I've been in love with you for ten years, Mandy . . . just sort of waiting. And then I thought you had decided on Owen."

"But I had decided on you, Joel. You didn't have a chance after that. Do you know, I'm still puzzling about one thing. . . ."

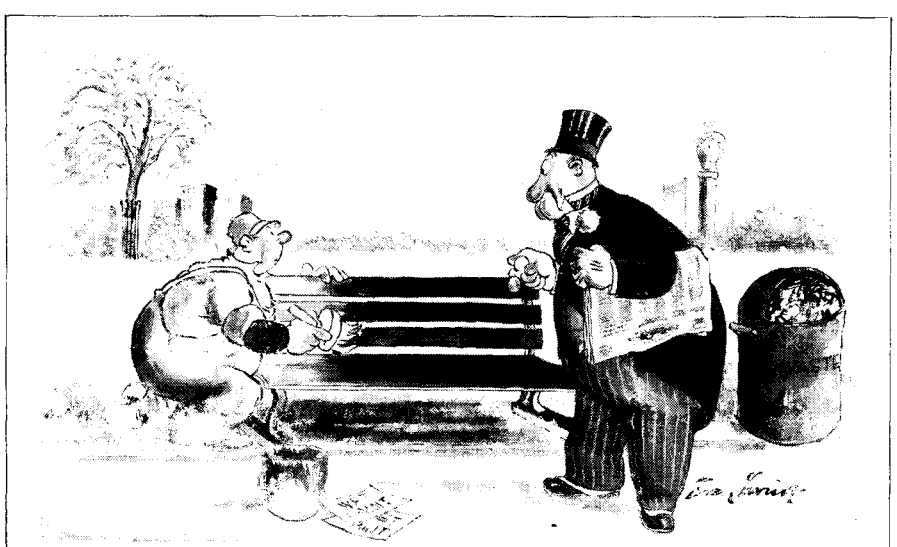
"I'm puzzling about everything. It's too wonderful."

"No, but the other evening at the Flowage. How did water ever get into that can of gasoline, Joel?"

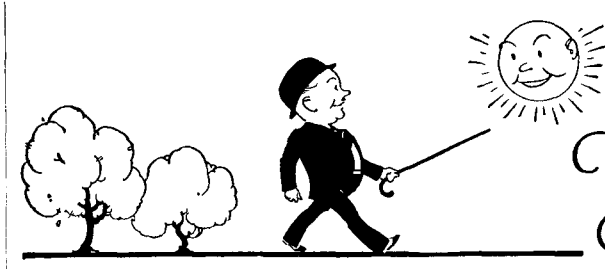
He laughed.

"I put it there. That's how. Do you forgive me?"

Mandy laughed too. "What else can I do? I guess you're not such a fish."



"Will you be long?" *Jay Irving*



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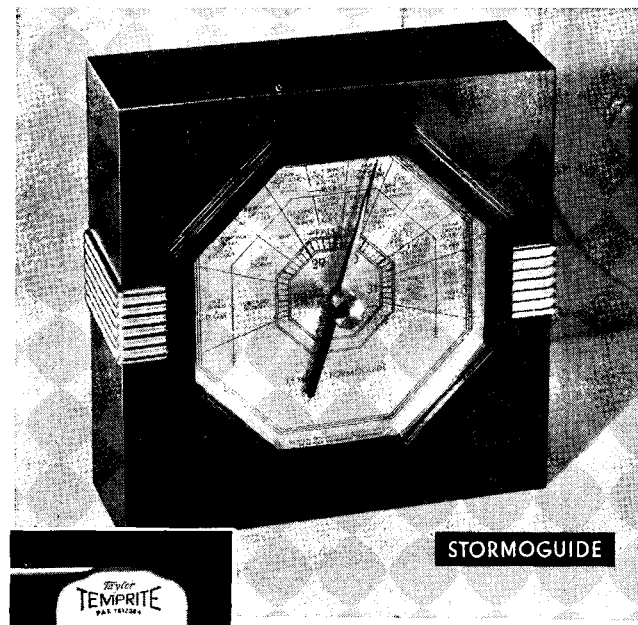

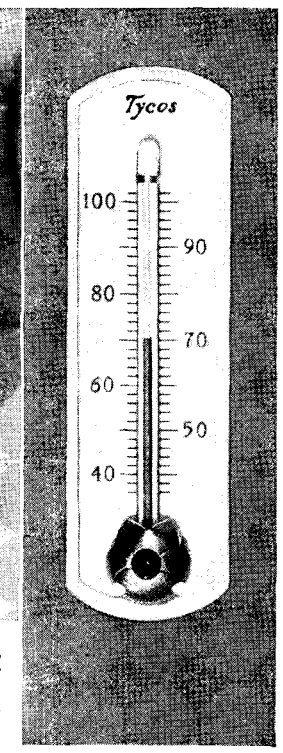

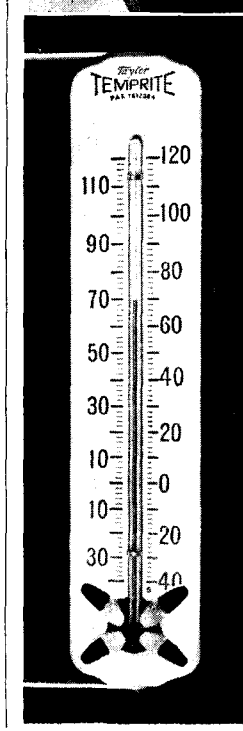

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C. 12-32

The Right Crowd

Continued from page 13

himself useful in other ways. His father, flushed with alcohol and slightly loquacious, abounded in "Arnold-old-boys," and all the other small change of intimacy, but his patron's voice had a mean rasp in it. "Have them do something about that shrubbery at the gate, Joe," he would say. "Fire some of the gardeners, if you have to, but do something. It's positively moth-eaten." Or, "If this is the best claret that bootlegger can get, you'd better change."

Joe was still thoughtful when he and Leila had a moment alone, before her car came around from the garage. "Did you tell him?" she asked.

"I couldn't. I didn't have a chance. I'll tell him now."

"Don't go back to the university. I couldn't stand it," she begged.

"I don't want to, but—"

She turned her face away. "You mustn't. You'll have to stay near me, Joe, or you'll lose me. I couldn't stand it."

"I won't go back," he promised, "but I have to go easy with my father. I'll have to make him see how I feel."

When she was gone, he found his father in the billiard-room, practicing breaks. "Play you for fifty points," Big Joe proposed.

He had a whisky and soda by his side, and he wasn't quite sober.

He chalked his cue again, after breaking the balls. "Young fellow," he said, "I'll show you a shot that'll make your eyes stick out. Now watch."

To make the shot, he had to support himself on the edge of the table, in an awkward position. Joe, turning to knock the ashes from his cigarette, heard the clatter of the cue, and whirled to see his father slump to the floor in a grotesque heap.

By the time he reached him, he was dead.

THE funeral was held in town. When it was over, Knight brought young Joe back to the country. "You ought to know something about your father's affairs," he said in the car going out. "I've been working on them. He left absolutely nothing. His insurance was practically gone. I suppose you know he'd had to borrow against it. What little there will be will cover only outstanding bills."

"I understand, sir," Joe said dully. He was still stunned with shock and grief.

"Now about the university," Knight went on. "You can depend on me to see you through."

"I have enough for this year. My father deposited two thousand dollars for me, and I had five hundred left from last year that I didn't spend. I've been thinking that I could finish in two years, by working a little harder, and if I could do that, I'd have enough. Lots of fellows do it on less than twelve hundred dollars a year."

Knight hesitated. "I wouldn't do that. You probably can do it on twelve hundred a year, but you ought to take your full four years. Your father would have wanted you to do that. Suppose you rely on me for the fourth year." He hesitated again. "Naturally, if you prefer to pay it back, we could make out a note, as a matter of form."

"That's very good of you."

"It isn't much. After all, I was your father's oldest friend."

Joe felt that he had misunderstood Arnold Knight. He was peculiar, and difficult to understand, but he was sound at heart, the sort of man who showed his best side when you were in trouble. The funeral had revealed the fact that Big Joe, with all his convivial acquaintances, had had very few friends.

"The two weeks before you go back for football practice, you will, of course, spend with us," Knight said.

LEILA and he spent their days together; a week went by, and the optimism of youth reasserted itself. It seemed to him that his father had, after all, met death in a fortunate form. It had been rapid, and painless; better, for Big Joe, than the slow rusting that his physician said he might have counted on, without tennis and whisky.

Joe took it for granted that now he could do nothing but what his father would have wished. He meant to go back to the university.

The first time he smiled, Leila took heart and opened the subject that they had last mentioned the night his father died: "You're not going back, are you, Joe?"

"I can't do anything else now." They were sitting on the edge of the swimming pool, smoking.

"But why?"

"Well, my father—I can't explain how I feel, but I'll have to do it. If I had been able to tell him—" He stopped. "It'll only be three years."

"But you can't afford it."

"Your father said he would see me through, and I still have some of the money my father gave me. I can manage."

"When you come back I won't be here," she said sorrowfully. "You'll have to take me now, Joe. What difference can it make to your father now? If you went to State, we could see each other often." She paused, struck by an idea. "That's why Father is so anxious to have you go back to the university. He suspects something, and he doesn't want you here."

That was nonsense, he told her. He took her in his arms, and made her promise to wait for him. "Only three years. It'll be gone before you know it."

"I'll try, Joe, but it seems so silly. Your father wouldn't mind, if he knew how we felt. He was a peach."

"Will you wait for me? Don't say 'I'll try.' Say, 'I will.'"

"I will."

"We'll elope on Commencement Day, and live on fifteen dollars a week," he promised.

"I don't see why we don't do it now."

"We can wait a little while," he temporized.

A day later, Arnold Knight, at dinner, reminded Joe that his father's desk was still to be gone through. "There may be things in it that you'll want," he went on. "I went through the drawers myself, and took whatever concerned the firm, but the personal stuff you'll have to sort yourself."

"I'll go in with you in the morning," Joe offered.

"You won't need that much time," Knight said. "You can catch the ten-o'clock train, and be in the office at eleven. I've had the desk moved into the storeroom. If I'm busy, get the information clerk to take you in there, and when you're through we'll have lunch together at the Athletic Club."

The first person Joe saw, when he entered the smoking-car of the ten o'clock, was Blair, the State coach.

"Hello! Sit down here," Blair said. "It was rotten luck about your father."

"I saw you at the funeral," Joe answered, "and I wanted to speak to you, but—"

"I know, I know."

BLAIR watched the country flowing past the car window for an instant, and went on: "What are you going to do? Going back to the university?"

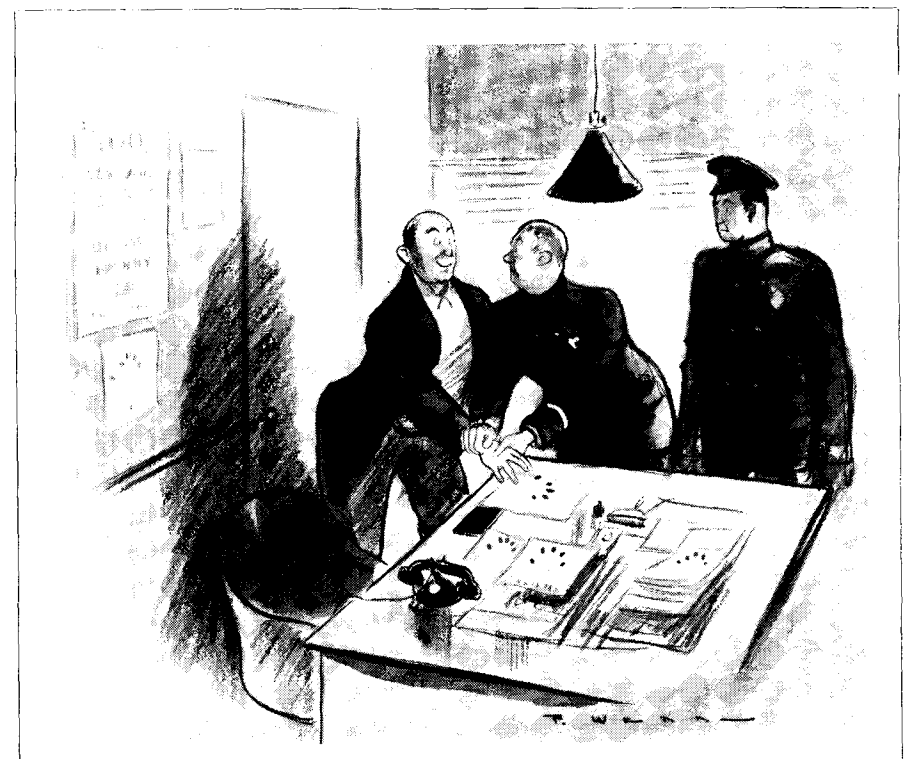
"Day after tomorrow."

"I wish you'd consider State," Blair said. "That sounds as though I think of nothing but football, but I honestly think you'd be better off up with us. You're never going to be a bond salesman, Joe. You're not getting anything at the university that you wouldn't get just as well from us."

"That's probably so, but—"

"Big Joe told me once you were interested in farming. Why don't you come up and take the course in agriculture? It's a good course."

"I can't, Mr. Blair," Joe said regret-



"I hope you'll notice that I don't bite my finger nails any more, sir" *Paul Webb*

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fully. It was exactly what he would have liked to do.

"I don't care whether you play football, or not," Blair went on. "Wait a minute, that's a lie. There's no reason why you shouldn't play, and I could use you. But that's not the reason I'm urging you to change. I'd like to see you where you belong, out on the land. And it wouldn't cost you anything. I don't mean one of those jobs where you wind the eight-day clock. There's plenty of real work on the experimental farm, where you'd be learning something."

"I wish I could change over, but I can't."

Blair shrugged his shoulders. "Think it over, Joe." He got up as the train pulled into the station. "I don't want to see you wind up in an office, juggling little pieces of paper."

At the office of Knight and Company, Joe found that Arnold Knight was busy with a customer. The information clerk took him into the storeroom, and showed him the desk that had been his father's. "Mr. Knight left the keys for you," she said.

JOE, alone, sat down and began to go through the drawers of the desk. It had been placed against the partition between the storeroom and the next office, evidently Arnold Knight's, for he could hear him discussing a new bond issue.

There was nothing of any great importance in the desk: a few snapshots, all the letters he had ever written his father, and a pipe.

He was idly glancing through the letters and tearing them up, one by one, when a chair creaked on the other side of the partition and he heard Arnold Knight say: "Well, that's that. You won't make any mistake on those bonds. What about a drink?"

Another chair creaked, and the voices came nearer the partition. They must be standing by a cellaret.

"First today," said the customer. "That's good stuff."

"Joe Carter got me that," Knight was saying.

"Poor old Joe!"

"Yes. Poor devil!" A pause. "I don't know. It was just as well that he went when he did. He was all washed up. He wasn't getting any business, and it didn't look as though he ever would again. I'd have had to let him out, and what could he have done? He'd borrowed against his insurance until it was practically cleaned out, and he was beginning to borrow from his friends."

"Just between you and me, he owed me three hundred dollars. Not that I care, of course, now, but he was going pretty sour toward the end. I hated to see it. I tell you, Knight, a fellow can get away with that sort of thing for five or ten years, maybe, after he leaves college, but then he ought to straighten himself out."

"Absolutely," said Knight. "Friendship's a good thing, but it can be stretched just so far. He borrowed two thousand from me not a week before his death. For young Joe's expenses at college. I can kiss that good-by. But it happened to be worth that much to me to give the university a decent halfback."

"He was a nice fellow, but—"

"Have another? You're exactly right. A nice fellow, but—with the emphasis on the 'but'."

"No, thanks, no more. What do you think of young Joe?"

Young Joe was sitting at his father's desk, his hands clenched in front of him.

There was a significant silence on the other side of the partition, and then Knight cleared his throat meaningly. "Wait a minute. Let's go back to my desk." The conversation subsided into an embarrassed murmur.

Joe got up and went out into the reception-room. "Who is that in Mr. Knight's office?" he asked the information clerk.

"What's the matter?" she stammered, scared by his expression.

"Nothing. Who is it?"

"Mr. Nelson Frost."

"Thank you."

Laboriously, on the arm of one of the chairs, he wrote out two checks, and sat there, waiting, his eyes fixed on the door of Arnold Knight's private office.

When Nelson Frost came out, alone, Joe got up and went to meet him. "Here's something for you," he said, handing him a check for three hundred dollars.

"What's this, Joe?"

"You know what it is."

"I don't want this, Joe," Frost made as if to tear the check in two.

"Don't tear it," Joe said, in a strained voice. "You'll have to take it, eventually."

Frost folded the check and put it in his pocket.

"I'm terribly sorry about this, Joe," he floundered. "You misunderstood. If I'd known you were there . . ." He gave up before the blankness of Joe's face, and went out hastily.

Arnold Knight was sitting at his desk, looking at some papers, when Joe walked in and put down his check for two thousand dollars. He turned it over in his hands. It was still damp where Joe had made a blot, and he pressed it against the pad. "Would it do any good to say that I'm sorry? I should have remembered that you were there. I don't want this money. Now, at any rate. You can pay it later, when you've left the university."

"I'm leaving the university now."

Knight opened a drawer in his desk, and put the check away. "I'm sorry," he repeated. "That's all I can say. You'll find this is a hard world. I can see how you feel about this, and it does you credit, but—"

Joe's face was twitching. "My father was worth the whole lot of you. All you people he wanted me to get in with by going to the university . . . you used him—or one tenth of him—for your own purposes, and then you'd have thrown him away, if he hadn't been lucky enough to die. You had no right to say what you did about him. It was as much your fault as his."

Arnold Knight said nothing. Joe went out through the open door, into the reception-room, and out into the corridor, while the older man watched his straight, proud back, with a new respect in his eyes.

AT FOUR o'clock that afternoon, a call came through from the country. Knight picked up the receiver and heard Ferris, the butler, on the other end.

"What is it, Ferris?"

"I thought I'd better tell you, sir. Miss Leila, sir."

"What about her?"

"She and young Mr. Joe just left in a car, sir. Martha—"

"Who's Martha?"

"Miss Leila's new maid, sir. She says Miss Leila packed a bag, and there's a note for you in the hall. We thought, sir, perhaps they've eloped. Shall I phone the state police, sir? They turned off toward State College."

Knight was silent so long that Ferris said anxiously: "Are you there, sir?"

"Yes, I'm still on the wire." He had told Ferris to watch out for just such a contingency. He hesitated and then made up his mind. "There's no occasion for telephoning the state police, Ferris. I know all about it."

"But you said, sir—"

"Never mind what I said. It's perfectly all right."

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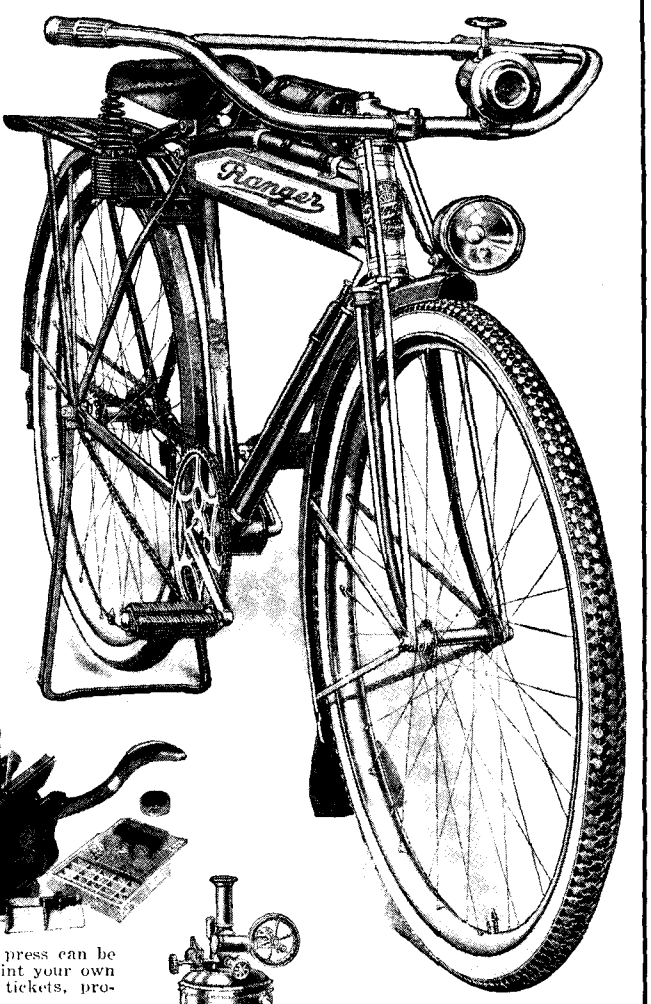

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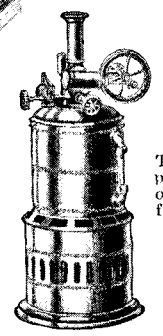

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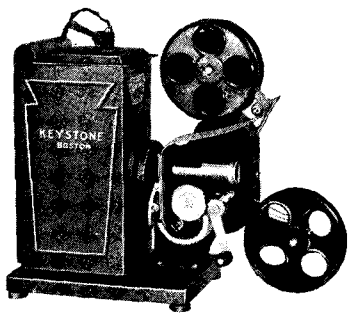

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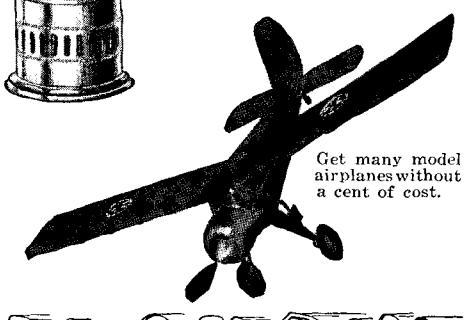

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The Great Abduction

Continued from page 21

came immediately to your apartment."

Meridew hoped that his shirt did not move before the blows of the heart that pounded underneath its white expanse. Why had he been foolish enough to be jealous of an elderly man like Brockridge?

But Gerryman ignored this last remark of hers. At least, he didn't comment on it.

"Cattrone objected and they bumped him off. Makes your story sound swell, Miss Dale. But I believed you before that," he went on, grinning at Meridew. "And they said they'd planned to pull it a month later, eh? That would be when he was up near the border, fishing."

"That's what the leader said," she cried. "When the President went fishing."

"H'm. Describe this leader; describe any of the gang," said Gerryman.

"The leader, the one that killed the clerk and did all the talking—he may be forty," she said. "He has a high forehead and a heavy jaw. His lips and nose are thin, and his eyes are brown. His complexion is pale; he's of medium height and weight. And the others—I'd know them—but they're just gangsters. I couldn't describe them—"

"And they didn't mention names—didn't address each other by—"

She shook her head.

Meridew stared at Gerryman.

"He might be Bramer—the man she just described," he said.

Gerryman shrugged.

"And suppose it is? Until we know where he is—Miss Dale, you'd better go home and get some rest. Tomorrow we'll want you to look at pictures of crooks—"

"I—I'm afraid to go to my apartment," she said.

"Come home with me," said Dabney. "Frances will look after you—"

"And I'll have two secret service men outside," said Gerryman. "Get a good night's sleep, Miss Dale—and—well, good night," he said.

She looked at Meridew; he avoided her eyes. And she understood. She rose from her chair and stepped close to him.

"You *had* to tell them, Ken," she said. "About having seen me with Cattrone. When the President is in danger—you *had* to tell them."

And with that, leaving him immeasurably cheered, she departed with Dabney.

"MY CHIEF," said Gerryman, as the elevator took Myrna and Dabney down to the street, "observes the law. He insists that his official family obey the law. I haven't had a drink since I was assigned to the job of looking after him. But tonight—"

Meridew touched a bell. To Durfee, who responded, he gave the necessary instructions.

"And we might move out on the porch where it's cool," suggested the secret service man.

There, with the breeze blowing on him, his nervousness temporarily left him. He sipped thoughtfully at his drink. Then, as though revived after great exhaustion, he reached for the phone, and in a moment was speaking to Secretary Trowbridge:

"The boss got in from Washington? No? I wish he'd show up. Yes, I'm still at Meridew's. Talked to the girl. Innocent. Under observation, though. Joe will stick to her until relieved. Send two men to the residence of Ned Dabney, the publisher. Inside the house, yes. To protect her. They let her go. The big fellow—God knows. I think it will be a case of fork over the dough. Mannering will have it. I'm sticking here with Meridew. I just don't want any signs of life in the hotel. Send everyone here."

He hung up and turned to his host.

"Hope you don't mind if we turn this place into a staff headquarters?"

"Mind? Don't be silly," said Meridew. "But—aren't you starting a search for the car, the black limousine?"

"I'll say not," said Gerryman. "I don't want the big fellow knocked off. And if anyone gets close to them—that's what will happen. Imagine! They let Miss Dale go. That mean anything to you?"

MERIDEW, holding his highball in his hand, merely stared at the other man.

"It means," said Gerryman, "that they're so damned cocksure, they want us to know how they feel. They just don't give a damn. Defiant. Why? Because they know we can't take a chance—we can't give them any excuse to kill Brockridge. And they know we can't have any publicity. They have us, and they know it. But what I don't understand is how they think they're going to get away with it afterwards? The whole force of the government—damn, I'm back where I was an hour ago. If there were anything to *do*. But there isn't—except to stick around you. And have your house guarded."

"Guarded? You didn't tell anyone—"

"Do you think the boys are that dumb? You can be sure there are six men hanging around outside now. I don't have to tell them. On a job like this, they'll cover me and any place I am."

"Oh, the guards for you—to help you—"

Gerryman shook his head.

"Listen, young feller, you went to see Bramer. He was wise to you. He had you trailed. He sent men up here tonight—oh, maybe he only wanted Brockridge, but also maybe he wanted to rub you out. He may think you know something—anyway, as I said, I don't want excitement around the hotel. And I think, the first one going so well, I'll pour myself another."

He reached for the bottle, but deflected his hand toward the telephone as the porch extension buzzer sounded.

"Hello. Meridew's apartment. Gerryman speaking. . . . Oh, yes? Oh, indeed?" His voice rose in angry sarcasm. "Well, I don't know who it is, but if it's any of my force kidding me—what? You want what? Well, say, wait a minute—okay, Bramer, come over."

"Bramer!" Meridew whispered the name incredulously as Gerryman hung up.

"None other. My God, I thought someone was giving me the razz—but it's he, all right. Said he heard the secret service were looking for him and was always glad, as a patriotic citizen, to help the government. But said private matters were keeping him busy. If I'd guarantee him safe conduct away—"

"And you did?" asked Meridew.

"Well, what would *you* do?" demanded Gerryman.

"But you'll arrest him," said Meridew.

Gerryman shrugged.

"Maybe. That depends. If I think it will bring the President back to us—" He reached for the phone and got Trowbridge again. "Just in case," he said. "Send someone to tip off the boys downstairs that Carl Bramer is on his way to see me. He's not to leave without my okay. They can't miss him. He'll be the man that asks for Meridew's apartment."

He turned to Meridew, after hanging up the receiver.

"Don't like to phone downstairs. That operator has kept his nose out so far, but he's likely to poke it into something any minute."

The telephone rang and he picked it up.

"Send Mr. Bramer up," he said.

"Must have telephoned from right around the corner," he said. "Nerve—but it took nerve to snatch the President, didn't it? Now, Meridew, take it calmly. If I make a move at him, why—help me get him. But if I don't—"

Meridew nodded. He followed Gerryman into the living-room, and when the doorbell rang he was at Gerryman's side as the latter opened the door. There, calm, a smile on his lips, stood the man he had interviewed in the Rockwood Hotel two days ago. Was it only that?

"Good evening, gentlemen—or good morning. Which is it? Or does it matter?" said Bramer.

Gerryman stepped aside and closed the door upon him as he entered.

"It only matters to men in the death cell. They execute them in the evening," he replied.

Bramer's smile grew broader.

"A cheery welcome," he said.

"It will be your farewell, too," said Gerryman.

"And that," said Bramer, "is like the thing that makes horse races—a difference of opinion. Well, Mr. Gerryman, you wanted to see me?"

Gerryman nodded toward a chair. Bramer placed himself in it.

"Now, how did you know that?" asked Gerryman.

"Does it matter, Mr. Gerryman?"

Gerryman waived the question.

"Did you also know why I wanted you?"

"Of course," said Bramer. "Something to do with the nocturnal wanderings of President Brockridge, isn't it?"

GERRYMAN'S deep breath whistled through his teeth as he exhaled.

"I'll say you have nerve, Bramer."

"Thank you, Mr. Gerryman. That, from a secret service man, is high praise. Well, what did you want to know about His Excellency?"

"Where is he?" asked Gerryman.

Bramer raised a deprecating hand.

"Oh, now, Mr. Gerryman, you're too abrupt. There are matters to be discussed—"

"I went to that hotel where you hang out," said Gerryman. "I began questioning a man there with a wallop on the jaw. Then I smeared him with the muzzle of my gun. Like a little of that, Bramer?"

Bramer shook his head.

"The natural tactics with men like O'Dowd. Was it O'Dowd you—er—smeared? A rather corpulent man? But not with a man like me, Mr. Gerryman. A man like O'Dowd will talk if he's beaten up. But, Mr. Gerryman, nothing on God's earth will make me say a word more than I want to. If you don't believe it—try it. And whatever is done to me will be duplicated on the person of His Excellency."

"You wouldn't dare," whispered Gerryman. "You mean to admit that you know where the President is, that you—"

"Why not? I put him there," said Bramer.

Gerryman turned to Meridew.

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"You heard him? You heard him admit—"

"Don't be childish, Gerryman," interrupted Bramer. "I'll put it in writing, if you want. And what are you going to do about it?"

"See that you're killed," said Gerryman grimly.

"I thought your job was to protect the President," said Bramer easily. "Now, Gerryman, try to meet a situation. One like this has never come up before. But it's come up now. The President of the United States is under restraint by—well, public enemies, I believe we're called. Well, enemies can be conquered or—treated with. You can't conquer me, Gerryman. The whole United States government can't conquer me. Now, damn it, stop idle threats—talk business. That's what I'm here for. If you are incapable of facing facts, then I'll leave—"

"He'll leave, Meridew. He says he'll leave," said Gerryman.

"And if I'm not permitted to leave, if that safe conduct you gave me is withdrawn—the nation will mourn a dead President," said Bramer. "Get on to yourself, Gerryman! I have the President. You have me. But that gains you nothing. I came to discuss terms. If you aren't sensible enough to discuss them—send me to someone who is, someone who can."

"I WONDER that I haven't killed you by now," said Gerryman.

"A cop would probably have done so," said Bramer. "But you're a shade above the intellectual level of a policeman, I trust. The only thing is—the situation is a trifle large for you. You have no precedent to follow. But big men make their own precedents, leave rules for others to follow, Gerryman. This is your opportunity to set a mark for others. Now—shall we talk?"

"You talk," said Gerryman. "We'll listen."

"We've captured the President," said Bramer. "I don't think you can find him. In fact, I'm sure you can't. But if you should, and the ransom I require has not been paid to me, and I am not in safety—the President will die. I hate to keep harping on this detail, but you show a certain stubbornness, Gerryman, and with stubborn people—"

"So help me God, Bramer, I'm half crazy," said Gerryman. "You save your kidding for someone else or I'll forget the President's danger and do things to you. Now you get on with your tale."

Bramer shrugged, but Meridew saw that a little of his brazen assurance had departed.

"I want five million," he said flatly. "And I intend to get it. I'm through with all the rackets, and I want a big stake."

"Where are you going to spend it?" asked Gerryman. "What corner of the world will be safe for you?"

"A very charming corner," said Bramer. "I shall be a political refugee—at least, one million dollars will be sufficient to assure the rulers of this charming country that my offense was political. There will be no extradition. It will take an army and a war to get me, Gerryman. And then—the scandal, the uproar. At least, it would wreck your party for years to come. For there would be innuendo and hints and—but you've thought of all this, Gerryman."

"And have you thought of how you're going to get to this charming land that will shelter you?" asked Gerryman.

"Be sure I have," replied Bramer. "And now, if you don't mind, we'll discuss terms. Five million is the amount I mentioned. I realize that to the ordinary millionaire that would be a vast sum in cash. But to the President—I've studied you, although you may not have been aware of it, Mr. Gerryman. I would wager a small sum that you've already made arrangements to get the money."

"Go on," said Gerryman.

"I want that money tomorrow," said Bramer. He paused and eyed the secret service man.

"Let's hear the rest of your dream," said Gerryman.

"I want the money in hundred-dollar bills, packed in as many ordinary suitcases as may be required."

"Easily traced, those hundred-dollar notes," said Gerryman. "We might even order the banks to refuse to cash them, to change them."

"You might. Except that you'll upset business frightfully if bankers learn that there are fifty thousand notes, each for a hundred dollars, which the government will not redeem," said Bramer.

"And when we give you these suitcases packed with money—what then?"

"Why, then," said Bramer, "the President is delivered to you—within twenty-four hours."

Gerryman shook his head.

"It won't do. No goods, no money."

Bramer smiled.

"I hate to ask credit, but—"

"Keep the damned humorous tone out of your voice, you rat, or I'll slap you down, Brockridge or no Brockridge," growled Gerryman. "It won't do, I tell you. Give you five million and let you get away? You're crazy."

"And so are you, if you think I'll do business any other way," said Bramer. "And don't you see, Gerryman, you *have* to do as I say? Talk all you want about killing me, or slapping me down—the facts are that you have to do it my way."

Deliberately he lighted a cigarette.

"There are further details, of course. I must have your word that you will not attempt to follow me, either now or after I have received the ransom. You won't trust me—but I'll trust you."

"Because you expect to be safe—God knows where—twenty-four hours after the ransom is paid," said Gerryman.

"Nevertheless, I will have to trust you to a certain extent," said Bramer. "And equally, you have to trust me."

"And how will I know the President isn't dead?" Gerryman bluntly demanded.

"You won't. Only—why should we kill him? Because he can identify me? But you can identify me, and so can Meridew and Miss Dale. What possible object, having gained our ends, would we have in killing him?"

"What possible object did you have in killing that cigar clerk?" asked Gerryman.

"A warning to His Excellency as to what would happen to Miss Dale if he resisted us," replied Bramer.

"That was murder," said Gerryman.

Bramer nodded.

"DID you kill Cattrone?" asked Gerryman.

Bramer nodded again.

"A bloody-handed killer, and you ask me to let you go free? You want me to compromise with murder—"

"I want you to remember that the life of the President is in very grave danger," said Bramer. "That's all. I'll telephone tomorrow and make an appointment. I shall endeavor to bring some word from His Excellency to you. And if I'm followed now, Gerryman, I'll know it, and—the President will die."

He rose, picked up his hat and started for the door.

"You're letting him go?" whispered Meridew.

Gerryman stared at him with dull eyes.

"What else can I do?" he asked.

(To be continued next week)

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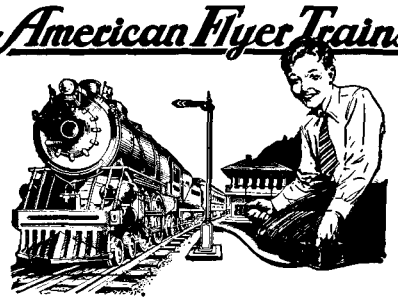

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The Eternal Youth

Continued from page 15

"Working . . . It's a good job. . . . That your boy, Captain?"

I turned and there was Don watching us without surprise.

"This is Peters, Don," I said.

"Sergeant Peters? Gosh! Dad said you were lost. He said you were dead!"

Peters gave him a hearty handshake and began talking rapidly:

"Your dad's showing you how we fought the war, huh? Well, he's brought you to the right place. Ever tell you about the raid we staged here? It was up the line a piece. . . ."

"Dad said it was back there."

"No, no, your dad's forgotten. Just come along with me up the line and I'll show you the whole works. Where the German guns was and everything. You see we lived along here a couple of weeks. . . ."

"Yeah, three weeks," said Don.

"Fifteen days exactly. Our headquarters dugout was right here at the end of this traverse."

"Dad's very inaccurate," said Don.

"He was the best C. O. in the Army," said Peters, "and don't you forget it."

"Wait a minute, Peters," I said. "I want to know what you're doing here."

"Well," said Peters and looked down at the mud, "I couldn't stand it there in the city—in the office. Kind of shut in, it was. I kept thinking about the war and what a fine time we had."

"Fine time? In these trenches?"

"Sure—yes, sir. They were the greatest days of my life! I was telling a party of tourists here yesterday—"

"Look here, Peters," I said, "do you remember the mud and the rats in this trench?"

"Yes, sir, an' the shells too, we was fighting for our lives, Captain! Fighting for our lives! I'll tell the cock-eyed world! An' the star shells an' crawlin' out there on yer belly in the dark under the fire of those damned old Maxims. Do I remember! Boy! An' then we'd get sent back to a town—"

"Do you like killing people, Peters?"

"Huns?"

"They were human beings, weren't they? They had families, you know. . . ."

"Gee, that reminds me, Captain, I'm married. Yup, married a frog—French girl. I'll show her to you if you got the time. And I got other things to show you. There's my idea now. . . ."

"How long have you been married?"

"Couple o' years."

"Any children?"

"Nope. I'd like a boy like this now. Going in the Army, son?"

"Why didn't *you* go in the Army, Peters," I said, "if you like it so much?"

"I had to get back here, Captain. There was things I wanted to find out."

HE BECAME suddenly confidential, and put his face close to mine as if in all that wilderness there was not another living thing except the flies.

"I'm making a book, Captain," he said. "A history, kind of. You'll see; I'll show you."

"Let's get out of here," I said. "I can't stand these flies."

"You know why they're here, don't you? Man, there's layers and layers under where we're standing. They haven't dug out the half of it."

I pushed beyond him and walked up the trench. At the next traverse, the floor shelved up and suddenly I was in the open under the baking sun. I climbed out and breathed the fresh air.

Peters came along slowly, talking earnestly to Don. As they joined me, he said:

"You see I'm working for the mausoleum. I get paid for what I find. I had a hell of a time landing the job but my wife's father—he's got pull in Verdun. Matter of fact, this isn't exactly my sector. I'm supposed to work nearer Douaumont. But every once in a while I come over here figuring on finding some American tourists and then I tell them the story of the raid. Only today, I come over just to see the old place again. . . . I kind of love it in a way," he added slowly, and the gleam I had seen in his eyes once or twice in the office came back, brighter now and more intense. "Well, son, come along and I'll show you those emplacements."

I watched them go, Peters and my boy. Don was thoroughly absorbed. They sat down together at the edge of an old shell hole; Peters was pointing downward. . . .

THEY came back and joined me at last; Don looked a little puzzled but impressed. Perhaps he was beginning to be tired, I thought.

"We'll go back now," I said.

"I'll go along and show you my wife," said Peters. "And my book," he added in a lower voice. "We live just a piece down the road—remember you passed a restaurant? I set the family up in business when I got married. They got quite a trade now."

As we drove back in the car, I kept glancing at Peters. It seemed almost as if he had grown younger—certainly his face was younger than the day he had left the office—but in place of the marks of aging there was something else, not altogether tangible; I kept wondering about it.

We drew up at one of those places—there were so many then in France—new, yet shabby; a cheap little house in the reconstruction style, with a glaring red roof.

There was a sign: REPAS À TOUTES HEURES and under it: MEALS AT ALL HOURS, WELCOME, Peters' contribution.

"They wanted a sign in German too," said Peters, "but I wouldn't let 'em. Not me! I don't want no Boches around me if I can help it. Gee, Janine'll be glad to see you!"

He began calling: "Janine! Janine!" She came out at last, looking annoyed, but seeing Don and me, she put on her *patrone* smile.

"*C'est mon capitaine!*" said Peters ecstatically in an accent which sacrificed everything to fluency. "*Mon vrai capitaine, figures-tu! Mon officier américain de la guerre! J'ai trouvé lui là-bas! Et son garçon—fils!*"

Peters' wife was a *petite bourgeoise* with a good deal of native charm. There was a kind of "*volupté*" about her, too.

"*Que miracle!*" she said. "*Enchantée, messieurs. Vous parlez français? Vous déjeunerez chez nous?*"

"*Oui,*" said Don.

We had one of those endless French meals—excellent, of course; Janine's mother put the special touches to it. She had, I thought, a sadness in her soul to which she kept returning with deep sighs. She would look from Janine to Peters and sigh.

Peters talked continuously in two languages. He told Janine the story of the raid in French and she paid no attention. She must have heard it a hundred times. She turned away from him in the middle of it and Peters went on telling it to her mother.

"He has done well for us, your sergeant," said Janine to me. "We could hardly have made all this affair without him. Ah, well. . . ."

When the meal, at last, was over, Peters with an air of mystery got out the material of his book.

It was no less than I expected and no more. There were hundreds of photographs. There was a great deal about me; the thing was, in fact, dedicated to me.

Peters sat watching me closely and behind him stood Janine, also watching me. Her mother was busy with the dishes, sighing. Don was intent over the pile of photographs.

I got over quickly what there was to say about the book and I went on to argue with Peters about coming home.

"You're wasting your life, Peters," I said. "You belong in America. Don't you understand the meaning of that cross you're wearing?"

Peters laughed.

"What do they care for that over there?" he said. "They don't care for nothing excepting business and money."

I managed not to look at Janine.

"The world's got to go on, Peters. The war's over. We've all got to make something of our lives. If you'll come back now, I'll set you up in something—you can bring her—you can raise a family there. . . ."

And then some force drew my eyes to Janine's. I wish I had not looked at her and given her the chance to do what she did. I suppose she did it to stop my argument. It was so superfluous—but so, for that matter, was my argument, for I had seen the horror.

Janine raised her fingers and tapped her forehead three times.

I HAVE forgotten how I endured those last moments, those good-bys, those *mercis*, those *bientôts*, those outbursts of Peters. I remember nothing until we were driving back, Don and I, over the dead land to Verdun.

We sat far apart on the back seat, each drawn into his corner and into the dark privacy of his thoughts.

We were nearly back when I woke again to full reality and, as I looked at Don and saw the color change in his eyes under the stress of something which must, it seemed to me, be revolutionary enough, I felt that I was coming back out of a grave into the new freshness of life. It was looking at Don that brought me back, for there was my job and my purpose and my strength. Don was Youth, vigorous and hard; egotistic, ignorant, impatient of all theory. Yet it was the same youth that Peters, in a frenzy of young zeal, had bent under our discipline into a force of pure destruction until, in the end, it had got even with him. For Peters was the victim of eternal youth, stopped in mid-career; his youth had turned back on him and was consuming him entire, drinking his blood. Well, we could spare Don that. I wanted him to grow up now as I watched him; to grow, suddenly, out of danger.

But how small he looked there, huddled into his corner; how easy to manage!

"Are you tired, Don?" I said, for something to say.

"No. What for? Say, that Peters . . . He's a fine feller. . . ."

"He was."

Don looked at me with a puzzled frown but, after a moment, he gave it up and I could see his thought shift.

"Look, Dad . . ." he said. I waited for him, knowing that he would be slow about it whatever it was. "Look, Dad," he repeated as we drew up at our inn. "I mean to say," he went on, dreamily, "is it hard to get into West Point?"

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Job for a Yes-Man

Continued from page 25

Albert turned his attention to the report and initialed it—just a regular form lineup on division operation for each twenty-four hours. He tossed it to Mike's desk. He took his old hat, clamped it on his head and went to the door.

"If I knew where to get drunk," Albert said, "danged if I wouldn't go an' do it."

By Monday afternoon the personal appearance instructions were in all hands. The announcement that one local job was being pulled off was posted in the yard office and roundhouse, and the crews were duly notified.

At three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon Albert was in the super's private office. Mr. Ballard, resplendent in a gray pepper-and-salt knicker suit, blue tie and blue silk kerchief in his breast pocket, was getting ready to leave for the golf club.

"How are you lined up?" Mr. Ballard asked.

"I'm ridin' the local out tomorrow like you said." Albert shifted on his feet.

"Very good, Mr. Pope." Mr. Ballard peeled the gold band from a cigar. He flourished his gold lighter. He puffed thrice, then went on, "The responsibility is yours, Mr. Pope," and walked out.

ALBERT started at half past five. He hopped through the yards in a nasty drizzle that delayed the break of day. He came round the end of a shanty and looked hopefully at No. 7 track on which the local usually was made up. His heart skipped a beat as he saw the dim outline of less than ten scattered cars. There was no sign of a caboose at the rear.

He hastened toward the yellow glow of lamplight that came through the dirty pane of the yard-office window. He banged open the door with a hasty query forming on his lips. There he paused with his mouth open. His staring eyes traveled over the form of Conductor John Hogan, who ran to length and silence. Mr. Hogan was reared back in a straight-legged chair. Mr. Hogan's feet were on the yardmaster's desk.

In another chair was one of Mr. Hogan's brakemen, garbed in a white shirt and a pair of checkered pants.

Albert looked at the yardmaster, a stout gentleman of deliberate movements. Albert bawled:

"What do you guys think this is—a picnic or a funeral?"

"Albert," said the yardmaster, "it's a darned wet mornin' in the garden."

"John," to Mr. Hogan, "are you drawin' the local?"

"If an' when there is a local," Mr. Hogan said sorrowfully.

Albert turned a dirty red.

"Where's the local at?"

"Well," the yardmaster drawled, "some of it's on No. 7 track. Some of it's in the foundry lead. We got a coupla cars at the house track, an' we got two cars uh hogs on the Big Four connection."

"An' here you sit," bellowed Albert in cracked tones, "doin' nothin' about it."

"Albert," the yardmaster replied slowly, "if I could do anything about it, you know I'd be tryin'. But it just ain't possible for me to go out in the garden an' switch these cars by the brawn o' my back."

"Whatta you—what the hell is this?" Albert demanded.

"This, Albert," the yardmaster returned, "is efficiency."

Albert pushed the brim of his damp cap up in front. He squeaked, "Efficiency?"

"It's like this," said the yardmaster: "A gent by the name uh Hemmin'way. He's been checkin' up."

Albert moaned.

"About six bells last night," the yardmaster went on, "he come around an' he said we didn't need three engines workin' from midnight to eight. So he just natcherly brought authority from Mr. Ballard to take one of them engines off. So, Albert, the garden's now in one hell of a shape if you ast me."

Albert came close to tears. The office clock indicated that the local should be on its way in twenty minutes. He yelled: "Where's your two engines now?"

"Laborin', Albert," the yardmaster said. "Laborin' in the vineyard. One's gone for the hogs, an' the other's at the east end linin' up some merchandise for the eastbound hot shot that's now approachin' the city."

Albert waited for no more. He thought, "To hell with the merchandise and the hot-shot freight." The local was his responsibility. He found the rain coming down harder. He faced it, head down, and raced for the east end. There he collared the engine foreman who had the local switch list and persuaded that gentleman to forsake the hot stuff and come down to the foundry lead.

"I'll help, dad-burn it," Albert spluttered. He helped. He rode high on cars that were kicked. He hot-footed over the cinders. He gathered cars from all points, and at 6:05 A. M. he had the local coupled up with the caboose tacked on while the merchandise conductor cooled his heels on the yardmaster's desk.

Albert came from between two cars, having helped the brakemen and the car inspectors couple the air. John Hogan was standing near in the gray daylight.

"We got everything but an engine," Mr. Hogan opined. "Now ain't that hell?"

Albert, who had been too busy about other chores to think about motive power, reeled back against a grain box.

"My gosh, John, you ain't got an engine?" he croaked. "What'd you do with it?"

"Nothin'," John replied sadly. "It just ain't come."

Albert hopped to the yard office. He cranked the company phone the required number of rings and finally the roundhouse answered. The foreman regretted the delay, he said, but the engine was now on its way.

The engine appeared at 6:19 in charge of Engineman Duster Deal.

"It seems," Mr. Deal explained, "like a gent named Hemmin'way an' the new master mechanic was checkin' up on things at the roundhouse."

"Dad-burn it," Albert exploded. Then: "The bulletin says make the turn an' no overtime. I'm goin' along to help if I can. Otherwise—"

"You know us, Albert," John Hogan said, and Albert realized that he did know them. One engineer, one fireman, three brakemen and a conductor who'd go the limit for him, but God help Mr. Ballard if any one of that six ever found out about Mr. Hemmingway and his checking-up on the road.

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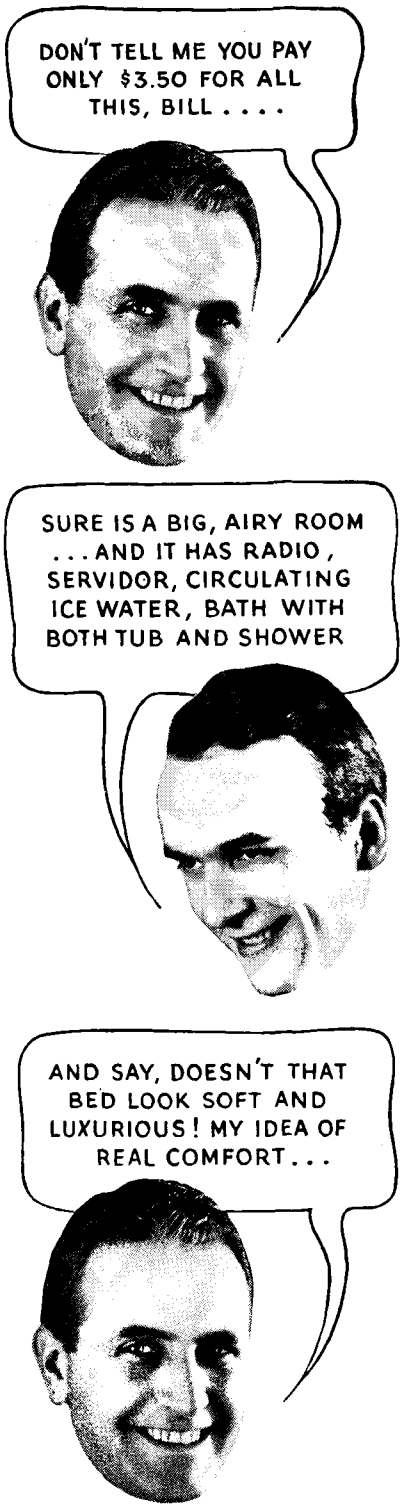
(Continued on page 48)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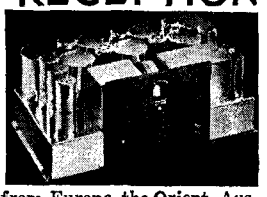

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(Continued from page 47)

other minutes at many other points for various and sundry reasons—notably, Mr. Hemmingway's recent activities—the westward local rolled bravely into the yard at Saluda at 12:45 P. M., six hours and twenty minutes out of the yard and with all the Saluda switching to do. The crew was dog-tired, worn out.

The sun was now breaking through the clouds, brilliant and hot. Albert sat in the caboose minus his coat and vest, grime on his hands and face and a sweat stain across his brow.

"Mr. Pope."

At the sound of the voice Albert turned with apprehension. A young man from the yard office was looking at him.

"It's Mr. Hemmingway," the messenger said. "He wants you on the dispatcher's phone. Right away."

ALBERT went to the telegraph office, and adjusted the headset. "Mr. Pope speakin'."

"Oh, Mr. Pope," came Mr. Hemmingway's voice from sixty miles away. "I've been watching the dispatcher's train sheet. Sort of checking up. Mr. Ballard isn't at all satisfied with the progress so far, Mr. Pope. He asks that you double your efforts to step on that crew and speed 'em up on the return."

"That crew's cavin' in at the knees now," Albert shot back with a barbed tongue. "We ain't only doubled efforts; we've tripled 'em."

"I'm merely telling you what Mr. Ballard asked," Mr. Hemmingway said.

Albert flung the headset to the desk. "If they think I can work miracles, they can go to hell right now. There ain't no job worth it."

It was just too bad that, on this particular day the price of grain had to go up. Especially while the local was on its way east between Saluda and Boyer. That was about half past two. Under normal conditions the local engine would still be in Saluda doing its work, and the situation that now presented itself could have been taken care of without trouble.

The local slid to a stop at Boyer at 2:39. Albert walked into the telegraph office to see if everything was all right. It wasn't. The operator met him at the door with, "By gosh, Mr. Pope, they're yelling for grain cars at Saluda. They want 'em right now, too, at the storage elevators."

Albert dropped his lower jaw, his stogie staying put where it was wedged between his upper teeth. He said, "What the—"

The operator went on feverishly to explain: "You fellers hadn't left there five minutes before a gang of them shippers started to yelp for cars." The operator told about the market, and some selling orders, or something like that. "They want forty cars spotted at three places, an' they want an engine as soon as you can get 'em to get a train movin'. I called the dispatcher, an' he said he'd let me know. He hasn't."

Albert got the dispatcher. The dispatcher said he'd been trying to locate Mr. Ballard, who, it seemed, had gone to the golf club with a potato shipper. Mr. Hemmingway shortly came on the circuit. Albert, frothing at the mouth, tried to impress on Mr. Hemmingway the necessity for making a move at once. Mr. Hemmingway said he'd try to locate Mr. Ballard for the proper authority. Mr. Albert Pope then took the law in his own hands. He fumed and spat, and told the dispatcher that he, Albert Pope, trainmaster, would take the responsibility. The local engine had to go back to Saluda and fix the shippers.

Which was all the dispatcher needed. Orders were issued and the local engine backed the eight miles to the Saluda yard.

Albert went along. He expected any minute to receive a message that he had been fired. He had now reached the point where he didn't give one dadburned hoot.

The grain shippers were duly satisfied and assured that a road engine would be ordered promptly. The local engine then went back to Boyer and picked up its train. The local left Boyer at 5:25 with one hour's overtime already earned, and fifty-two miles and six more stops yet ahead.

By the time he had helped with the station work at Hartshorne, Albert was ready to lie down anywhere and just go to sleep. He thought up vituperative speeches, or snatches of speeches, to deliver to Mr. Ballard in person. His scribbled story of the round trip of Extra 833 on this particular day, could it have been preserved in its original state, would have made one of the most graphic pieces of all railroad literature.

It was at Whitehill, however, that the book and all it contained passed from Albert Pope's possession and from the sight of this world. It was in the caboose just after leaving Whitehill at 8:45 P. M., fourteen hours and twenty minutes on the road, four hours and twenty minutes on overtime.

Albert had just written down the incident of the car of stock, an incident not five minutes old. Albert, in helping on the switching move, had forgotten about a derail, a little frog on the track, and the stock had got on the ground, and it had taken thirty minutes of much cursing, and sweating and fuming to get it back again. Albert had then gone to the caboose ahead of John Hogan and his brakemen, to rest his weary legs and catch up with his writing.

Conductor Hogan, coming in, presented Albert with a cryptic message that had just come to the Whitehill operator, who also was on overtime. The message said:

YOU WITH ENTIRE CREW EXTRA 833 EAST WILL REPORT TO ME IMMEDIATELY ON ARRIVAL AT YARDS J W B

J. W. B. meant Mr. Ballard. Mr. Ballard meant no good. The flagman had the stove open poking up a fire for coffee. Albert waxed emotional. He waved his arms wildly, the telegram in one hand and the book in the other. The book slipped. The open stove received it, and the flagman couldn't get his hand in to get it out. Albert checked hot tears. He bawled:

"I don't need them notes. I don't need nothin'. I'm—"

"That's all right, Albert," John Hogan mourned. "We just ain't had no breaks."

"We'll get in ahead uh the hogs," the flagman said, by which he meant that the crew would hit the yards before sixteen continuous hours on duty caught them.

"Don't be upset, Albert," John said.

"Upset!" Albert choked. "There ain't nothin' can ever upset me after what I've lived through this day."

THERE was no work to do at Basker. The crew spent the time that it took to go from there to the terminal doing their best to get slicked up. They washed and plastered down their hair with soapy water. With their clothes they could do nothing.

Albert didn't even wash. He didn't want to. All he wanted to do was to sit up in the cupola with his hot head stuck out the side window into the night breezes and think up things to say to Mr. Ballard. He did a pretty good job of it, too.

The six members of the local freight train crew, headed by Mr. Albert Pope, trainmaster, filed into the austere presence of Superintendent Ballard at 9:22. Mr. Hemmingway stood a little bit behind Mr. Ballard with his gold chain on his glasses picking up the light. Albert, like a grim, battle-scarred and bloody general, goaded his weary legs to upright posture and stood defiant at the head of his tragic-looking column. His speech was ready to shoot, rushing up even now to poise there in his mouth. Bitter rebellion three long weeks in the brew. He was waiting only for Mr. Ballard. Mr. Ballard would have to fire the first gun.

"It looks, Mr. Pope," Mr. Ballard began and Albert tensed, "like you and these men have had a pretty tough session of it." Mr. Ballard smiled thinly as though remotely amused. Which shot the daylights out of Albert's speech.

"We had a—" Albert paused abruptly because his voice sounded weak and anyhow that wasn't the way his speech was supposed to start. John Hogan looked more mournful. Engineman Deal looked like he needed a bath.

"A pretty tough time," Mr. Ballard went on as though Albert hadn't spoken. "That incident of the grain cars at Saluda. Other things. Business, you may believe me, men, is taking a decided turn. I'm afraid we, Mr. Pope, were a little hasty on pulling this local job off—the one crew, that is. I've already ordered it back tomorrow and another crew is deadheading tonight to Saluda on No. 9 to come out of there eastward in the morning. You, Mr. Hogan, will be called out with your crew for No. 67 in the morning as formerly."

Albert batted his eyes. He opened his dry mouth and it made a funny popping noise. Mr. Ballard was looking at him. The thin smile was still there.

"Is that clear, men?" Mr. Ballard said.

"Clear to me," John Hogan answered.

"You'd better beat it home and get your rest," Mr. Ballard suggested. "And thanks for the great try you made of it today. Right, Mr. Pope?"

Albert could think of but one word. He said it: "Yessir."

At the door, after the others had filed out, Mr. Ballard placed a hand on Albert's sleeve. Mr. Ballard said, "Good work, old man."

ALBERT found himself suddenly on the street, mumbling to himself. He walked homeward in a silly daze. He climbed the steps to his porch and went inside.

There he stopped dead still in his tracks. He staggered and reached for the knob to support himself. He was looking into an old familiar face—a wide, rugged face from which blue eyes snapped at him. A wide, generous mouth on which was an old-time smile.

Albert choked. "F. E. D.," he gulped out. "Well—well, I'm a—"

Mr. F. E. Doss, former general manager of the High-Line, now general superintendent of the combined systems, said, "Hello, Al. Everything all right?"

"All right?" Albert shook hands and sunk into a chair.

"About that crazy local-freight business," F. E. D. explained. "Ballard do right by you guys?"

"He's put the other crew back beginnin' tomorrow," Albert gulped. "But what the—why—"

"Well, you see, Albert," F. E. D. interrupted. "I got your letter."

"My letter!" Albert ran his claw-like hand over his bewildered brow.

"Yeh, your personal letter. You know. And I thought I'd just drop over this afternoon and see how things were going along. I had a little talk with Ballard. He's young, you know, Albert. He isn't quite like us fellows that came from the cinders up. Oh, no. Well, when he came in from his golf with a

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shipper we had a little confidential talk. All right now, Albert?"

F. E. D. was rising, moving to the door. Albert got up like a man in a dream. Albert stammered out, "Yes—but—"

"Better go to bed, Albert, and clean yourself up. You look like hell. And, you know, Al, this is just a friendly visit. In fact, if anybody ever asks, you didn't even know I was in town. Ballard'd feel better about everything if we leave it go that way. So long, Al."

Albert shook hands vaguely. He was like a fighter hanging to the ropes. F. E. D. was gone and the door closed. He staggered back to the center of the room. He scratched his graying hair.

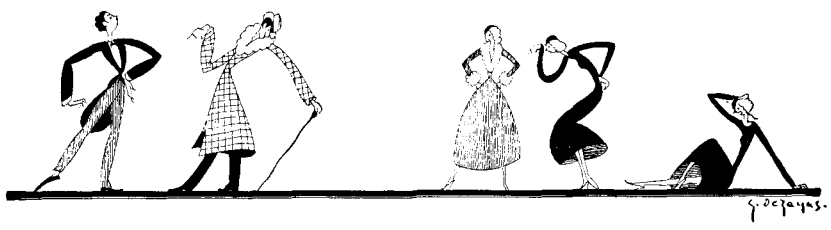
Mike Maloney came in from the kitchen. Albert looked at him twice to make sure he wasn't plumb nuts.

"I told you, Mr. Pope," Mike said, "that everything'd work out."

Albert grabbed Mike's arm. He gasped: "Sa-a-a-y." Light was beginning to break in his brain. "I didn't write any letter to F. E. D., Mike. Dammit, I wrote to Fred Turner."

"I guess I made a mistake." Mike said. "I guess maybe I got the envelopes mixed. Anyhow—"

But Mike was very Irish and very wise. He grinned. Albert grinned. Albert shook his hand.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The most successful teachers of womanly charm in European mannequin schools are men.

One of the strangest matings in the animal world takes place among a species of angler fish recently discovered near Iceland. The male is carried about by the female and soon becomes permanently grafted to her, both then sharing a common blood stream.

Natural gas, which is used today in nearly half of the gas-consuming homes of this country, is so odorless when it comes from the well that its distributors add an odor to make it detectable when escaping.—*By Rickard Norton, Glen Olden, Pa.*

There are today nomadic people who never build a roof over their heads but use only a windbreak for protection, albino tribes that sleep during the day and live their active life at night, and countries in which at least 85 per cent of the population cannot speak the national language.

France now has a machine for the blind that actually reads aloud any printed matter which is placed in it. The words are not reproduced in an established language but in a code of musical notes.

A Copenhagen restaurant lists on its menu 157 different kinds of sandwiches, ranging from birds' nests to cactus-flower honey, and a Rhode Island company makes ice cream in 145 different flavors, among which are pond lily, quince and sweet potato. —*By Aimee Morrison, Chicago, Ill.*

Up to a few years ago, the principal railroad stations in the hottest sections of India had to maintain a supply of coffins to receive the bodies of travelers who had succumbed to the intense heat.—*By Mrs. B. J. Rogers, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.*

When the Bacchanalian festivals were introduced into Rome about 200 B. C., they were attended only by the ladies. Many years passed before the gentlemen were admitted to these wild and mystic celebrations.

During the World War, the Allies intercepted and deciphered as many as 2,000 German secret messages a day—one every 43 seconds—despite the fact that German codes were changed every 24 hours.

No less than 10 different sets of Ten Commandments are found in the Holy Bible.—*By W. K. Warner, Iola, Kansas.*

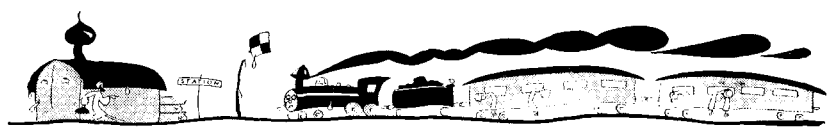
The one creature in the world that moves about more exclusively by flying than any other living thing is not a bird but a mammal—the bat.

Excessive drunkenness incapacitates so many workers in Russia today that unique methods have been adopted to combat it. For example, cities are ridiculing sots by erecting grotesque effigies of them in public places, and factories are humiliating their heavy drinkers by making them sit for hours on a "drunkards' bench."

The New York Police Department has a card record of every speakeasy operating in the city.

A romantic disappearance of an illustrious man occurred about 850 A. D. when Wu Tao-tzu, greatest of all Chinese painters, finished his famous landscape on the wall of the imperial palace. At the unveiling before the royal court, he opened a "door" in the painting, stepped through it and was never seen again.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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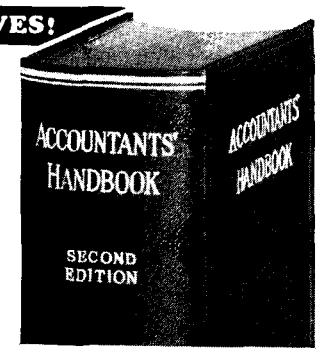

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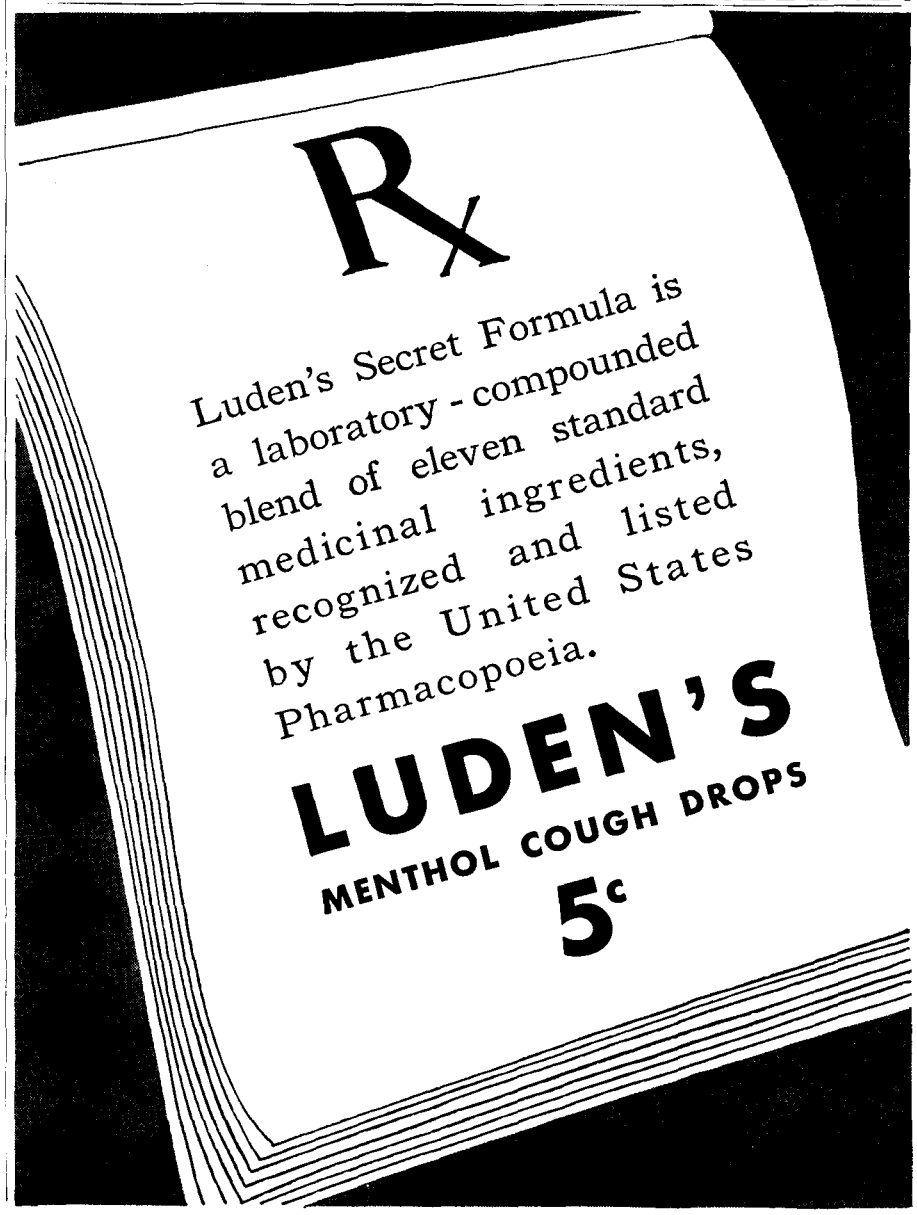
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Machines to Make You Think

ONE man would have had to work nearly six months eight hours a day to produce a motor car in 1904. Twenty-five years later the same man, or his son, could produce a much better car in ninety-two hours, or eleven and a half days.

This shows how the use of labor-saving machinery has spread. Machinery which saves labor creates unemployment. So our boasted mechanical inventions are taking away our jobs.

The story, however, is not quite so simple as that.

In 1904 only 23,000 motor cars were produced in the United States. The industry was not important. Twenty-five years later 5,622,000 motor cars were produced in a single year and directly and indirectly the motor-car industry employed more than 5,000,000 people.

If you look back over the past ten or twenty-five years you find that two important things are happening in the United States and in every other industrial country. Invention is responsible for both.

First, new machinery is throwing workers out of their familiar jobs. Second, new industries are arising which require the employment of vast numbers of new workers.

The movement is world-wide. Our government is building the Hoover Dam on the Colorado River. It will make available 663,000 horsepower at all times. Much machinery will be run by that power.

The Russians have recently opened the Lenin hydroelectric plant. It will have a capacity of 810,000 horsepower to do work now done by human strength. The French lately have opened their great plant on the upper Rhine. It will develop 200,000 horsepower for France.

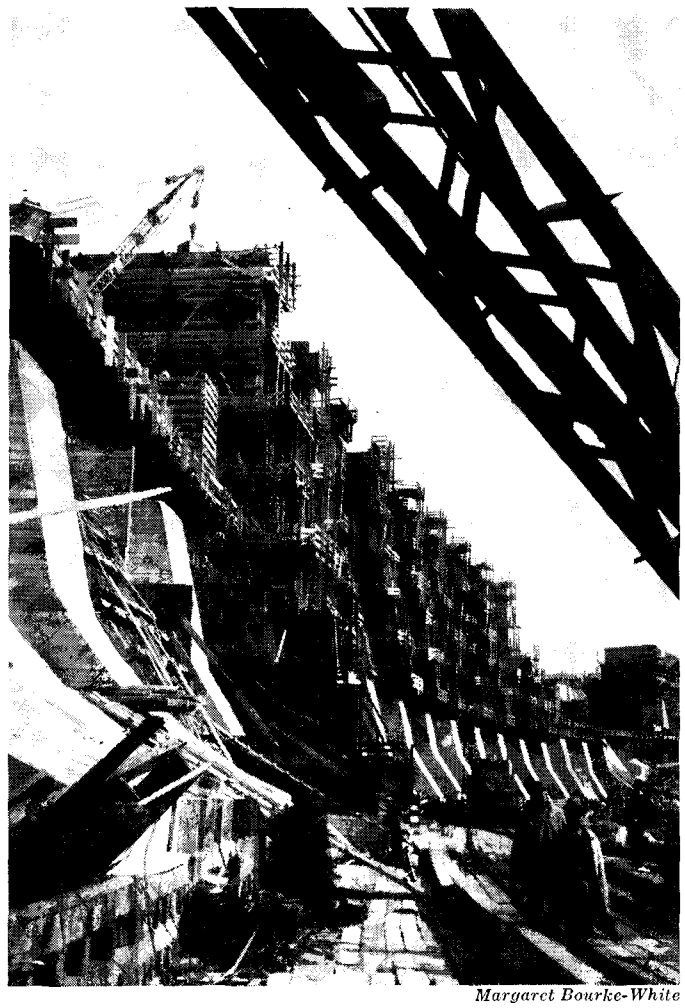
The total capacity of the United States industrial equipment has been estimated at one billion horsepower from all sources, which, as Time remarks, does the work of ten billion men, or five times the earth's total population.

The supply of energy which Americans have at their disposal is truly prodigious. We used the power equivalent of more than a billion tons of bituminous coal in 1929.

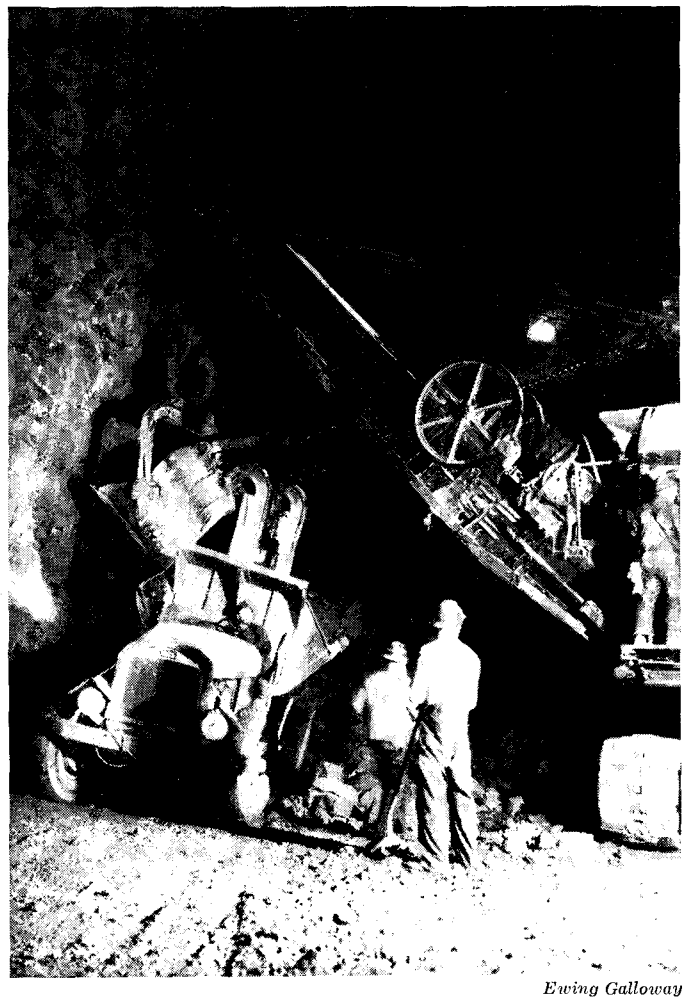
The growth has been colossal. Since 1880 mechanical power has been multiplied five times over.

There is no way of stopping this process. As the years go by we shall have more power and more machinery. Write that down as Premise Number One in our economic development.

The radio is new but in 1929 more than 15,000 retail stores were busy selling radio equipment and in that same year more than $843,000,000 worth of equipment was sold.



Margaret Bourke-White



Ewing Galloway

Top: Construction on the huge Dnieprostroy Dam in the Ukraine. Below: Hoover Dam (Nevada). Workers go 800 feet underground

The rubber industry is not so new but its development followed the automobile. In 1929 it employed, on the average, 149,148 wage earners and turned out products valued at $1,117,000,000.

More impressive still is the electrical industry, which in the eight years between 1921 and 1929 trebled the value of its output.

Endlessly new electrical commodities are being produced. Electric refrigerators, electric washing machines, cooking apparatus, light machines in infinite variety—all these are the gifts of recent research. All make new jobs.

So far we have done nothing to referee the race between labor-displacing machinery and the rise of new industries.

Too long we have cherished the illusion that in some automatic fashion workers displaced by labor-saving machinery found other jobs. This was never true. We are capable, however, of using the brains which invent machines to devise ways of providing for the workers.

What sort of solution are we going to reach? Short hours, a short week and high pay are attainable.

The practical question ahead is not how to produce enough food, clothes, shelter, comforts and even luxuries, but rather how to keep people profitably employed and to distribute equitably what we can produce so abundantly.

Congress cannot answer this question during the next few months. Nobody can answer it offhand. Congress can, however, make it possible to collect facts on the basis of which a reasonable solution can be found.

This, moreover, requires no radical legislation. All that is needed immediately is the establishment of the employment offices contemplated in Senator Wagner's bill.

Employment offices provide no more jobs than are available. Intelligently managed employment offices which report to a central bureau do, however, collect essential information. Through such agencies it is possible to learn precisely what is happening to the men and women employed in changing industries. Out of such information the answer will come.

The session immediately ahead is short but it is not so short that it should be allowed to pass without compelling the establishment of these employment offices from which so much of fundamental importance may be obtained in the future.

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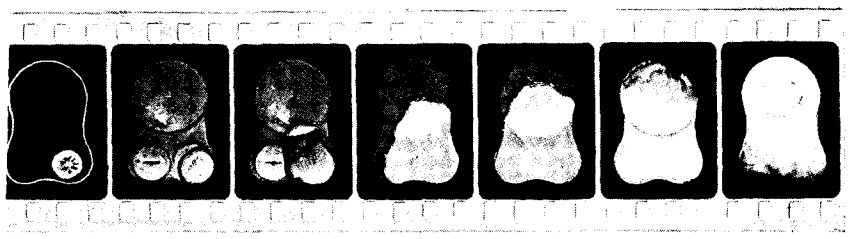

ORDINARY GASOLINE burns *unevenly, incompletely.* Follow the pictures above from left to right. First the spark. In the next four pictures, the flame spreads across the cylinder. Notice the progressive formation of "carbon yellow." In the sixth picture—BANG! All remaining gasoline exploded. That is knock. The last picture shows only afterglow, waste.

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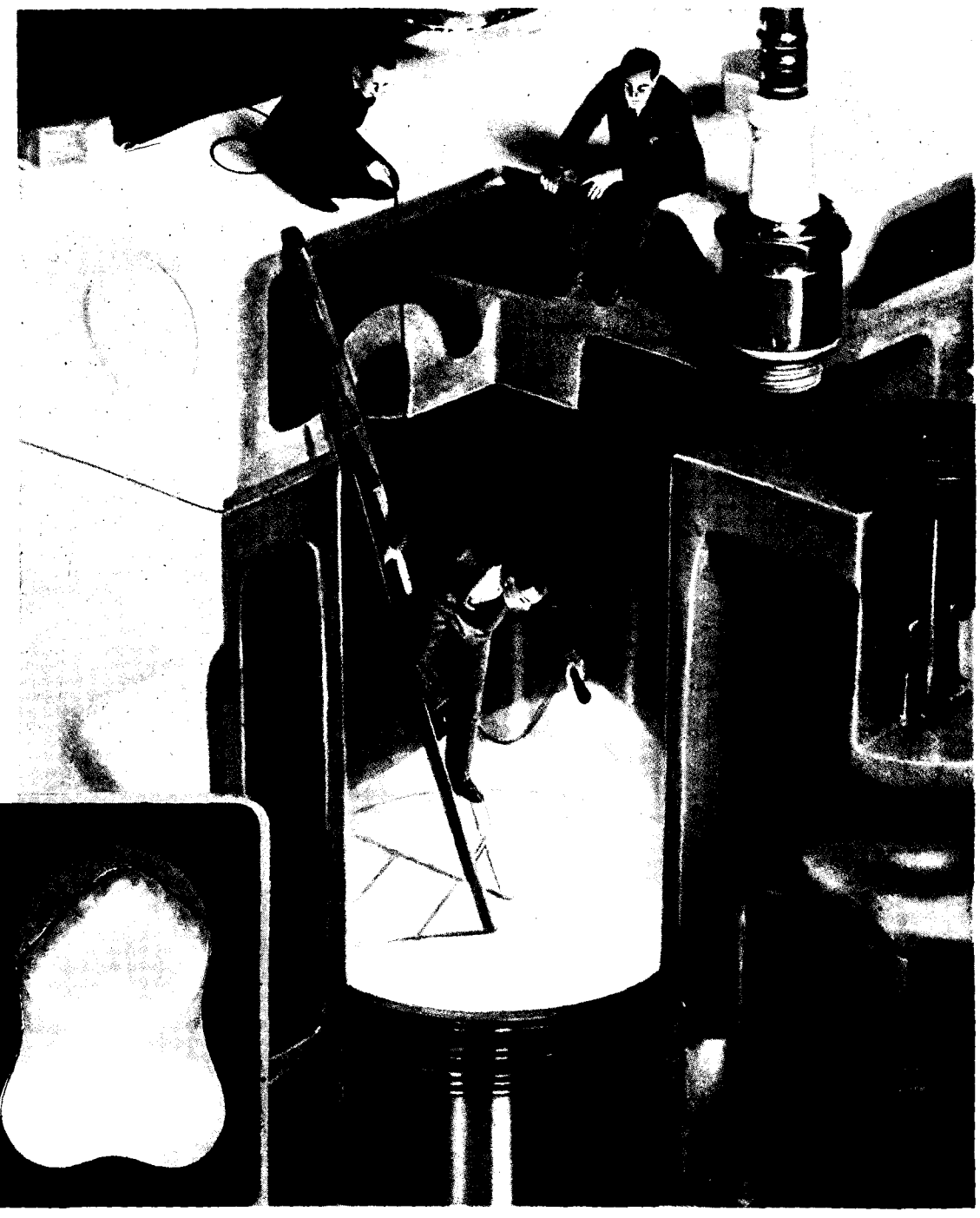

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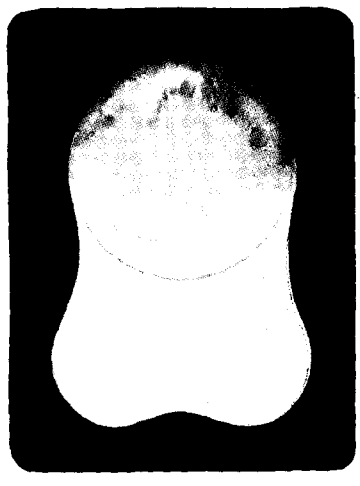
WITH ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK COMPOUND — ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, NEW YORK, U.S.A. — Controls Combustion



LEFT—Ordinary gasoline at the instant of knock. Partly burned gases exploded—wasted power as harmful heat. Particles of free carbon show as the "carbon yellow"—caused by *incomplete* combustion.

RIGHT—Ethyl Gasoline delivers greater power smoothly—with less waste heat and less strain on the engine. Notice the *complete* combustion. No knocking. No "carbon yellow."

ETHYL GASOLINE

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A LOAD OF ECONOMY

"Because Pillsbury's Best"

At first glance, true thrift and false economy look alike. But after a second look, it's easy to tell the difference. For instance, think of this:

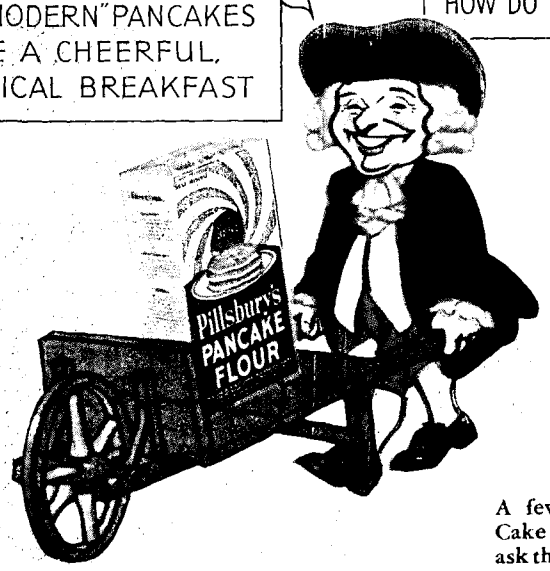
Most recipes call for about two cups of flour, *plus other ingredients, plus fuel.* Two cups of Pillsbury's Best Flour cost about ⅓ cent more than two cups of cheap flour. The other ingredients in the recipe, and the fuel, may cost from *ten to twenty times as much as the flour.* If you buy a cheap flour, at a "saving" of ⅓ cent, you may get a baking failure which costs you as much as you'd save on a whole bag of cheap flour. That's false economy.

If you pay only ⅓ cent more for Pillsbury's Best Flour, you get freedom from costly flour failures, and you get inexpensive, delicious foods which your family will eat in preference to other more expensive things. That's *true* economy.

Flour, as always, is the cheapest food we can buy. It's wise to do our economizing on things that cost more, where the saving amounts to far, far more than a third of a cent, and where the chance of real loss is not so great.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
General Offices: Minneapolis, Minnesota

BUY PILLSBURY'S PANCAKE FLOUR
because
THESE "MODERN" PANCAKES MAKE A CHEERFUL, ECONOMICAL BREAKFAST



Nothing puts good cheer into the morning so quickly as a plate of these Pillsbury pancakes. They're truly "modern"—lighter, more tender, more delicious—made from an exclusive Pillsbury mixture of the finest ingredients. Easy and economical to make—simply add milk or water to Pillsbury's Pancake Flour, stir the batter, and pour it on a hot griddle!

BUY PILLSBURY'S CAKE FLOUR
because
YOU'LL HEAR YOUR FRIENDS SAY, "HOW DO YOU MAKE SUCH CAKES?"

A few progressive women discovered Pillsbury's Cake Flour—and immediately their friends began to ask them how they had improved their cakes so much! The good news spread, and now thousands of women will be satisfied with nothing but this remarkable new cake flour. Try it—you'll get an entirely new idea of perfect cakes!

BUY PILLSBURY'S WHEAT BRAN
because
NATURAL 100% BRAN IS BEST FOR MUFFINS, BEST FOR YOU, LOWEST IN COST!

Pillsbury's Wheat Bran is natural 100% bran. It gives your muffins the rich, nutty flavor of natural wheat (try the famous Pillsbury muffin recipe, on every package). It's the type of bran widely recommended for the relief of atonic constipation. It costs less per pound than most brans. Three good reasons why you should ask for Pillsbury's when you buy bran!

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